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MR. TILDEN.

My acquaintance with Governor Tilden began a few years before the war of the Rebellion, and my first impressions were not favorable to him. Completely dominated by the combined and swelling impulse of patriotism, passion, and aspiration under which the Republican party was then gathering its mighty hosts, I was in no condition to tolerate anything in the nature of opposition to the movement, or even to appreciate the reasons upon which any such opposition might be founded.

It was not until the war was over, when the passions had subsided, when it became necessary to cultivate the arts of peace and to restore the waste and ruin which war had wrought, that I was inclined to extend any hospitality to the qualities for which he was most distinguished, or to lend any ear to his teachings. Drawn from year to year into a nearer acquaintance with him, and having occasion, when he came to fill stations of influence and power, to observe the ready sagacity and easy skill with which he conceived and carried through important measures for the redress of errors and frauds in public administration, I became more and more impressed with his prodigious superiority to other men.

What he would have been able to accomplish had he been permitted to assume the functions of the great office to which the majority of his countrymen believed him to have been elected is matter of idle conjecture only; but the

list of his achievements during the few years in which, upon a narrower theatre, he acted a public part can hardly be matched. Omitting from view the splendid contributions made by him from time to time, prior to 1871, by papers and speeches upon the principles of politics and the methods of governmental administration, and taking note only of the practical measures in the conception and execution of which he was the leader during the five short years in which, either as a private citizen or as public officer, he was actually engaged in the public service, we can distinctly impute to him the following results: In 1871 he seized the opportunity, suggested by the disclosure and publication of the prodigious sums drawn from the New York city treasury by way of pretended payment of municipal debts, to endeavor to fasten upon the principal city officials the crime, universally suspected, but of which there was no proof, of having corruptly embezzled to an enormous extent the moneys of the city. By a long and patient tracing of a multitude of accounts in different banks, he reached a series of results which, when compared, not only disclosed but conclusively demonstrated, by competent legal evidence, the whole scheme of fraud, the officials engaged in it, and the amounts received by each. Although a strict party man and chairman of the Democratic State Committee, yet, finding that the Democratic organization of the city of New York could not be wrested from the control

of the official delinquents, he organized and led the popular movement which effected their overthrow. He accepted, at the same time, a nomination for the legislature, was elected, and extorted from a reluctant majority the impeachment of the corrupt judges who had disgraced the judicial ermine. In 1874, when the craze for fiat money had become prevalent throughout a great part of the country, and more threatening to the public prosperity than the free silver delusion has at any time been, he drew from the Democratic State Convention of New York the first condemnation which it had received from either of the national parties. Elected in that year as governor of the State, he conceived an extensive series of reforms in administration, drew the necessary legislative bills, secured their adoption, and carried them into effect. These plans contemplated, by the adoption of new methods and various economies, extensive reductions in the public expenditures, the institution of suits for the punishment of frauds of public officers, and the recovery of moneys embezzled by them. They had very large practical results.

Nor was he less efficient in baffling mischievous schemes. The Democratic organization of Tammany Hall, reorganized, after the overthrow of Tweed, under the leadership of John Kelly, an able and not dishonest partisan chief, demanded from the Democratic majority in the legislature the passage of laws designed to secure to that organization a more complete control of the municipal patronage. Governor Tilden refused to lend his countenance to this policy, and the imperious leader undertook to force him into acquiescence by forming a combination in the legislature with the numerous adherents and stipendiaries of what was known as the Canal Ring. That coterie of men, powerful in both parties, had already scented the peril to their practices threatened by the governor's reformatory plans, and were

only too willing to join in a warfare against him. He suddenly found himself in danger of being deserted by a majority of his own party. The Democratic speaker of the Assembly took the floor, and arraigned him as unfaithful to the Democracy of the State. He had long before seen the possibility of this combination against him, and had sought by the practice of all the conciliatory arts, of which he was a thorough master, to prevent it. When it came, he was not daunted by it, but boldly went behind his enemies to the constituencies which they were betraying. They soon found that they were dealing with an adversary who possessed resources which they had not taken into account. Most of them abandoned their opposition. The rest were severely dealt with by their constituents. Never were the possibilities for good of a great office like that of governor of New York so happily developed and displayed. In the course of an administration of two years, an enormous reduction in taxation was effected; the administrative system in every department was improved; the lobby was almost dispersed; and at the same time the governor, in his communications with the public through his annual messages, his veto messages, and speeches upon official and other public occasions, was furnishing to the people of the State, and indeed of the whole country, a nearly complete exposition, theoretical and practical, of the whole work of public administration. I have never read a state paper which equals his second annual message in the power and ease with which it treats of the principles upon which government should be conducted, or in the order and perspicuity with which it arranges and sets forth the details of public business. In this paper he considers at much length the then depressed condition of business, its causes, and the proper remedies. It may be thought — was thought at the time by some — that this was going be-

yond the domain of state affairs in order to make an ambitious display of knowledge upon the larger concerns of the nation; but it would be well if every man possessing such knowledge as is here exhibited, and such a capacity for communicating it, would embrace all opportunities to display it. Governor Tilden, however, had a special motive in placing his views before the country at that time. He saw the false policy of indefinite issues of government legal-tender currency, everywhere taking hold of the public mind, and that, unless speedily corrected, it would acquire a force to which the timidity of political leaders would submit. He had already induced a convention of the Democratic party in New York to take ground against it. He wished to draw forth a similar declaration from the Democracy of the nation, at its next convention for the nomination of a President. He succeeded; and to his influence, probably, more than to that of any other man, we owe the downfall of the paper-money delusion.

An attempt to analyze the rare combination of talents and faculties which enabled him to accomplish so much in a period so brief may not be uninteresting. His original intellectual endowments were of the highest order. They were not of that character which, while leaving their possessor satisfied with some hasty and superficial conclusions that at the moment seem true, enable him to impress them upon others by fervid and moving language. These are the intellectual traits most frequently exhibited by the ablest men whom our public life brings into notice; but they do not make up the *scientific* mind which Governor Tilden's preëminently was. At the beginning of his intellectual manhood, he clearly perceived that the whole moral world was as rigidly as the physical world subject to an order, an arrangement, a law; and that all policies, whether in government, in

finance, or in business, not founded upon a recognition of this truth would result in confusion and mischief. Naturally attracted to the study of the public economy of states, his first aim was to discover the laws governing every part of that extensive domain. Whether the theme was expenditure, taxation, private or public justice, internal improvements, or any form of public administration, he would make no utterance until his brooding mind had reached what he conceived to be the underlying truth; and the same trait was manifest in him where the purpose was not to refute or establish a general policy, but to ascertain, in a particular case, the truth upon a disputed question of fact.

This was well illustrated in his defense, in 1856, of the title of Azariah C. Flagg to the office of comptroller of the city of New York, against the claim of John S. Giles. Flagg had been declared elected by the Board of County Canvassers. He was a man of resolute integrity, had held the office before this election, and, by his obstinate defense of the city treasury against unjust and fraudulent claims, had drawn upon himself the hatred of the municipal plunderers, and earned from them the title of "Old Skinflint." His enemies had made a combined and desperate effort to defeat his reelection, and, having failed by a few votes only, they determined, upon the pretense of an erroneous return, to make an attempt to oust him from his office by a judicial proceeding and install Giles in his place. For this purpose they fixed upon the vote of the first district of the Nineteenth Ward, the majority of the election officers of which were bitter enemies of Flagg. Their pretense was that the return of the district election officers giving 316 votes for Flagg and 186 for Giles was a clerical error, by which Giles's vote was awarded to Flagg and Flagg's vote to Giles. Three of the election officers who signed and filed this return were

sworn as witnesses for Giles, and positively testified that the vote as actually counted was just the reverse of the return; that Giles had 316 votes, and Flagg 186. The original tally list of the regular tickets, which would have shown the truth, had been conveniently lost, but these witnesses produced what they swore was the original tally list of the split tickets, and upon which was a pretended transfer of the votes on regular tickets, which they swore was correct, and this fully supported their statements. Other witnesses on the same side testified that they were present at the close of the counting on the day of the election, and heard the result proclaimed, and that it gave 316 to Giles and only 186 to Flagg. This formidable case could be overthrown only by showing that these witnesses were perjurers, and this pretended split tally list a forgery. Tilden had no doubt that this was the fact, but he had no direct evidence to prove it. He was a determined enemy of these base conspirators and a close friend and ardent admirer of Flagg, and he was resolved that the fraudulent scheme should not succeed. Acting upon the assumption that a lie has no place in the regular order of nature, but is something violently thrust into that order and will not fit the surrounding and attendant facts, he laboriously endeavored to bring into light, so far as possible, all those surrounding and attending facts. It so happened that this election was a contest between numerous factions, and that there were seven *regular* tickets voted; that is, tickets having uniformly the same names and for the same offices; and there were twelve candidates for the various city offices on each ticket. There were also many split tickets, created by erasure of one or more names from a regular ticket, or otherwise. Here was fruitful material for the exercise of Tilden's powers of investigation. He demonstrated, and with mathematical certainty, by an analysis

and comparison of the actual returns of votes for all the candidates on these tickets, that the pretense of Giles was a pure fabrication. At the close of his argument he threw his demonstration into a dramatic form, which created such an impression that, as Mr. Charles O'Connor, who was associated with Mr. Tilden, once told me, the case of the plaintiff Giles was utterly defeated before the defendant had called a witness. It was of course difficult for the jurors to carry in their minds the numerous figures which made up the demonstration. Something was needed to impress upon them the result. For this Tilden pitched upon the lost original tally sheet of the regular vote. It was upon the amount of Flagg's *regular* vote that the whole controversy turned. If the contents of that lost tally could be shown, all doubt would be dispelled. Said he, "I propose now, gentlemen, to submit this case to a process as certain as a geometrical demonstration. *I propose to evoke from the grave that lost tally*; to reproduce it here, to confront and confound these witnesses who have been upon the stand swearing to what is not true. It is an honest ghost. It will disturb no true man." And he did it triumphantly. Handing to the jurors sheets containing copies of the regular tickets, and selecting a name which was found on only one of these tickets, that of Samuel Allen for street commissioner, he called off from the actual return to the Board of County Canvassers, and the jurors set down, Allen's vote, which was 215. It necessarily followed that every other name on that ticket must have received the same number, or the ticket would not be regular. Proceeding in the same way with all the names on all the tickets, and then deducting the regular vote from the whole vote as shown by the actual return, and thus obtaining the split votes for each candidate, and comparing these results, except as to Flagg and Giles, with the tally sheet of

the splits which had been produced by the witnesses for Giles, and which was presumably correct, except in respect to the vote for Flagg and Giles, he slowly, step by step, re-created an original tally of the regular ticket, which, when increased by the split votes shown on the split tally list, corresponded in every particular with the actual return to the county canvassers except as to three unimportant names, and as to these it was manifest that the actual return was erroneous. Each juror found, at the close of the calling, that he held in his hands what he could not but believe was an absolutely accurate count of the votes in the first district of the Nineteenth Ward for all the candidates voted upon, for whatever office, at the election under investigation. The hideous monstrosity of the figures assigned to Flagg and Giles in the split tally list became so palpable that none could doubt. It is needless to add that when the case was finally submitted to the jury they immediately returned with a verdict for "Old Skinflint."

He employed a similar method in the case, already referred to, of what was called the Six Million Audit fraud of Tweed and his accomplices. That the payment of this enormous sum was a gigantic fraud, no one could doubt; but there was no proof showing *how much* of the payments was in excess of what was due to the claimants, or among whom the excess was divided, and how much to one and how much to another. Mr. Tilden unlocked this mystery. He went to the banks in which the conspirators kept their accounts, and by a patient decomposition of the credits into the original items, as shown by the deposit tickets, evolved the plunderers' rule of division. Applying this rule to any one of the hundreds of paid city warrants embraced in this series of frauds, and without going beyond the face of the warrant, it could be determined how much each of the conspira-

tors received; and the determination would be verified by finding, upon examining the bank accounts and deposit tickets of the same parties, that they had received on the day of the payment of the warrants the same sums which, according to the rule applied, they ought to have received. It vexed Mr. Tilden very much that the shares of the conspirators, as thus computed, did not correspond with perfect exactitude to the amounts deposited to their credit. The difference, being trifling in amount, hardly affected the conclusiveness of the demonstration; but it showed that there was some element in the rule of division which he had not discovered. The missing link was subsequently found, and then the conformity between the computed and the actual shares was in every instance exact to a penny. This division and conformity, appearing upon the face of the accounts themselves, proved with absolute certainty the conspiracy to defraud, the amounts of the embezzlements, and the precise shares received by each. Had Mr. Tilden been present at the meetings of the conspirators and witnessed their division of the spoils, he could not have given evidence so conclusive of the fraud as that which he thus drew from written memoranda which the conspirators had thoughtlessly allowed to be made.

It was indeed wonderful to observe how a man who could study these dry details with such patience, and even with pleasure, could pass at once into the fields of political science and compel a wholly different class of facts to yield to him the loftiest generalizations. But in truth the process was the same in both instances. It was the original investigation of facts for the purpose of framing a just theory. It is a common practice, even with able men, to disparage the conclusions founded upon the employment of the reasoning powers as being *mere theory*; as if their own conclusions, so far as they have any value, were reached in any

other way. These are the criticisms of men who are too indolent to engage in the work of patient investigation, or not sufficiently instructed in the methods by which it should be pursued. Undoubtedly there are many minds that undertake the task of evolving the laws underlying some subject matter and reach conclusions which are confidently believed and asserted to be true, but that turn out when adopted in practice to be erroneous. It is in this way that the results of investigation and reasoning are brought into discredit. But the fault in such cases is not that the conclusions are those of mere theory, but of erroneous theory. The reasoner lacks the patience, or the skill, to embrace in his investigation all the material facts, and to exclude all others. These are, indeed, the rarest of qualities. They are possessed in an eminent degree by a few men only in each generation, and the value of such men to society is inestimable. Governor Tilden's preëminence was especially manifest here. His educated intelligence was able to pronounce, as if by instinct, whether the conclusion he had reached was sufficiently certain to be made the basis of action, or was so encumbered with doubt as to call for further scrutiny into the facts. He knew how — to use his own happy phrase — “to limit theory by practice and enlighten practice by theory.”

The mere pursuit of truth, the pleasure which comes from the actual exercise of superior powers, the sense of satisfaction which arises from the overcoming of difficulties, would have been a sufficient reward and stimulus to a mind like his; but this was not his principal motive. His chief aim was to convince others; and he knew that this could be done only by the effective use of language. He recognized the importance of the art of rhetoric, and labored upon the composition of his papers with the same care which the purely literary man employs; not for the purpose of

making up a piece of what is called fine writing, but to engage and hold the attention by imparting life and interest to his treatment, and, by an easy and natural development of his subject, to carry the mind gratefully along towards his conclusions. It would be hard to find better examples of the way in which subjects apt to be regarded as dull may be made lively and interesting, and yet without departing in the slightest degree from a rigid and logical development, than are found in his report, while a member of the legislature of New York, upon the causes of the anti-rent disorders and the proper remedy for them; or his speech in the constitutional convention of that State in 1867, unfolding the true policy to be pursued in relation to the canals; or his second annual message when governor in 1876. I find, on the page at which I open a volume of his speeches and writings, the following sentence, which well illustrates the ease and power with which he could clothe weighty truths in their appropriate language: “Generations, like individuals, do not completely understand inherited wisdom until they have reproduced it in their own experience.”

These high intellectual traits would have made him a man of mark had he been a philosophical recluse holding himself aloof from the busy activities of life; but the extraordinary thing was that he was at all times emphatically a man of action. Whether engaged in the conduct of some great lawsuit or of some important business enterprise, or managing a political campaign, he was equally at home. The schemes of small party chieftains and the power of local bosses gave way before his masterful leadership. He did not despise the aid of partisan machinery or of official patronage; but he fully perceived that the scope and influence of these instrumentalities were narrow, and that, unless held rigidly secondary and subordinate, they would obstruct, rather than aid,

the march of a political party. Profoundly convinced of the truth of the political creed which he avowed, he engaged in political warfare only to secure its permanent establishment. Any victory won by shifty expedients he knew would be but temporary, and would not fail to retard a lasting success. At the same time he recognized the fact that no main purpose of a political party could ever be carried except by the permanent union of men differing from each other upon a multitude of minor points, and exhibiting every grade of culture, character, and conduct. Compromise and concession he recognized as the daily duties of the statesman. He had little regard for those impracticable natures which refuse to join any party because they find something to object to in all parties. He was the last man to yield to self-conceit and obstinacy the titles of conscience and wisdom. Such men, he once declared, forget "that without concession there can be no common action for a common object, and that without the capability of such action a man is fit, not for society, not even for a state of nature, but only for absolute solitude." I wonder that the mugwump-haters have not borrowed his description of some non-partisans of his day: "I know there is a class of no-party men who vindicate their claim to that character by doing injustice to all, even without the excuse of bias."

But *how far* should you carry the spirit of compromise and concession, — *how far* tolerate what you believe to be error in order to obtain an over-balancing good? This is the puzzle of statesmen, and indeed of every man, so far as he undertakes any part, even though only as a private citizen, in public concerns. There are two ways of dealing with it. One is to shirk it by an indolent abandonment of the important offices of social and public life. The other is to meet it with the best solution we can find. Tilden had little regard for the

first of these methods. He accepted the second; and with his matchless ability for drawing a line up to which we must, but beyond which we must not go, he would have had little excuse for the other choice. There were several occasions when he felt obliged to draw this line and rigidly observe it, although the result might be immediately disastrous to the party to which he was attached and to his own personal ambitions. His opposition, in 1871, to Tammany Hall, already noticed, is an instance. Occupying, as he then did, the important post of Chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee, he could not step out of the local organization in the metropolis and make war upon its leaders without seeming disloyalty to his party, nor without endangering its success in the next state election. But he determined, against combined solicitations and threats, to take this course, and the result showed the wisdom of his choice, even as a measure of party policy. And again, when the irredeemable paper money delusion had to a far greater degree than the free silver coinage craze gained possession of the popular mind throughout the West and South, and in the view of many ardent politicians promised a victory to the Democratic party if that party would extend some favor to it, he compelled from the National Convention of the party a repudiation of the heresy. No temporary advantage which his party might gain would in his view be worth acceptance, if purchased at the price of such a sacrifice of fundamental principle.

It is not to be wondered at that with his profound knowledge of the causes by which human affairs were controlled, combined with such capacities for skillful action, he should have accumulated a large fortune. Aside from what he received for professional services, his large gains were, I imagine, rather easily acquired. Among the mischiefs of an unstable currency is the facility with which

men who have the power of dealing skillfully with exceptional conditions may amass large fortunes. Few men understood such things better than Mr. Tilden. He had striven to prevent, as well as a man in opposition could, the issue, during the war, of an irredeemable government currency; but I remember his saying to me after the policy was adopted, in substance, "Now is the time to make yourself rich. Buy all that you can pay for, or run in debt for. Every day it will be easier and easier for you to pay, and your property will correspondingly rise in value, or rather in price." And at the close of the war, he advised the opposite course. I do not know, but I have little doubt that he acted extensively on this policy. If there were a question as to the propriety of such action, he certainly was excusable. Had his counsels been regarded, no such measure would have been adopted. The malice of political opponents was wont to ascribe his success in money-getting to schemes for obtaining interests in the property of insolvent railway companies at less than their value. They stigmatized him as a "railroad-wrecker." Never was there less foundation for a charge. He was a railroad-preserver. His skill in the management of difficult and complicated affairs, combined with his profound knowledge of the fundamental principles of equity, made his services invaluable to parties interested in the property and securities of railroad companies which by bad management, or in consequence of over-sanguine expectations, had fallen into difficulties. His capacious mind was just fitted for the survey of such situations. He was among the first, if not the first, to perceive that a ruthless attempt to foreclose a first mortgage and thus to crush out all subordinate liens and interests was ill suited to such cases; that the just and true method was to ascertain the real capacities of the business, and to reorganize the enterprise upon a scheme which would indulge the

hope of saving to the junior securities a large part of their supposed original value. More than one of the great railroads of the country have, at his skillful touch, risen from absolute bankruptcy into prosperity, and repaid all or the larger part of the original investment.

With all his capacity for making sober estimates, and escaping the illusions by which many minds are carried away, he was yet an enthusiast, especially in respect to the plans and enterprises which were the offspring of his own fruitful brain. This came partly from personal vanity, of which he had a plentiful supply, and partly from the exhilaration which attends the exercise of high intellectual powers and rewards the conquest of difficulties. I remember a display of this tendency which greatly impressed me. In the performance of a professional service for him while he was governor, in connection with a lawsuit to which he was a party, it became necessary that I should tarry several days at his house in Albany in order to secure his attention during the intervals between his official duties. It was while the St. Louis Convention was in session at which he was nominated for the Presidency. One would suppose that under such circumstances he could have given his mind to little else than the business in which his personal fortunes were so deeply concerned. But he could not have devoted himself more ardently to recalling and arranging the facts of the complicated transactions out of which this lawsuit grew than he did on the very day when he was nominated. Late in the afternoon of that day, after protracted work, he took me upon a long drive with him. In the course of it he did not even allude to the convention, or its doings, although a flight of telegrams had been coming to him. His conversation, animated and incessant, was upon false policies in government, the mischiefs and burdens of over-expenditure, the true principles of taxa-

tion, the errors of protective tariffs, etc. One could see that the mere matter of holding the presidential office was little to him; but that the chance of laying his reforming hand upon the multitude of abuses with which, as he supposed, the whole administration of the general government was infested aroused his enthusiasm, as the prospect of a season of sport would that of a boy. Becoming animated with his theme, eloquent and intense in his language, he failed in attention to the high-spirited horse he was driving, and I was in constant fear of a catastrophe. Indeed, on a similar drive the succeeding day we met with one from the same cause. The injury was inflicted instead of received, and cost the governor several thousand dollars by way of damages. When, on our return, on the day first mentioned, we were near home, I observed to him that he would perhaps find at the house a telegram announcing his nomination. "No," said he, unconcernedly, "not until about half-past nine." It came not many moments from that time. Impressed upon this occasion with his profound and extensive knowledge of everything relating to the science of government, and thinking his views not substantially at variance with those held by leading Republicans, — for at that time the Republican party had not become committed to its present dogmas on the subject of protective tariffs, — I ventured to express to him the surprise I felt that he had not allied himself with that party; saying that it seemed to me that, considering the greatly superior number of men of education and public spirit to be found in its ranks, he could much more easily procure a general acceptance of his opinions by acting in alliance with them. He answered that he thought that I was mistaken; that, while it was true that a large majority of the men of culture, wealth, and force were to be found in the Republican party, the trouble was that, to use his language, "it was a

party of self-seekers." He explained that he did not mean this in any offensive sense; that what he meant was that the controlling men of that party were men of large pecuniary interests, seeking to build up fortunes and families; that these personal interests were so large as necessarily to engross their thoughts and control their opinions, leading them to use their powerful influence so as to shape the legislation of the country in a form which would favor those interests; that it was difficult to lead such men along the pathway of those fundamental principles of democratic government by which alone equal justice could be done to the masses of men; that the Democratic party held within its ranks a far less number of men of this description, — not enough to control its action, — and consequently the opinions of its great masses could be more easily shaped and moulded by the mere force of ideas; that this was the distinction between the former Democratic and Whig parties, and that the Republican party would, as the patriotic inspirations caught from the opposition to slavery and the defense of the Union died away, become the mere successor to the spirit and policy of the Whig party. These observations, as applied to the two present parties of the country, would not, probably, be accepted without dissent; but they intimate a most important truth. This is that when a man comes to be the possessor of large property interests, these will, whatever may be his character, control his opinions in relation to any question affecting them. The great railroad interests of the country are conducted by men, I suppose, of as honorable character as can be found in any walk of life: but they will not, in the face of threatened disaster, keep the agreements they make with each other. They do not hesitate, when these interests are threatened by adverse legislation, to defend them by secret arts and practices — kept secret because they

could not be avowed without a blush. Mr. Jay Gould, in some testimony drawn from him by a legislative committee, expressed the truth by saying that he was "sometimes a Democrat and sometimes a Republican, but always an Erie man." It must be admitted that the occasions are often fearfully trying. They sometimes impose a test which human nature is ill fitted to bear. The individual who is subjected to them is called upon to defend, not only his own property, but that of others. A man may surrender his own interests, but what account is he to give of himself when he surrenders interests which have been intrusted to him for defense?

I cannot help thinking that Governor Tilden possessed, on the whole, greater capabilities for usefulness in public life than any other man of his generation. I cannot find elsewhere such a union of the ability to discover true governmental policies with the firm and undeviating purpose to pursue them. This is not the universal estimate of him. A certain measure of distrust seems to have accompanied the general admiration of his talents. For this there never was any just foundation. I do not think any public man of his time was more faithful to his conceptions of truth. No impartial man could now well doubt this after going over the record of his services and reading his speeches and public papers. Indeed, it is hardly possible that so ardent a searcher after scientific truth could be otherwise than faithful to it. We can scarcely imagine Socrates and Newton to have been dishonest men. That Lord Bacon fell excites our wonder. And yet there must always be some ground for any widely extended impression. I think that in this instance the cause is manifest. His pre-eminence was in the intellectual, rather than in the emotional powers. In order to achieve his purposes, he preferred to appeal to the intellect rather than to the heart. Plain, blunt honesty is univer-

sally perceived and understood, and is admired and confided in even when it blunders. But common men have so often been deceived by the sharp practices of those who are a little brighter than themselves, that they are apt to distrust intellectual superiority, and half suspect it to be a species of cunning. The malice of personal and party hostility, working upon this natural tendency, has found an easy acceptance of its calumnies.

But, beside this, Governor Tilden was a practical leader in affairs, both of business and politics; and although he was all openness and candor in his public discussions, yet in his methods of action he could not, any more than other men, dispense with secrecy and reserve; and as he was apt to excel others in whatever methods he adopted, he perhaps excelled them in secretiveness as well. A good share of another quality which does not tend to secure admiration for the possessor fell to Mr. Tilden. It was not unnatural that a man so conscious of superior powers should be somewhat vain. Men do not like to have "I told you so" flung into their ears at every turn in the course of events, and Mr. Tilden had a habit of doing this.

But he was by no means wanting in the sense of moral earnestness, and he had a just perception of the occasions demanding the exercise of that faculty. He was well aware that fraud and corruption could not be successfully combated with the weapons of reason, and that they did not deserve to be reasoned with. When he found himself confronted by the powerful canal ring, which had fattened for a generation upon fraudulent contracts for repairs and pretended improvements to the canals, a ring which had founded wealthy and influential families, and had its stipendiaries among the able lawyers of the State, he perceived that it was a warfare in which no quarter could be given, and which could not be carried on by the weapons of facts

and figures alone. He courageously determined to invade, single-handed, the strongholds of his enemies, and to arouse against them the moral indignation of the people. Using a vacation from pressing official duties, he made a series of speeches in a tour along the line of the canals from Buffalo to Albany. Flinging aside his customary temperance and moderation, he denounced his adversaries — men of wealth and the highest social standing — as criminals, and summoned the people to stand by his side in an effort to enforce against them the criminal law. Speaking at Syracuse, in the midst of the men he was condemning, he said, "Here, under your own eyes and your own observation, these transactions have been carried on in open day, by a combination that has sought to rule the State. . . . I was called upon this morning to speak some words of encouragement and hope to four hundred little boys in the Western House of Refuge. During all my journey I have been frequently followed by persons asking for their friends and those in whom they were interested a pardon from the penitentiaries and state prisons. I have been compelled to look into such cases to see who are the inmates of these institutions, and of what they have been accused, and to ascertain what it is that constitutes the wrong to society of which they have been convicted. When I compare their offenses, in their nature, temptations, and circumstances, with the crimes of great public delinquents who claim to stand among your best society, and are confessedly prominent among their fellow-citizens, — crimes repeated and continued year after year, — I am appalled at the inequality of human justice." He made by this series of addresses a profound impression upon the public mind.

He was cautious not to be imposed upon by those who wished his official aid or influence, and commonly subjected them to a searching cross-examina-

tion, but a case of real distress quickly moved him. I remember an instance which occurred during my sojourn, already mentioned, at the governor's mansion in Albany. We were at work together rather late one evening, when he was told that a little girl wished to see him. She was wretchedly clad, and seemed to be in great misery. Moments were then quite precious to him, but he dropped everything and spent half an hour with her. When he returned to the library where we were at work, he told me her tale. It was that she was the oldest of several children; that her father was a drunkard and cruel to her mother, who also sometimes got intoxicated, — though, as the girl said, only when her father abused her, — and who had, the day before, although having a nursing infant only a few weeks old, been sent to prison for ten days for drunkenness; that the little girl had been vainly endeavoring to take care of the infant and the rest of the family, but had given up in despair. The governor seemed a good deal moved at this separation of mother and infant, and spoke with indignation of the manner in which the criminal law was administered in the lower courts by incompetent magistrates. He immediately dispatched a secretary to the executive chamber for a sealed pardon in blank, filled it up and signed it, and sent the same secretary with the girl to the prison, with instructions to see that the woman was released and taken to her home that very night. I asked him whether this was not rather hasty and inconsiderate action, adding that possibly the magistrate, if consulted, might give a different statement of the case. He answered, "No, and I would n't believe him if he did. Don't I know that the little girl told me the truth?"

In assigning to Governor Tilden capacities for public usefulness superior to those of other men of his generation, one qualification should perhaps be made.

He could not have led, or rather guided, as Lincoln did, the storm of patriotic passion which the Southern insurrection aroused. There are resistless currents in human affairs which disdain the feeble control of mere reason, and insist upon working their way by force alone. War is a conflict of the passions, and, when it becomes necessary or preferable to peace, those passions should be inflamed rather than checked.

But the superior *wisdom* of Governor Tilden was equally manifest in this great crisis, although, perhaps, incapable of dealing with it. Naturally antislavery, he had encouraged the first tendencies towards the assertion of the Free Soil sentiment of the North by joining in the revolt of the Northern Democrats against the nominees of the Democratic convention in 1848, and supporting the candidates nominated at the Barnburners' convention at Utica. But when he saw this movement developing into the formation of a permanent political organization under the name of the Republican party, with the avowed object of preventing by *national legislation* any further extension of slavery, he paused and receded.

The argument of the supporters of the new movement was that Congress had the power, not indeed to interfere with slavery in the States, but to prevent its establishment in the territories; and that they were but exercising their constitutional rights in forming a party for the purpose of securing such legislation. Tilden could not deny the mere claim of constitutional right; but this, with him, was but a small part of the question. What would be the consequence of a successful assertion of that right? Could it be reasonably supposed that the Southern States would view it otherwise than as an attack upon what they deemed to be a vital interest? Would not its necessary effect be to force unanimity among them in opposition to the policy? Was the supposition

that there was any considerable Free Soil sentiment in the South which would array itself on the side of the government anything but a dream? Should we not have two strictly sectional parties arrayed upon the question of preserving or destroying an institution which one of them, not unnaturally, regarded as essential to self-existence? These, in his view, were questions which must be first solved before such a movement could be encouraged. His solution led him to the conclusion that war would be the necessary result of such action; and this involved the further inquiry whether the object in view would be gained by a civil war, or, if gained, would be worth the terrible cost. Appalled by the uncertainties and terrors of such a conflict, he took refuge, as Mr. Webster had before him, in the belief that the natural forces in operation would of themselves accomplish all that could be gained by the policy of restriction. In a letter to William Kent in 1860, before the election of Lincoln, he stated his conclusions and the reasoning which led to them with his characteristic moderation, but with masterly force. His main conclusion was that if the Republican party should be successful, the national government in the Southern States would cease to be self-government, and become a government by one people over another distinct people, — a thing impossible with our race, except as a consequence of successful war, and even then incompatible with our democratic institutions. He said: —

“I assert that a controversy between powerful communities organized into governments, of a nature like that which now divides the North and South, can be settled only by convention or by war. I affirm this upon the universal principles of human nature, and the collective experience of all mankind.” And again: “A condition of parties in which the federative government shall be carried on by a party having no affiliations

in the Southern States is impossible to continue. Such a government would be out of all relation to those States. It would have neither the nerves of sensation which convey intelligence to the intellect of the body politic, nor the ligaments and muscles which hold its parts together and move them in harmony. It would be in substance the government of one people by another people. That system will not do with our race."

This reasoning was founded upon the facts of human nature, the philosophy of government, and the teachings of experience. Its truth is more manifest now than when it was uttered. Who of the great Free Soil leaders would have had the hardihood to persist in their course, if they could have foreseen the consequences so clearly? Greeley, terrified by the horrible spectacle of war, was driven to say, "Let the wayward sisters depart in peace." Seward's short vision predicted that it would be all over "in sixty days"! But in great crises the foresight of the wisest is but blindness. Were it always given men to see what they are to go through with, the greatest steps in moral advancement would never be taken. Tilden did not foresee, through the storms of war, any more than others, the freedom of the slave with the acquiescence of the master, and the consequent unification of the republic.

But the trials of our popular system of government were not terminated by the simultaneous overthrow of the Rebellion and slavery. It may be, rather, that they have just begun. We were confident before the war that slavery was

the source of the only peril which really threatened us. That out of the way, we find ourselves confronted with new dangers, growing out of differences of opinion respecting the extent to which the black race shall be allowed to participate in government. That participation is now practically denied by the Southern States, and the mandate of the Constitution is unhesitatingly set at naught by the employment either of force or fraud. The remedy suggested is an enforcement of that mandate by Federal legislation, which means simply the enforcement of its will by one section against that of the other. This is not democratic government, but the rule of the conquered by the conqueror. The evil is bad enough; and the remedy will probably be worse. We begin to see that the real danger which has at all times menaced us is the presence on our soil of a different race, unequal, for the present at least, to the great office of self-government. Slavery was not itself the evil; but only one of the methods of dealing with it. Is our substitute, the bestowal upon the race of universal suffrage, a successful device? And, if this must be abandoned, what shall next be tried? These grave problems, already threatening, will assume a graver aspect if the results of the census just taken, when studied and compared, shall be found to show a more rapid rate of increase in the black population at the South than in the white. To meet such perils we need nothing so much as a class of statesmen of which Samuel J. Tilden was the most distinguished example.

James C. Carter.

THE STORY OF A CHILD.

V.

EFFIE, who said her head ached too much for study, was leaning out of the schoolroom window, kicking her toes against the wainscoting, while she waited for Ellen to finish the third declension. "Do hurry up with your old *regibuses*," she called over her shoulder, and a moment later seized Ellen's hand and went skipping from the room, much to the relief of weary Miss Dace.

Effie had a suggestion to make: "Let's go down to the back parlor and play house under the sofa."

"Won't it make your head ache more?" Ellen said, faintly polite, for playing house under the sofa was great happiness.

"No," Effie assured her; "it's only those old stupid declensions that make my head ache. Mamma's awfully afraid I'll overwork; so I always tell her when I think I'm going to have a headache. Is n't your grandmother afraid you'll overwork?"

"No," Ellen said bitterly.

But for once Effie forgot to be sympathetic. "Oh, Nellie," she said, "come look at the idol. Somebody brought it from China for papa."

She pulled Ellen across the room, where, in a dim corner, mounted on an ebony pillar, a small bronze Buddha sat on his jade throne. Under oblique and cynical eyebrows, his half-shut, dreaming eyes seemed to stare with strange contempt at the two children.

Ellen caught her breath and made a clutch at Effie's arm. The dark god was looking, from under those puffed and drooping eyelids, straight at her.

"Oh, Effie!"

"Is n't he ugly?" Effie inquired calmly. "And he's really an idol. He used to be in a temple with lots of little roofs on it, all strung with bells

that rung when the wind blew, papa says. And he had things sacrificed to him, — rice and things."

Ellen made no answer. So much came into her mind — scenes from Little Henry and his Bearer, and various other unpleasant and morbid stories, full of that cheap sentiment which once ministered to childish piety — that she did not find it easy to talk. She said she would not play house under the sofa; and, followed by Effie's reproaches, went home to think about the god. She was very silent at tea, and she lay awake that night for certainly a quarter of an hour, listening to the rain dripping on the leaves of the woodbine about her window, and thinking of the bronze image with his strange, still smile. She shut her eyes, and fancied the pagoda with its roofs strung with jangling bells; the hot, white sunshine pouring on the dusty streets; the palm-trees standing like great feathers against the sky, and the figures of people wearing their clothing all wrapped about them, like the paper spills she made for lamp-lighters. Her mind was a jumble of terms — palanquins, rupees, coolies, litters — gathered from the India stories of the Lady of the Manor. The Arabian Nights came in, too, and beautiful slaves and cream tarts and roc's eggs danced through her mind with bewildering interest. But with them all she seemed to see, sitting in the shadows of the temple, with rice and flowers spread before him, and joss-sticks filling the air with heavy fragrance, the dark, squatting figure of the god, smiling cruelly under his tilted eyebrows. She pictured his wonder now at Mr. Temple's drawing-room, his contempt for the two little girls who had stood and looked at him that afternoon, his homesickness for his worshipers, his anger because no

sacrifices were offered him. And then came a delightful and terrible thought, — a thought which made Ellen say to herself that she was very wicked! After that she fell asleep, but the thought came back to her the next morning, when she opened her sleepy eyes to the sunshine.

"He must miss those sacrifices. There would n't be any harm in doing it, — just for fun. And if all those heathen people think it's right to sacrifice things to him, why, may be it would be *safer* to?"

More and more delightful did the plan appear of taking some flowers and laying them down in front of him. Yet it was a week before she confided it to Effie.

"Oh, yes, let's worship him!" Effie agreed with enthusiasm.

But Ellen shrank at the word. "Oh, no, that would be wicked; let's only pretend."

It was Saturday afternoon, and there was no one at hand to interfere with the strange rites which the two children began to enact in the back parlor, where, cross-legged upon his jade cushion, the bronze god watched them from under his sleepy eyelids.

It was curious to see the difference in Ellen and Effie as revealed in their relation to their little drama. To Effie, until she grew tired of it, it was a play; to Ellen it was tasting sin, with the subtle, epicurean delight of the artistic temperament.

They made great preparations for their service. They lit the candles in the sconce in the corner where Buddha sat, and then a row of bedroom candles, stolen from the table in the back entry. Ellen made a larkspur wreath, sticking one blue horn into another, until the whole rested in her little palm, a flat, thin crown, just large enough for Buddha's head. Then she brought a dozen of those dark red and deeply sweet roses whose stems are thick with thorns, and put them in his lap. The cool

dusk of the room was pierced by thin lines of sunlight, creeping between the bowed shutters of the west windows, and falling in tremulous pools upon the floor. Each line was so clear in the dusk that Ellen chose to think they were golden barriers to the temple, and she must crawl under them to reach the inner court of worship. She did it, solemnly, her little head touching once or twice the slanting sunbeam above her, so that for a moment her forehead and eyes were glorified; then she dropped down on her knees and looked up into the still, dark face. She forgot that she was "making believe;" the god became horribly real to her; she felt the sombre mirth of his cruel eyes following her when she stepped back and forth before him, and the desire to propitiate him grew into actual terror. Effie brought some rice and scattered it in front of the image, and watched Ellen bowing and bending and muttering to herself a little pagan prayer which spoke suddenly in her soul. The perfumes offered some difficulty, but Effie solved it by stealing into her mother's room and bringing down a long green bottle of cologne, which Ellen, with a lavish hand, sprinkled all about the god.

"We ought to sing, and we ought to have a mat to kneel on," she said in a whisper to Effie, who reflected, and then said she would go and get something. A moment or two later she came back with a green crape shawl in her hands.

"It came from China," she explained; "aunty said so. It's just the thing."

Ellen was too absorbed to question the propriety of taking Miss Jane's shawl, nor did she notice that she was staining the delicate "mat" at her feet when, with solemn gestures, she pressed the bottom of the oil-can from the sewing-machine, so that they might offer a libation of oil. "We must sing to him," she said, her eyes wide

with excitement; but only Christian words suggested themselves to her. "Heathen god," she began, "you — you — shall —

‘shall reign where’er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
Your kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.’”

Ellen’s eyes were vague with the vision of the words. She saw the yellow sun journeying through the silent sky; she saw water, heaving and swelling, gray and misty, lapping the shores of the world; she saw the thin and melancholy moon, curving like a sickle in dun clouds — “wax and wane no more — no more!” — an end of all things — emptiness — darkness — and this dreadful god unmoved and smiling at the desolation! She began to cry, under her breath.

“What is the matter?” said Effie.

“Hush!” Ellen whispered. “He’ll hear you!”

She was standing before Buddha, waving her arms over her head, and saying in a voice shaken with feeling the first long words that occurred to her — “Justification — sanctification — predestination!” She did not know what they meant, but they were out of the catechism, and so were proper to say to a god.

“What are you talking about?” demanded Effie. “Let’s play something else. I’m tired of this. Besides, I think it’s wicked. Oh, there’s aunty! Hide the shawl.”

But it was too late. Miss Jane came in, kindly curious, to see that the two little girls were having a happy time. The half-burned candles, the roses on Buddha’s lap, the scattered rice, and her own crape shawl, crumpled under Effie’s feet, made her silent for a moment with astonishment.

“We were playing heathen,” Effie explained hastily. “Ellen wanted to.”

“Where did you get my shawl, children?” said Miss Jane indignantly.

“Ellen said we had to have a mat;

she put it there. It’s an ugly old shawl, anyway!”

Miss Jane had lifted it with anxious hands. “And you have spotted it with something! Oh, Ellen, how could you be so naughty?”

“I’m so sorry — I — I did n’t know” — Ellen began to cry.

“There, my dear!” said Miss Jane, with remorseful forgiveness. “I did n’t mean to be cross, my child; only — I — I — value it very much. A friend of mine gave it to me,” she tried to comfort the child; “it isn’t any value in itself, but a friend of mine gave it to me, — a friend whom I have not seen for many years. There, dear, don’t cry; we won’t say anything more about it.” But her voice trembled.

Effie had run away, glad to leave reproof or reproach to Ellen, and glad to escape what the housemaid called “redding up the mess” she had helped to make about the idol. As for Ellen, she went home very soberly. The excitement of “making believe” over, the hideous fact of idolatry presented itself to her mind.

This was the beginning of remorse to Ellen, that most intolerable pain of life. The thought of her sin began to lurk under all innocent pleasures; ready to spring out upon her like some terrible wild beast when she was most unconscious of it, or most forgetful. When she read, or worked, or played, there would come, suddenly, a pang in the breastbone, and the thought of the god.

“Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image,” poor little Ellen said to herself again and again; “thou shalt not bow down to it or worship it,” and then she would follow over and over one line of reasoning which traveled in a circle through justification back to pain.

“If the heathen think it’s right to bring rice and flowers, and to pray to him, why, it can’t be wrong for them

to do it. So there is no need to confess to grandmother." She would draw a breath of relief here, and then the stab would come: "But I'm not a heathen! I didn't think it was right." The accusation and excuse, repeated and repeated, grooved into the child's mind. Once she had a shivering glimpse of a possible wreck of all her little faith; a vague, dull pain that grew into the question, "How do we know we are right? We can't do anything more than *think* so, and that's what the heathen do!" But this faded almost as soon as it came, with the reassurance, "Oh, yes; the Bible says so, and so does grandmother;" and so far as faith went she was satisfied, but her sin remained. Once, in a passion of pain, she burst out into confession to Miss Jane, who flushed a little, but said, "Oh, Ellen, dear, never mind; I took the spots out."

"I didn't mean that," Ellen whispered, hiding her face on that kind shoulder. "We — we played heathen, you know."

"Well, dear?" said Miss Jane cheerfully.

"Was it — was it — very wicked? Oh, shall I go to hell? Will it be visited upon the third and fourth generation? Oh, Miss Jane, will all my children go to hell, too?"

Miss Jane drew a breath of silent laughter above the brown little head that pressed against her bosom. "No, dear, no; it was only playing, of course. Why, my little Ellen, don't cry so." She stopped Ellen's tears, but the child knew that Miss Jane had not really understood.

VI.

When Miss Jane Temple interrupted the worship of Buddha, she carried the poor little stained shawl upstairs to her bedroom, and then stood and looked at it with eyes that were blurred with tears. It all came back to her. — the

night that Mr. Tommy had brought this offering and ventured to ask her acceptance of it. She remembered the look of pride and relief that came into his face when she thanked him and said it was beautiful. How cruel it was that just because she was her brother's sister she could have called such a look into his face! It cut her to the heart that Mr. Tommy had been afraid of *her*. It was not fair that he should have been made to feel she did not care for him because she felt herself better than he; it was not right that he should have thought her proud. Proud? Oh, how happy she could have been in those rooms above the apothecary shop, if duty had allowed her to think of her own happiness! Something like resentment came into Jane Temple's face. Her brother's family might have permitted her this one friend. It would not have interfered with her services to them! With a trembling lip, she folded her shawl and laid it back in the bottom drawer of her bureau. She took some rose-geranium leaves from the bunch of flowers on her stand and laid them among its green soft folds.

After this episode of the god, Effie and Ellen were not so intimate for a little while. Ellen's misgivings lest she had committed the unpardonable sin made her find Effie a less congenial companion, and Effie's self-congratulation on having escaped the scolding she deserved made her more cautious. But the estrangement did not last very long, and the two children were soon confidential again. Effie told Ellen every possible family matter, and it was remarkable how many family matters she knew. She repeated again, dramatically, the story of Mr. Tommy's interrupted proposal, although Ellen, with flaming cheeks, protested that she did n't believe Miss Jane would like it, and she wished Effie *would n't!* She was eloquent concerning Dick's extravagances at college, and how her aunt had given him money to pay his debts,

because he did n't want to tell his father. She commented, too, with the alarming frankness of youth, on her father's ill-temper. "Yes," said Effie, "he's horrid when he's cross," and then went on to mention her mother's jealousy of "anybody papa likes; at least, of any ladies," she ended calmly, with that peculiar and discriminating discernment which seems to belong to children and servants.

But for the most part the children talked of the hardships of Ellen's life: that her hair was kept short; that she had to go to bed at half past eight; that she was obliged to do a little sewing every day, hem a frill or backstitch a long seam. Effie, with fluent use of adjectives, pitied her for all these things, but she pitied her most of all because, on Mondays and Tuesdays, Ellen was obliged to make her own bed, and dust and tidy her little bedroom.

"Well," cried Effie, when this cruel fact had been revealed to her, "before I'd be a servant girl!"

Ellen had never thought of it in that way before; it had only been "helping." So, at least, she had been told. It had not seemed proper to Mrs. Dale to explain that her real reason for giving the child these little tasks was to teach her that any work was fitting for a lady that could be done with the fine, old-fashioned delicacy which the women of Old Chester brought to every duty.

But Effie left no doubt in Ellen's mind that she had been "imposed upon," and was doing a servant's work. Once, very soon after her eyes had been opened to this, Ellen confided her wrongs to Lydia, but was met with blank wonder, which she was quick to resent as "airs;" and the other child's protest, "If mother thinks it right, Ellen, I guess it is," only made her quarrel with Lydia, and "not speak" for several days. She was alert to discover further "impositions;" and as

such a search is always rewarded, she found many, and was in a chronic state of injured feelings, — a state which expressed itself by sullen looks and neglect of many small and pleasant duties; she grew irritable with the constant effort to "stand up for her rights." "I don't know what's the matter with our Ellen," Betsey sighed, more than once; "she's awful good, but she's that contrary!" The "goodness" had reference only to Ellen's devotions, which at this time were very marked. Betsey had never been obliged to wait so long with the bedroom candle while Ellen said her prayers. This was partly for the relief of complaining to her Maker; partly because she knew she was not behaving well, and was constrained to balance her naughtiness by a little extra religion; and partly because, most often at night, the thought of her idolatry assailed her, and urged upon her works of supererogation in the form of prayers and promises. No doubt much of her naughtiness grew out of these religious impulses, which satisfied themselves in visions of good deeds, and never crystallized into anything so commonplace as obedience. She was constantly planning great self-sacrifices; heroic bravery, sublime devotion. Such dreams were very concrete: as, for instance, what her conduct would be if the house were on fire; she would rush into the flames, and save — everybody! She gave herself up to such visions one Monday morning; she had left the breakfast-room and gathered some posies for the little blue jug that stood on her dressing-table, and then, forgetting the work in her bedroom, stopped, and got into the swing under the front porch. Ellen was very fond of this latticed inclosure under the high porch, from the rafters of which hung the little swing, that creaked with a dry and dusty rhythm when started by her foot; perhaps part of its charm was a lack of the austere order of the rest of Mrs. Dale's household. It still bore the

traces of Eben Dale's light-hearted and inconsequent life: under the rafters above the swing were his long bamboo fishing-rods, still with the lines wound in careful spirals from the quivering ends to the stout silver-clasped handles. As Ellen swung back and forth, they shook and trembled, as they had done, no doubt, long ago, on some green bank beside a trout pool. A loop of line from a broken reel hung just above the child's eyes, and through it, in delicious abstraction of great purposes, she looked out, across the sunshine on the side lawn, at the watering-trough in the stable yard, and at the pigeons strutting and cooing on the ridgepole of the barn.

She was saying to herself, with a swelling heart, "Suppose Betsey Thomas should have smallpox?" And then she went on to reflect upon how tenderly she would nurse her, how bravely, even though her grandmother and all her friends should implore her not to run such a risk. Ah, how they would appreciate her when they saw how noble she was! Very likely she would catch the dreadful disease, and lie for days between life and death; and then how saintly she would be, what hymns she would repeat, what appropriate texts!

"'It is not death to die,'"

quoted Ellen, her eyes brimming with delightful melancholy, and curling her arms about the ropes of the swing, so that she leaned sideways, comfortably.

"'It is not death to die,
To leave the weary road,
To join the brotherhood on high' —

I'd say that," she thought, very sorrowfully. But when she recovered (on the whole, she thought she should recover) she would be very beautiful; not a single scar would mar her face; and how Betsey Thomas would love her!

She paused in planning her saintly revenge long enough to look at the dia-

monds of sunlight falling through the lattice, and lying on the black, hard earth of the floor; how much nicer it was here, under the porch, than in the parlor! There were garden tools in the corners, and on one side of her playroom, like a long, red cornucopia encrusted with crumbling earth, were flower-pots of lessening sizes fitted into one another. Ellen could scrawl a large E on the dusty top of an old chest of drawers that stood against the wall of the house; it had scarcely been touched since Dr. Dale had put his flies away, after his last fishing trip. Some of the drawers were half open, and there were packets of flower-seeds scattered about in them, and one or two books in yellow paper covers, dog-eared and torn. Ellen had looked at them with a view to improving her mind by reading some of grandpapa's wise books; but alas! they were in French, so that aspiration had been checked. On top of the chest was a china bowl half full of water; Ellen had coiled a dozen horsehairs in it, and was waiting to see them turn into snakes. She kept her paper dolls in a cupboard hanging on the wall; its sagging doors and rattling shelves could not have given the tissue ladies a sense of security, but Ellen liked to think that they were sheltered there, when she, safe in her little bed, heard the wind blow, and caught the murmuring complaint of the giant in the locust-trees. The dolls, she saw fit to say, were in a fort, and they were in great terror lest one of the pythons coiled in the white china tank should crawl out, and up to their little shelter, and open his horrible jaws and hiss at them! Ellen shivered for very horror of the situation, but did not abate her care for the horsehairs, nor put a better fastening on the cupboard door. She liked to think that the beat of wind or rain was the assault of pirates upon the unhappy paper ladies, and the idea of their distress when the door banged gave her

all the exhilaration of danger, without its personal element. "If pirates were to break into our house," said Ellen, her foot tapping a diamond of sunshine every time she swung forward, "I would say, 'Sir, kill me, but save grandmother — save ' —"

But at that moment Betsey Thomas came hurrying out to look for her. Betsey was busy, and not in the best temper; her patience had been sorely tried that morning because Ellen had seen fit to pour water on the floor when she had been dressing her, for the purpose of discovering whether it would run under her instep. "If it does," said Ellen, holding up her skirts and dabbling her little bare foot in the water, "it shows I'm very aristocratic, Betsey, and would have had my head cut off in the French Revolution." Betsey had been most unsympathetic, and there had been a tussle, followed by a truce; and now the maid would rather have done Ellen's work herself than get into any discussion with her. But Mrs. Dale had bidden her remind Ellen that her bed was not made, and it was after nine.

Ellen, with a very red face, jumped out of the swing. "I just wish you'd do your work yourself, Betsey Thomas, so there!" she said.

Betsey looked at her soberly. "Ellen, you oughtn't to talk that way, 'deed you oughtn't; 'tain't right."

"Well, it isn't your place to tell me what I ought to do, anyhow," Ellen answered.

The chambermaid put her red arms akimbo on her hips and gazed at Ellen with real concern. She was a pleasant-looking maid-servant, with an honest Welsh face and curly red-brown hair; she wore a brown calico gown, and a long blue apron with a bib pinned up over her ample bosom. "I don't know what's the matter with you, these days, Ellen," she said. "Come, now; be a good girl, and do your work nice, and please your grandmother."

Ellen made no answer, but she followed the maid upstairs.

"You know well enough, Ellen, you ain't behavin' as you ought, nowadays," Betsey went on. "You ought to think what the Good Man likes little girls to be. My! I never see any little girl so sassy as you!"

"Will you be quiet, Betsey Thomas?" said Ellen, turning suddenly upon her.

"Why, Ellen Dale!" cried Betsey, dropping admonition, in personal affront; "you're real impudent. I've a good mind to tell your grandmother!"

Ellen's face was white. "You are a low, mean, miserable, lazy woman," she said in a high, quivering voice, "and if you speak another word more to me I'll kill you!"

This was so awful that Betsey was shocked into real dismay. "Ellen, I'll have to tell your grandmother," she said reluctantly.

"I don't care!" cried Ellen. She stamped her foot, stood trembling, flew at Betsey and struck her with all her little might, and then dropped sobbing upon the floor.

Betsey was appalled, but angry also. She turned, and hurried out of the room to find Mrs. Dale.

"Oh, ma'am," she said, coming breathlessly into the dining-room, "Ellen is acting awful! She beat and beat me, ma'am! She acted like as if she was possessed!"

Mrs. Dale was sitting at the head of the long table with as much stateliness as though it were surrounded by guests, instead of merely holding a big basin of hot water, a mop, and glass-towels. "Tell me just what Ellen has done," she said briefly, and then listened to the agitated complaint, but made no comment. "You may go, now," she said, and proceeded calmly to wipe the teaspoons; she was in no haste to go upstairs. She knew that silence and reflection would be very alarming to Ellen.

Ellen, sobbing on the floor, was straining her ears for her grandmother's step. By and by the waiting grew dreadful; she stopped crying and sat up, pushing her hair back from her eyes. The house was very silent. It seemed to Ellen as though everything held its breath to hear the reproof which was coming. At last she felt she could not bear it any longer, and she crept out into the entry and looked over the balustrade down into the wide hall. The front door was open, and she could see the hot, bright garden. Stretched out in a strip of sunshine that fell across the threshold into the hall was Rip, the red setter; his glossy side was stirred by his deep breathing, and once a paw twitched, as though he were running in some pleasant dream. Her grandmother's work-table was beside the long sofa, which stood between the dining-room and library doors; there was some knitting on the table, and a book, with Mrs. Dale's gold-bowed spectacles across an open page, and one of Ellen's white aprons, waiting to be mended. The child felt a quick repentance. How naughty she had been; how good her grandmother always was; and even Betsey Thomas was sometimes kind! She would go downstairs and ask to be forgiven; she would tell Betsey she was sorry; she would say — But at that moment, running lightly up the front steps, came Effie Temple. Rip, startled at the sound, rose, yawning and stretching, but Effie did not notice him. She had seen Ellen, and dashed at once upstairs.

"Why, what's the matter?" she demanded. "You have been crying! Why, Nellie, what's the matter?"

Ellen felt the tears stinging again, and all her anger came back with a rush. "Come into my room," she whispered, and drew the eager Effie into her bedroom. "Oh, Effie, it's awful!" she said in a trembling voice.

"What's awful?"

"I've had such a time with Betsey

Thomas; she — she — oh, she talked to me!" Ellen caught her breath in a sob. She did not know whether she was more angry at Betsey, or frightened at the prospect of the interview with her grandmother.

"Oh, is that all?" cried Effie. "I hope you talked back to her?"

And Ellen straightway poured out the whole story. As she talked, her courage returned, and her anger burned more fiercely. Effie, sitting on the edge of the bed beside her, interrupted her now and then with exclamations of pity and indignation, and when Ellen had quite finished she was ready with advice. "I'd make that girl get down on her knees and beg my pardon," she said shrilly. "Gracious, I wish you had some spirit, Nellie!"

"Beg *my* pardon?" said Ellen. "Why, I" — She was ashamed to finish the sentence.

"Of course; and if she should say she wouldn't — well, then I know what I should do."

"What?" asked Ellen faintly.

Effie leaned towards her and whispered something in her ear.

"Oh!" said Ellen.

VII.

For a moment after Effie's whisper the two children looked at each other in guilty silence.

"Oh, would you, *really*?" Ellen said at last, under her breath; but before Effie could answer the door opened and Mrs. Dale entered. A quick displeasure came into her face at the sight of Ellen's guest, but she only said gravely, "Good-morning, Euphemia," and looked to see the child rise, as Ellen had done; but Effie, as she sat on the edge of the bed, swinging her foot to and fro and playing with her rings, only nodded, with a sheepish look, and said, "Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Dale?"

Mrs. Dale put on her glasses and

looked at her. "Euphemia," — Ellen caught her breath at the solemnity of the tone, — "I wish to talk with Ellen, so I must ask you to leave us."

"All right," said Effie. She rose and shook her skirt, which had wrinkled a little, and gave a careless glance into the mirror as she put on her hat. "Mrs. Dale, may Ellen come over and take tea with me to-night? Mamma said I might ask her," she added impatiently, having learned that such reference to her mother was a necessary formality in Old Chester.

"No."

"Oh, please!" Effie teased, but was dismissed with a decision which ignored her coaxing.

Ellen's face grew red and sullen as Effie left the room, and she stared at the carpet that she might not see her grandmother.

"Now, Ellen, tell me what this means."

"What what means?" the little girl said in a low voice, still looking at the carpet.

"I am very much grieved, Ellen," Mrs. Dale said, not noticing the question.

No response.

"Betsey Thomas tells me that when she spoke to you about putting your room in order you grew very angry, and — struck her. Ellen, no little girl could do such a thing, unless she had" — Mrs. Dale spoke very solemnly — "unless she had the feeling of murder in her heart. Suppose you had had a knife in your hand when you struck Betsey? You might have killed her! You did not have a knife, but you had the feeling in your soul. Oh, Ellen, I hope you will ask your Heavenly Father to give you a better heart."

Ellen did not reply; her chin quivered, and she felt as though something was beating up in her throat. But her silence was not repentance; it was embarrassment at this talk about her "heart" and her Heavenly Father.

Mrs. Dale sighed; she did not know what to say next. She had been prepared for the fluent and fatiguing excuses of an active imagination, and Ellen's silence confused her. To show affection in such a crisis did not occur to her; she looked at the stubborn little face, and wondered how the child could be so hard. "She does not show a trace of feeling!" thought Mrs. Dale, and sighed. She felt as though she stood outside this one heart in all the world that belonged to her, and sought an entrance in vain. There was a wistful disappointment behind the stern justice in her eyes. "Why have I never gained her love?" she thought; but all she said was that Ellen must spend the rest of the day in her room; at five o'clock, if penitent, she might come downstairs and ask forgiveness. ("Such hardness can be conquered only by severity," Mrs. Dale was thinking sadly.) "I hope," she ended, "that you will remember what I have said about the sin of anger; and that you may remember it, I have made out for you a list of verses in the Bible which speak of anger and passion. You will look them out during the day, commit them to memory, and repeat them to me when you come downstairs at five."

She had written the references on a slip of paper, and, putting it down on the white work-table, left the room without another look at Ellen.

She was very much troubled. But it never occurred to her to prick the bubble of the child's naughtiness by treating the matter lightly. She gave to the imagination of a foolish child the deference of earnest conscientiousness, and took the situation seriously. That Ellen might find it interesting never occurred to her, for Mrs. Dale could no more have been theatrical in her view of life than she could have been flippant. "I am too old," she thought, with the painful and pathetic humility of age, "too old to manage

children; and I cannot make her love me." Her mouth looked stern and hard, for she pressed her lips together to keep them steady, and her glasses were so dim she did not see that some one was waiting for her in the hall, until she heard a voice say, "Good-morning, dear Mrs. Dale," and found Miss Jane Temple ready to take her hand at the foot of the stairs.

Now, Miss Jane Temple had come to see Mrs. Dale with a purpose which had only taken definite form that day, although it had been smouldering in her heart for many weeks. She had gone that morning down into the village upon an errand, and had stopped absently at the little gate that shut Mr. Tommy Dove's garden away from the dusty street. The garden was full of the sweet confusion of flowers which had been watched and tended for nearly a generation, and then suddenly left to untrained and untrammelled liberty. There were not many weeds, unless the Johnny-jump-ups growing outside the borders could be called weeds; or the portulaca, which had sown itself in the grass from the round bed that lay below the shop window, half in sunshine, blazing with crimson cups, and half in shadow, with tightly shut and shining buds. White petunias flared broadly between the flagstones of the path, and morning-glories were braided among the prickly branches of the moss rose; the friendly perennials were more decorous, and kept their old places; the queen-of-the-meadow still lifted her powdery crown, close to the gate; and the hollyhocks and bleeding hearts and peonies blossomed as they had blossomed on the same spot thirty years before.

Miss Jane Temple, leaning on the gate, remembered how she had stopped there one morning four years ago, just after old Mrs. Dove's death, to tell Mr. Tommy she was sorry for his grief. She remembered that she had sat on the broad door-stone, which lay warm

in the sunshine, and they had talked of many things. Effie was with her, and the little girl's lip had curled with contemptuous amusement when Mr. Tommy tried to entertain her. The color came into Miss Jane's cheek as she thought of the child's rudeness; and then came the remembrance of that other rudeness to Mr. Dove, on the night when he had tried to tell her that he "cared,"—the rudeness of her brother, who, entering in the midst of those gentle, stumbling words, dismissed the apothecary with courteous contempt. She remembered how Mr. Tommy dashed into the darkness, leaving his sentence unfinished, and never coming back again, even to learn that, although she would not leave her brother's family, she too "cared." At first there had been a faint reproach in her heart because he did not come back, but she had long since understood it; he wanted to spare her the sight of his mortification. She never supposed that disappointed love could long prey upon him. Miss Jane Temple had had snubs enough in her life to know that mortification leaves a pang more lasting than the serpent's tooth or than disappointed love.

But she wished that he would come back to this neglected garden, this quiet, shabby house that seemed shrinking behind its lilac and sweet-brier bushes. She wished she knew where he was. In a dozen timid ways she had tried to find out, rather by suggesting the question than by any direct inquiry. And yet, why should she not inquire? A question, boldly put, need not betray her; and her heart leaped at the very thought of hearing about him.

The mortar and pestle which hung above the shop door, and had long ago parted with any gilding they had possessed, creaked in a puff of wind. "I will find out!" she said, and pushed open the gate and went across the deep tangle of the grass to the big thorny

bush of yellow Persian roses. She picked one, resolution growing in her face; and then she went at once up the hill to Mrs. Dale's house. "Mrs. Dale will tell me," she said to herself.

But when the two ladies sat down by the work-table in the open hall, and Mrs. Dale, with a little sigh, took up Ellen's apron to mend, Miss Jane began to talk of anything and anybody but Mr. Tommy Dove: the weather, first, and the gardener's anxiety about the drought; her sister-in-law's health, and her own regret that since the death of old Dr. King there had been only his son, a young boy of twenty eight or nine, to minister to physical ills in Old Chester.

"He can't help being young, I know," said Miss Jane, "but I am sure I hope my sister will not have to consult him this summer. I suppose young doctors must have some patients to practice on, or else they would never get experience, but I don't want him to practice on sister."

Mrs. Dale agreed with her, but in the tone of one who is liberal enough to put up with a necessity. "They've got to be young some time," she said.

"I suppose so," Jane Temple admitted; "but really, even I know more about some things — chicken-pox, for instance — than Willie does. When Effie had it, I knew just what to do, and I am sure Willie had to ask his mother before he dared prescribe. And then, in preparing medicine, a young man is apt to be careless. I wish some more experienced person" — Miss Jane's voice was not quite even — "some more experienced person had charge of the drugs."

Mrs. Dale glanced at her over her spectacles, keenly. "Indeed, dear Jane, you are needlessly concerned. Willie is really careful; and beside, his dispensing the medicines is only a temporary arrangement. Tommy Dove is our apothecary usually, and he is old enough, I am sure. He is absent just

now, but he is a most capable person. Of course Old Chester would not encourage any one who was not capable."

Miss Jane bent down to pat Rip's red-brown head. "Yes, he is capable; but — as you say, he is not here this summer? I noticed, the first time that I went down to the village, that his house was shut up, and all his pretty garden so neglected; it seemed so strange! I — I wondered where — I should say why — I mean where, he had gone?"

She stroked Rip's ears rapidly, the color fluttering into her face.

"Dear me! one would think Jane was interested!" Mrs. Dale said to herself; but aloud she only observed that she was not surprised that her companion thought Mr. Tommy's conduct strange. "In spite of his years, and in spite of the influences of his life, — though sometimes I think influences amount to very little," said Mrs. Dale, with a sigh, the thought of Ellen heavy upon her heart, — "in spite of everything, Mr. Tommy's conduct shows, I fear, an ill-regulated mind."

"Does it, indeed, ma'am?" Miss Jane asked tremulously. "He always seemed to me most estimable, — though of course I have n't seen much of him," she ended weakly.

"Oh," said Mrs. Dale, putting down the little white apron and adjusting her spectacles, "he is, of course, a very estimable person in his walk of life. But, my dear Jane, his leaving Old Chester as he did shows a weak character." She was very grave. "This is really very serious," she thought. "Poor foolish girl!"

"I had — I have — a great respect for Mr. Dove," Miss Temple said.

"Every one has," Mrs. Dale agreed, resenting an unspoken reproach. "Indeed, I have sometimes thought I would invite him to tea." Miss Jane drew in her breath, as if something hurt her. "He did the same thing about four years ago," Mrs. Dale went on. "Let me

see — why, it was the summer you were here. He disappeared without a word to anybody; such a sensational, foolish thing to do. Don't you remember?"

"I remember," replied Miss Jane faintly.

"I heard," Mrs. Dale continued, "that he was in Philadelphia this summer. I don't know what he is doing. But even to see as little of the world as Philadelphia is good for Mr. Tommy."

"Yes."

"No doubt he will come back some time, and then it will be our duty to let him see that we do not approve of him. Still, if he will settle down and marry a — a suitable person, you know, no doubt his conduct will be overlooked in time. But I doubt if we can have quite the confidence in him that we had; eccentricity is more dangerous than mere youth."

"He must have had good reasons," said Jane Temple, — "I am sure he must!" It occurred to her that she was betraying herself, but that did not matter. "I — I knew Mr. Dove quite well, and I — trust his judgment absolutely," she said with emphasis, for anger had come to her aid.

"You are too kind, dear Jane," said Mrs. Dale. She was sincerely troubled. "Dear! dear!" she said to herself; "to think that Jane Temple can be so weak! Well, Mr. Tommy did right to go away!"

Miss Temple's indignation brought a fine glow into her cheek; her eyes shone; she began to feel a warmth about her heart that meant happiness, although she did not know it. She was defending him; how sweet it was to defend him! Never mind if she never saw him again, if he never knew that she "cared." She did care, and that was happiness enough. Mrs. Dale's condescension roused her to sudden self-knowledge. "I have a — a regard for him, and I have a right to my own life," she thought.

"I think I must go now," she said stiffly. She felt she must be alone to think this thing out, and decide what to do: for, without reasoning about it, she knew she was going to do something to make amends to this man, who had given up his home for her sake. Then, with an effort to seem at ease, she added, "I met Effie, as I came over, and she told me Ellen could not take tea with her to-night; I am so sorry."

The mention of Ellen brought Mrs. Dale back from her consternation at Jane Temple's folly to her own troubles. "I am afraid," she said, "that I was a little stern to Euphemia when she came to make her request. I was obliged to send her home somewhat abruptly." And then she explained that Ellen had been naughty, and it was necessary to punish her.

Miss Jane's kind eyes filled with pity. "Dear little Ellen!" she said.

VIII.

The day was long and sad to Mrs. Dale; she was disciplining Ellen according to her light, but she was not hopeful. "She is repenting now," she thought, "but she will have forgotten both her repentance and her naughtiness by to-morrow." As it happened, however, Ellen was too interested in the situation to repent. She had made haste to commit to memory the verses her grandmother had brought her, meditating, as she studied, not upon the sacred words, but upon her wrongs. The verses memorized, she went over to the window and knelt down, her cheek resting on the sill.

She did not want to read any of her sedate little story-books. The Parent's Assistant, or Harry and Lucy, or the Rollo books were not as entertaining as was her own misery. Oh, how long, how long was this cruel punishment to last? For she would never

beg Betsey's pardon! Perhaps she should grow old, shut up here in this room. She fancied how, little by little, in the dusty solitude of the years, her clothes would wear out, her hair grow gray; she had a vision of her children, and even her grandchildren, urging her to leave her prison; but she would never give in to Betsey Thomas! A moment later, however, she decided that she should not like such a life, and determined that she would bring her punishment to an end: *she would starve herself!* She would not eat any dinner nor any supper. Probably she would die in a few days, and then how sorry everybody would be! She should be going to heaven, so she should not be sorry.

"I'll plume my wings and take my flight,"

said Ellen to herself. But before doing this she would forgive her enemies.

She pictured the scene. Her grandmother would find her lying, white and still, in her bed. She would see that Ellen had eaten nothing; then she would implore her to eat — oh, anything! Yes, fruit cake, if she wished it! But no; Ellen would turn her head away, and whisper that she should rather go to heaven. (The tears were rolling peacefully down her face by this time.) At last her grandmother would say, "Oh, my darling Ellen, I have been very cruel to you; is there anything I can give you for a present?"

Here Ellen stopped crying, and reflected upon what she should accept to signify her forgiveness. "Yes," she decided to reply, "yes, grandmother, you may give me a wig of long yellow curls, and — a Bible." What a pang that last word would give her grandmother! How it would betray the saintly character to which Mrs. Dale had been so blind! The Bible would not be of much use, as she was going to die immediately. But she might leave it to Effie? "Effie does n't read her Bible as much as I do," Ellen

thought, with solemn satisfaction. As for the lovely yellow wig, she would wear that when she was dead. At this thought she wept afresh.

She wondered what would be done with her "things," — her china dishes, her best hat, her little iron bank, into which, on every birthday, her grandmother slipped a gold-piece.

"Why," said Ellen to herself, "I ought to make my will!"

She jumped up at that thought, and began, with a blunt blue lead pencil, to inscribe her last wishes upon a large sheet of foolscap. "I leave my geography to Betsey Thomas," she wrote in a round, childish hand, and added, "but she's a cross girl." Here she paused to remember her legatees and her possessions; then, hurriedly, wrote Miss Jane Temple's name, and bit the end of her pencil for two minutes before she could decide what to bequeath to her kind friend. The thought of Miss Jane awoke the remorse for her idolatry, and for a moment that horrible melancholy, which has a physical abiding-place just below the breastbone, dimmed her pleasure in the prospect of death. But to leave Miss Jane a lock of her hair, and Lydia Wright her paper dolls, cheered her to tears; for with a thrill of pride she felt her eyes blur with a sudden mist.

This touched her deeply, and she leaned forward and squeezed her eyes tightly shut, at which one single tear trickled down her cheek and splashed full upon the paper; it made a round blot with a little fringe all about it. She breathed on it to dry it; but, as the spot rose into a wet blister, she had a bitter moment of feeling that her heirs might not recognize it as a teardrop. She wondered how it would do to write "tear" above it. She wished she could cry some more to make another blot; but alas! interest had dried her eyes, and she could only proceed to divide her property among those who appreciated her so little.

Her horsehair snakes she bequeathed to Mrs. Temple; Little Henry and his Bearer to Mr. Temple.

"I will give my bank to my grandmother," she wrote, but, sighing, added, as older consciences have done before her, "the money in it is for the poor heathen."

She paused here to note with satisfaction the perfection of her teardrop, and to look out over the garden. How hot and bright it was out of doors! There was a bed of scarlet poppies blazing in the sunshine; even the shadows looked hot. She could see, across the lane, the stone posts of Mr. Temple's gate, and that made her think of Effie and of the Bible she must leave her.

Just then she noticed that the telegraph string was jarring and thrilling; that meant that Effie was at the other end of it, and was about to send her a note. The thought of communication with the outside world made her forget death; she dropped her will, and leaned out of the window. In a moment, slowly and with little jerks, came the bit of folded paper, floating over the sunny garden, catching for a perilous instant on the highest twig of the laburnum, and then landing safely among the leaves of the woodbine, below the window. Ellen, with trembling fingers, unfastened it, and, smoothing the crumpled paper, read, "*Come up to the somer hous after diner.*"

She dropped it dismally. What was the use of Effie's saying that? Why did n't she sympathize?

"Grandmother won't allow me to go out of my room," she wrote. "*She says I must ask Betsey's pardon.*"

She fastened her answer to the line, and watched it flutter back to Effie; but the excitement had faded from her face. "Effie knows grandmother won't let me go up to the summer-house," she said to herself. But Effie's next note explained her meaning.

"*Is the door loked? Can't you get out?*"

"Goodness!" said Ellen. She read it over and over. The door locked? Why, no, of course not. And after dinner her grandmother always took a nap; and Betsey Thomas would be carrying in the clothes from the lines on the kitchen green; and there would be no one to see her leave her room! "I won't do it," she said to herself; "only, it would be easy to do it." She was so absorbed and excited that she forgot to send an answer to the note. Very quietly, on tiptoe, she crossed the room and tried the door. It was not locked; but Ellen stood staring at it with great eyes. This punishment of being obliged to stay in her room she knew well; it had happened only too often before, although never, perhaps, for so serious an offense. But it had never occurred to her that it was voluntary. She went back to the window with a bewildered air, and started to see another note awaiting her among the leaves.

"*Why don't you anser? Are you loked in?*"

Ellen's reply betrayed the agitation of a new idea.

"*I'm not loked in, but I can't get out.*"

She hoped and feared at once that Effie would not send any more notes, but a moment later another little folded temptation came over the string.

"*If you're not loked in, come up to the somer house right after diner. Your grndmother is wiked to shut you up in prizon. If you beg that servant girl's pardon I'll never speak to you again. Anser if you'll come up to the somer hous.*"

Effie, standing on the locust stump, on the other side of the wall, waited a long time for Ellen's reply; the delay made her first angry, and then scared. Perhaps Mrs. Dale had come in and caught Ellen reading the notes! At this thought she was about to jump down from the stump and run away, when lo! there was an answer coming

slowly along the line. Effie, in her eagerness to get it from the string, tore it a little, but she could read it in spite of that. "*I will come.*"

IX.

Ellen had been hurried into decision by hearing Betsey Thomas's careful step upon the stairs, and then the sound of a tray bumping against the door. Betsey must not discover the correspondence, and the only way to prevent that was to consent to Effie's wishes.

With excitement Ellen's appetite had returned, and she was glad to eat the bread and butter and cold meat which had been sent her. The thought of the hot dinner downstairs made this severe diet seem a cruelty which justified rebellion.

As she ate, she was excitedly planning her "escape." Ellen had many a time acted out her own fancies of adventure or peril, but she had never had the chance to make them real if she chose. Her skill in weaving romance blurred just now the actual fact of her naughtiness, and gave the whole situation an unreality and an interest that kept her conscience quiet.

She might as well look over her verses, she thought, until it was time to dismiss this exciting possibility. "*He that ruleth his spirit,*" said Ellen, sitting in the big dimity-covered chair, her hands clasped above her head, her small heels swinging to and fro, "*is greater than he that taketh a city.*" *Oh!*" She heard Mrs. Dale's step upon the stairs, then the closing of her bedroom door.

Ellen sat with parted lips; the clock in the lower hall struck three. The great moment had come! She rose stealthily, and, opening her door, looked out into the hall. Then a sudden gush of determination took the little temptation she had played with and

carried it into action. She was bewildered, absorbed, fascinated, to find herself yielding — yielding! She had not supposed she was really going to do it; her own possibility intoxicated her. Hardly breathing, she slipped on tiptoe out of the room, past her grandmother's door, and then, step by step, downstairs.

It was a still August day. Far off, beyond the meadows at the foot of the terrace, came, through the thinning leaves, the sparkle and flash of the river; nearer, in the stone vase in the middle of the garden, a bunch of scarlet geraniums blazed and glowed. Rip lay stretched on the warm dust of the carriage road at the foot of the steps. There was a scent of hot sunshine in the hazy air. Ellen, palpitating with excitement, stood a moment on the porch and looked at it all; then she heard a step somewhere in the silent house, and darted like a bird out into the freedom of the sunshine! Three minutes later she had gained the summer-house, and Effie, awaiting her for half an hour, was crying out impatiently for particulars.

"Wait till I — get — my breath" — Ellen gasped. When she did get her breath, they talked in whispers, though there was no one nearer than Betsey taking the clothes off the lines down on the kitchen green; but, considering how astonished Betsey would have been could she have overheard that conversation, it was no wonder that they whispered.

Suddenly Ellen jumped up. "Oh, Effie, what time do you think it is? Oh, I'm afraid it's late!"

"No, it is n't," Effie reassured her; "only, may be you'd better go. Now don't forget: if she does n't apologize to you, you are to be here to-morrow morning, with some clothes and food and your bank; and I'll be here with my things, and" —

"Oh, Effie, I *must* run. Grandmother will be downstairs, and then

what shall I do? Oh, Effie, I must go!" Ellen stamped her foot with impatient fright.

But Mrs. Dale had not yet come downstairs from her nap, so Ellen was able to regain her room quite unobserved. There, with a wildly beating heart, she opened her Bible for a look at the verses; the habit of doing as she was bidden made this final study instinctive, but she could hardly see the words, much less take in their meaning.

"I will certainly do it," she assured herself. "And oh, what will Lydia say? Yes, I will not come back until I am twenty years old. (*Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer: and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him.*) When I'm twenty, grandmother will know that she can't order me around, and starve me, and treat me so cruelly; and very likely Betsey Thomas will be married then, — in nine years."

The two children had arranged how they were to support themselves during these years of absence, in which their families were to repent. "We'll go to a city," Effie had said vaguely. And once there, they were to be milliners. There had been a moment's wavering in favor of a candy-shop, but reflection upon the amount of money Mrs. Temple paid for her bonnets decided them; for, as Ellen pointed out, if they sold a dozen twenty-five-dollar bonnets a day, they could well afford to buy candy, instead of serving behind a counter for the chance to eat it. Effie explained incidentally that her reason for including herself in these delightful plans was that her aunt Jane made her life a burden, and tried all the time to make Mrs. Temple "cross."

Everything being thus arranged, it only remained for Ellen to have firmness in the coming interview with her grandmother. It occurred to the child to consider, as an interesting possibility, what she should do if her grandmother were to have a change of heart before

the carefully planned retribution could fall upon her. Suppose Mrs. Dale should say she was sorry? It would be disappointing, but such things had been, and it was well to be prepared. Suppose she were to say, "Ellen, I was very unkind, and Betsey Thomas shall beg your pardon. And what would you like me to do for you?"

Ellen put her cheek down on the open Bible and meditated. She would like to have all the pin-wheels and fire-crackers that she wanted; also torpedoes, — those little white bags of flame and noise. With these she would give an exhibition to the village, especially to the tannery hands. The thought of her own importance and beneficence, in thus officiating, filled her with a glow of self-approval which seemed to fade into a blur of general satisfaction; and the next thing she knew, she heard Betsey Thomas saying, "Wake up, Ellen; your grandmother is waiting down on the porch to hear you say your verses. Wake up, and let me brush your hair and tidy you up a bit."

Betsey was very much affected by observing that Ellen had fallen asleep upon the open page of her Bible, and she made haste to report the fact to Mrs. Dale, who was likewise somewhat impressed by it. It made her ready to forgive the child at once, and to hope that Ellen had been seeking a higher forgiveness.

Ellen gathered up her courage, and went slowly downstairs; and then, in her fresh white apron, her brown hair tucked smoothly behind her little ears, and her hands folded in front of her, she stood before Mrs. Dale, and repeated quite perfectly the half dozen verses she had been told to learn. With downcast eyes she listened in dutiful silence to her grandmother's admonitions. "And now, Ellen," Mrs. Dale said, with a sigh of relief that this trying day was ended, — "now, Ellen, I hope that you will always remember your duty as a little Christian child,

and never forget that a lady is as courteous to those whom God has placed in a different station as to her own friends. You may kiss me good-night, my child, and then go and tell Betsey Thomas that you are sorry. To-morrow morning you will turn over a new leaf and start out fresh."

Ellen was quite pale. "No 'm," she said briefly.

"You mean it shall never happen again? I am very glad, my dear. And I am sure you have asked your Heavenly Father to forgive you, also?"

Ellen's response of silence to appeals of this kind always confused Mrs. Dale; like one who pronounces a magic formula and sees no result, she was vaguely disturbed. It had happened many, many times, but she never grew accustomed to the pain of it. "Now go to Betsey Thomas," she said, with the sternness which means embarrassment.

"No 'm; I don't want to, grandmother."

In the explanation which followed this, and in the order that she was to go to bed without any supper, and spend the next day, until she apologized to Betsey, in her own room, it seemed to the child as though she could hear her heart beat. It did not occur to Mrs. Dale, grieved and anxious, and viewing the situation with a seriousness of which it was not worthy, that some patient reasoning might have brought the suggestion of apology from the child's own lips, although she would have been the first to realize that such an impulse from within would have counted more in character than when it was the result of insistence from without.

Perhaps the whole difficulty was in Mrs. Dale's lack of imagination; but, besides that, it must be admitted that it is not easy for a righteous and inflexible will to concede a point. Indeed, it would be interesting to know how often the sense of personal dignity is responsible for mistakes made in the

training of children; mistakes which apparently do not injure the children very much, — for, after all, we most of us turn out pretty well, — but from which the characters of the elders certainly suffer.

X.

Miss Jane Temple was strangely distraught that afternoon. She forgot her sister-in-law's beef tea at four, and glass of sherry at six. She told Effie, briefly, that she should not play backgammon with her after tea. "I have — some writing to do," she explained, in answer to the child's impatient protest, and there was something in her voice that made Mrs. Temple look up and say, —

"Is there anything the matter, Janey?"

"Oh, no, dear sister," she answered. "Come, Effie, I'll play just one game; but I really am too busy to play any more than that."

Effie ran for the board, but she was as nervous as her aunt, and the single game was more than enough for her. Her impatience worried her mother, so that she was sent to bed, stamping her foot as she went, to Mrs. Temple's further annoyance.

"I don't know why Effie is n't like that dear little Ellen," said Mrs. Temple, with a sigh. "Now she has gone, Janey, write down here, won't you? Whom are you going to write to?"

Miss Jane's face flushed suddenly and painfully. "I — well — I have to write to a — friend," she stammered.

Mrs. Temple raised herself on her elbow, and looked at her with undisguised curiosity. "Why, Janey, one would think you were a girl writing to her lover."

Miss Jane's laugh was so forced and conscious that Mrs. Temple was fairly breathless with astonishment. "Why, Jane Temple!" she said. But the younger woman had hurried upstairs

for her writing materials. Mrs. Temple fell back among her cushions with a puzzled face. "Why," she said to herself, "what does it mean? Whom can she be writing to? That Dove man? Is it possible?"

But when her sister-in-law came back with her little old rosewood writing-desk, which folded over on itself, and was lined with faded purple velvet, Mrs. Temple was quite apologetic. "I did n't mean to seem curious, Janey; I did not know that you had any secrets of that kind. I'm sure I beg your pardon?" She could not help the question in her voice, nor an injured look.

"Of course, dear Euphemia. I know that. I — I only just have a letter — of no importance, to write. I thought I would write it to-night, though."

"It *is* to Mr. Dove," said Mrs. Temple to herself. "Dear me! I should not have thought that of Janey! Still, I don't know why she should n't be friendly to the poor little man; he would never dare to presume upon it. And Janey never would leave us." Mrs. Temple grew tearful at the thought, but Miss Jane was too absorbed in the composition of a very brief letter to notice the invalid. That love develops selfishness is readily granted by those who are not lovers.

Miss Temple wrote a line, and paused; then she made some straight marks on her blotting-paper, and looked at them thoughtfully; after that, she mended her pen, and took a fresh sheet, and began her letter again, but stopped a moment to press down the curling corners of the worn velvet lining of her desk.

"You don't write very much," Mrs. Temple observed, with something like malice in her voice; and certainly, in a half hour, it was not unreasonable to suppose that more than half a page should be written.

"There is my stamp box, Janey, dear," she ventured, a little later; and

Miss Jane thanked her, but said she had stamped her envelope.

"So it is n't to anybody in Old Chester," Mrs. Temple assured herself. "Yes, it must be to Mr. Tommy!" Mrs. Temple was growing interested and amiable.

"I'm sure I don't want to seem to pry," she said, with a little cough behind her thin white hand, as, with a quickened breath, Miss Jane suddenly put down her pen and folded her letter; "I don't want to pry, but it seems to me that a letter that puzzles one to write, as that has evidently puzzled you, should be — well, I should think you would want advice. Not that I want to give advice. I should be quite unwilling to advise; only I'd — give it a good deal of thought, if I were you," she ended weakly.

"I have," answered Miss Temple gently. Then the determination with which she had folded the letter seemed to desert her, and for a moment she held it with tremulous hesitation. "I have thought," she repeated absently. And then she seemed to come to herself and remember her duties. "Are n't you ready now for your gruel, dear sister?" she said. "I'll go and get it." She put the letter in her pocket and rose.

Mrs. Temple shut her eyes and whimpered, "I'm sure I did n't mean to be impertinent. You're very unkind to me, Janey."

Miss Jane was full of protestations. "Why, of course nothing you could say would be impertinent. Indeed, I'm always grateful for your interest. Now, won't you sit up and take this gruel?" Her voice was nervous with unspoken excuses.

She slipped her arm under the invalid's head and held the bowl to her lips, and said she was sure Mrs. Temple was a little stronger, and she did think that gray silk wrapper was so becoming. But she did not mention the address of the letter.

Margaret Deland.

TAILLEFER THE TROUVÈRE.

THEY sailed in their long gray galleys, they tossed on the narrow sea,
 Till dim in the mists of morning were the shores of Normandy.
 They were sixty thousand warriors, with never a fear at heart;
 They were knights and squires and yeomen, adept in the soldier's art;
 They were knights and squires and yeomen, whose school was the press of men,
 Whose alphabet was their armor, whose sword was their only pen;
 And none of the bold war-farers, though the flower of the land was there,
 Bared braver brow to the south wind than Taillefer the Trouvère.

No laugh like his at the banquet, no hand like his on the lute,
 No voice like his in the courtyard to banter the brawlers mute;
 And never from lip of a jester did a blither quip take wing,
 And never on caitiff's cuirass did a nobler brand outring.
 But song was the soul of his living; ay, song was the breath of his life;
 He had taken song to brother, he had taken song to wife.
 In the tide-pulse of the ocean, in the wild wind-pulse of air,
 There was more than mortal music to Taillefer the Trouvère.

They have harried the coast of Sussex, they have harried the coast of Kent;
 They have trod the soil of the Saxon, and come to his peaked tent, —
 To the fortified hill of Senlac, that out of a marsh uprears,
 Where the golden Wessex dragon is hedged by the gleam of spears.
 They have girt them tight for the onset, they have leaped in line for the fray;
 What manner of man shall lead them, shall show them the victor's way?
 To be first to fall on a foeman what manner of man shall dare?
 Neither valorous knight nor bowman, but Taillefer the Trouvère.

In front of the foremost footman he spurs with a clarion cry,
 And raises the song of Roland to the apse of the glowing sky.
 A moment the autumn's glory is a joy to the singer's sight,
 And the war-lay soars the stronger, like a falcon, up the height;
 Then springs there a Saxon hus-carl, with thews like the forest oak,
 And, whirling a brand of battle, he launches a titan stroke;
 A sudden and awful shadow, a blot on the azure glare,
 And dawn in a world unbordered for Taillefer the Trouvère,

Shall song overspan the ages for the Duke men name the Great,
 Who founded the walls of empire on the ruins of a state?
 Nay, not unto him our greeting across the flood of the years,
 With the countless slain ensanguined, and bitter with mourners' tears;
 But unto the soul of the singer, to him of the fearless heart,
 Shall our hail-cry strengthen starward o'er the seas that have no chart;
 For song was the love of his lifetime, and he met death's chill eclipse
 On the verge of the fight at Senlac with a song upon his lips.

Clinton Scollard.

THE ENGLISH OCCUPANCY OF NORTH AMERICA.

THE idea that the dangerous and increasing power of Spain and Rome in America should be checked had been growing in England ever since the arrival there, in 1565, of the Huguenots who escaped massacre by the Spaniards in Florida. The spark kindled by the betrayal of Hawkins, Drake, and others at Vera Cruz in September, 1568, never went out. "The wings of man's life are plumed with the feathers of death," but the ideas of Cecil, Gilbert, Raleigh, Walsingham, Carleill, Sidney, and others did not die. Private and public enterprises for "annoyinge the Kinge of Spaine" in America continued to be sent out from time to time; sometimes, "under pretense of letters patent, to discover and inhabit" the country, and sometimes openly to destroy or to make "prizal of the shipping of Spain." From 1585 to 1603 there was actual war. After the conclusion of the treaty of peace (1604-1605) between England and Spain, "the then only enemy of our nation and religion," it was determined by many in England to take advantage of "this opportunity" — "commended by the English politicians" — for securing a part of America for the English race and religion.

This enterprise was necessarily a national one. The country selected by the English was claimed as a part of the Spanish Indies by Spain, a power with forces and resources both in Europe and in America, and with her claim supported by the interest of the great opposing religion; and England could secure possession thereof only by consent, by diplomacy, or by breaking the treaty and resorting to war.

It has been supposed that "Spain set forth no claim to Virginia; that had she done so Gondomar would not have failed to urge it, and James I. would have been

probably ready to recognize it." But our earliest history has been built of imperfect material, and therefore the structure is very defective. Spain did not consent. James I. preferred diplomacy to war, and from the beginning the movement which finally resulted in securing a firm hold for England on a lot or portion in the New World was an affair of state, under the protection of the crown, under the supervision of the prime minister and privy council, and under the especial management of royal councils selected and appointed for that purpose; "it being a worck, to speake truth, which to bring to perfection required the power and the purse of a monarch."

The enterprise was under the eye of Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury and secretary of state, until his death in May, 1612; then James I. (who said that "he was the best secretary that he ever had") looked after it for himself until March, 1614, when it became one of the special charges of Sir Ralph Winwood, the new prime minister. Every ambassador from England to foreign courts, especially Spain, France, and the Netherlands, was instructed to have a constant eye to the interest of this movement, and they kept the state office in England fully informed as to everything coming to their knowledge apt to injure or to aid it. The Spanish government was not less alert. The ambassadors of Spain in England made it their "prime object," and were especially vigilant, active, and aggressive.

Serious difficulties of almost every kind had to be met and overcome, not only in England and in Spain, but also *en route* and in Virginia. Therefore the successful prosecution of the enterprise required the most careful supervision and management not only of the great statesmen of that period, but also

of the wonderful men of affairs who were then in charge of the several great companies for spreading abroad the interests of the English-speaking people.

On June 15, 1605, the treaty of peace between Spain and England was signed by Philip III. at Valladolid; his oath to the same being taken by Charles Howard, Earl of Nottingham. After some delay incidental to the festivities and bull-fights with which he was entertained on the occasion (an account of which was written by Cervantes), Howard returned to England with the ratified treaty. And although it had to be handled with nice diplomacy by the statesmen of England, in the subsequent controversies with Spain regarding the colonies, it was this peace which made possible the settlement of the English "across the Atlantic battleground in the far-distant land of Virginia."

On July 18, 1605, Captain George Weymouth returned to Plymouth, England, from a voyage to America; "which accident," says Sir Ferdinando Gorges, "must be acknowledged as the means under God of putting on foot and giving life to our plantations." Among the most active and influential men in putting this movement on foot were Sir John Popham, lord chief justice, and Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton.

The first draft for the proposed first Virginia charter, annexed to the petition for the same, was probably drawn by Sir John Popham. The petition was signed by Sir Thomas Gates and Sir George Somers, knights; Richard Hakluyt, clerk, prebendary of Westminster; Edward-Maria Wingfield, Thomas Hanham, and Raleigh Gilbert, esquires; William Parker and George Popham, gentlemen, and divers others. It was granted by James I. The warrant for the charter was issued by the secretary of state (Robert Cecil); the charter was prepared by the attorney-general (Sir Edward Coke) and the solicitor-general (Sir John Dodderidge); and on April

10, 1606, it was passed under the great seal by the lord chancellor (Sir Thomas Egerton). It was a general charter, claiming for England all of America lying between 34° and 45° north latitude; granting to two companies (one for North and the other for South Virginia) limited areas of indefinitely located lands; and subjecting the whole boundary, as well as the two proposed colonies and the two companies, to the control of one supreme royal council resident in England. Each colony was to have a separate subordinate council in Virginia, to govern, etc., there, according to such laws, ordinances, and instructions as should be afterwards ordered by the king. These remarkable articles, etc., were issued by James I. on November 20 following, in a single sentence of about four thousand words (probably one of the longest on record), in which he decreed a form of government for the colonies, but gave the appointment of the "first several Councillours of those several Councells . . . for those two several Colonies," etc., to "His Council of Virginia resident in England."

The first expedition of the South Virginia Company was sent from London in December, 1606, in three ships: the *Sarah Constant*, Captain Christopher Newport, the commander of the voyage; the *Goodspeed*, Captain Bartholomew Gosnold, vice-admiral; and the *Discovery*, Captain John Ratcliffe. The fleet reached Virginia on April 26, 1607, and the site of Jamestown on May 13. (I am using the Old Style dates.) On the 14th of May they landed, the councilors met, and Captain Edward-Maria Wingfield was chosen to be the first president of the council by the votes of Newport, Gosnold, Ratcliffe, Martin, and Kendall. Captain John Smith had been appointed by the council in England to the council in Virginia, but he was restrained as a prisoner from the time of the departure from the Canaries, and was not

admitted to the council in Virginia until June 10, 1607.

On June 22, leaving Wingfield president of the council in Virginia, Newport sailed for England; he arrived at Plymouth on July 29, and at once reported to the secretary of state. He sailed from Plymouth on Friday, July 31, and arrived in London about the 15th of August. On the 12th of August, Zuñiga, the Spanish ambassador in England, wrote to Philip III. of Spain, notifying him of Newport's return; and as soon as the vessel reached London he sent to ask an audience of James I. (who was then at Salisbury, on his western progress), "in order to protest, in the name of the king of Spain, against the English establishing themselves in Virginia, a part of the Spanish Indies." On one pretext or another, James I. put off the interview for over forty days, until September 27. From Zuñiga's letters of ^{Sept. 28}_{Oct. 8} and October ⁶₁₆ it will be seen that the king, in his reply, in dealing with the treaty, follows the same line of diplomatic argument which had been laid down by the secretary of state in his speech before the committee of

Parliament on June 15,¹ and that the secretary assured Zuñiga, with a bow, that *he* had "discussed it with the king," and that he had been met with the same (his own) reply. The matter was promptly brought before the Spanish council of state, and from their report of ^{Oct. 31}_{Nov. 16}, 1607, we learn that Juan Ferdinand de Velasco, the "Condestable" of Castile, an envoy to England for negotiating the treaty of 1604-1605, had been consulted by that council, and had given his views on this diplomatic transaction. "He reported that when he was making the treaty he considered that if he made a point of excluding the English from the Spanish Indies, and especially from Virginia, he would have to meet the difficulty that it was more than thirty years [Gilbert's charter? or is this a reference to the evacuation of the country by the Spaniards in 1572?] since they had had peaceful possession of it; and that if he yielded the point, and acknowledged Virginia to be not a part of the Spanish Indies, a very dangerous door would be opened. For these reasons he determined not to contest these points openly, but to agree to it, as was done,

¹ On the occasion of considering a petition from the merchants of London who had suffered at sea at the hands of Spaniards. The Earl of Salisbury's speech was reported by Sir Francis Bacon, on June 17, to the House of Commons. The earl divided "the wrongs in fact" into three: first, the trade to Spain; second, *the trade to the West Indies*; and third, the trade to the Levant. I will give a few extracts from Bacon's report on the second division:—

"For the trade to the [West] Indies his Lordship did discover unto us the state of it to be thus: The policy of Spain doth keep that treasury of theirs under such lock and key, as both Confederates, yea and subjects, are excluded of trade into those countries [even France and Portugal were debarred], such a vigilant dragon is there that keepeth this golden fleece. Yet nevertheless such was his Majesty's magnanimity in the debate and conclusion of the last treaty, as he would never condescend to any article, importing the exclusion of his subjects from that trade: as a

prince that would not acknowledge that any such right could grow to the crown of Spain by the donative of the Pope, whose authority he disclaimeth; or by the title of a dispersed and punctual occupation of certain territories in the name of the rest; but stood firm to reserve that point in full question to further times and occasions. So as it is left by the Treaty in suspense, neither debarred nor permitted. The tenderness and point of honour whereof was such as they that went thither must run their own peril. [The idea of this subterfuge was probably originated by Gilbert, November 6, 1577.] Nay further his Lordship affirmed, that if yet at this time his Majesty would descend to a course of intreaty for the release of the arrests in those parts, and so confess an exclusion, and quit the point of honour, his Majesty might have them [the English prisoners in Spain] forthwith released."

See also Sir Ferdinando Gorges and his Province of Maine, Pub. Prince Soc., vol. iii. p. 132, and the Genesis of the United States, pp. 119-124, 126.

that the navigation of the English should only be allowed in the Spanish dominion where of old and before the war it was usual to navigate, — by which agreement the English were tacitly excluded from navigating in the Spanish West Indies." He also said "it appeared difficult to him to insist upon it as a right that all that is contiguous to the Spanish Indies was a part of them," and for this reason he thought that "it would be prudent to proceed cautiously."

James I. had told the Spanish envoy, when negotiating this treaty, that "he would not acknowledge any right to the crown of Spain which depended solely on 'the donative of the Pope, whose authority he disclaimed;' or 'by the title of a dispersed possession of certain territories in the name of the rest.'" And after due consideration of the matter the whole Spanish council of state agreed that the proper thing to do was "to drive out of Virginia all the English who were then there, and thus take actual possession, before they were reënfused;" and they asked Philip III. to "order it to be seen to, that everything should be provided which might be necessary for proceeding forthwith to the accomplishment of this object."

But Spain had another "piece of work to treat of" in the Netherlands. "The time of the year was far spent, and Spain was not so sudden in such attempts." However, the diplomatic war between the English and Spanish prime ministers, privy councils, and ambassadors continued to go on as vigorously as ever, for years. Among the diplomatic cards played were the treaty; the prior rights of the English to the country, against the claims of Spain; the condition of "the colony was so desperate that it would finally die of itself;" the Spanish marriage with Henry, Prince of Wales, would settle the matter amicably, etc.

Among the obstacles placed in the

way of Spain were the secrecy, subterfuge, and diplomacy which made everything uncertain. In 1611 Philip III. himself felt called upon to send a special expedition to Virginia, in order to obtain definite and reliable information as to the location of the colony and as to the condition of affairs therein; and these spies most fortunately were captured by Captain James Davies (formerly of the North Virginia Company), and held as hostages in Virginia by Sir Thomas Dale. (But the "Alcayde" Molina sent from Jamestown such information as he could obtain, secretly sewed in "between the soles of a shoe," etc.) The Spaniards, however, captured and carried off Captain John Clark, who was afterwards (1620) the pilot of the *Mayflower*.

The great natural obstacle was the formation of James River, the strategic importance of which has been recognized as "a commoditie to our Realme" from that day to this, which made a successful attack on the colony with the implements of war then in use almost impossible. The channel at the mouth of the river (Point Comfort) was soon commanded by a land battery, as was the channel at Jamestown, forty-two miles from the mouth of the river. And Gates and Dale, who had served long in Holland, soon made the bends in the river at Henricopolis and Bermuda Hundred well-nigh impregnable by cross-cuts, Dutch gaps, pales, and dikes.

Although Spain seems to have abandoned all idea of removing the English from the country by force, after Gondomar's letter of December 7, 1616, she did not give up all hope of regaining possession, and in the proposed marriage contract with Charles, Prince of Wales, in 1623, the Spaniards required, among other things, that "James I. should surrender unto the king of Spain Virginia and the Bermudas, and altogether quit the Spanish West Indies."

Zuñiga was very discreet in dealing with James I. and the Earl of Salisbury,

but he did not mince matters when writing to Philip III. He told the king of Spain plainly "that the colony in Virginia should be uprooted at once; that it would be serving God to drive these villains out from there, hanging them in time which was short enough for the purpose,"—that is, as quickly as possible. And he informed his king that "he had at once found a confidential person to act as a spy on the council of Virginia."

But, regardless of the demands and the espionage of Spain, the managers of the South Virginia Company "freshly and cheerfully sent" Newport back to Virginia with emigrants and supplies on October 8, 1607. He reached Jamestown on Saturday evening, January 2, 1608, and found that factions had already sprung up in the council and among the colonists. On September 10, 1607, Ratcliffe, Martin, and Smith, the only other surviving members of the council in Virginia, had removed Wingfield not only from the presidency, but from the council, also, and then Martin and Smith had elected Ratcliffe to be president. After this Captain Gabriel Archer was added to the council. When the vessel arrived, Captain John Smith was a prisoner, condemned to be executed; but Newport released him that evening, and on Monday morning (the 4th) he landed his supplies and succored the colonists.

On April 10, leaving Ratcliffe president of the council in Virginia, Newport returned to England, arriving there in May; and notwithstanding the fact that Spanish agencies were most actively at work, the managers in England "had courage and constancie to relieve" the colony again. They sent Newport back in the summer; he reached Jamestown late in September, and again succored "the hungry and sick" colonists.

On the 10th of September, 1608, Ratcliffe's term expired, and the presidency was yielded to Captain John

Smith, "to whom by course it did belong." He was the senior surviving member of the council; and, under the articles of government, "the president could not continue in office above the space of one year." In December, 1608, leaving Smith for the first time president of the council in Virginia, Newport sailed for England, reaching there late in January, 1609; "at which returne experience of error in the equality of Governors, and some outrages and follies committed by them, had a little shaken so tender a body." And the managers of the enterprise, "perceiving that the plantation went rather backwards than forwards," held special meetings at the Earl of Exeter's house and elsewhere in London, and "after consultation and advise [with Hakluyt, Hariot, and others] of all the inconveniences in these three supplies [1606, 1607, and 1608], and finding them to arise out of two rootes,—the forme of Government, and length and danger of the passage by the southerly course of the [West] Indies,"—determined to petition the king for a special charter granting such powers as would "insure the correction of the errors already found out, as well as such others as in the future might assail them."

In answer to this petition made by "divers of our loving subjects, as well adventurers as planters of the said first colony," the special charter was promptly granted by James I. The North Virginia colonists, having abandoned their colony late in 1608, had arrived in England not long before Newport's return from South Virginia; and on February 17, 1609, the members of that company were invited to coöperate in the formation, under the new charter, of a new company for the purpose of making a concentrated effort, "and, with one common and patient purse," to secure for England a firm footing in America in the mild climate of South Virginia, in the remarkably strong position

afforded for their purpose by the natural construction of James River, "safe from any danger of the Salvages, or other ruin that may threaten us." Many of the North Virginia Company accepted this invitation.

The first draft for the new charter, annexed to the petition, was probably drawn up late in January, 1609, by Sir Edwin Sandys; the warrant for the charter was issued by the secretary of state (Robert Cecil); the charter was prepared by the attorney-general (Sir Henry Hobart) and the solicitor-general (Sir Francis Bacon); and it was finally passed under the great seal on May 23, 1609, by the lord chancellor (Sir Thomas Egerton).

This was really the first charter (and is frequently alluded to as such in the records) to a new company, composed of members of both old companies and others. It is usually called the Virginia Company of London, or the London Company for Virginia; but the full title of the new corporation was the Treasurer and Company of Adventurers and Planters of the City of London for the First Colony in Virginia. The charter "erected them into a corporation and Body Politic," and granted to them "in perpetuity" a large definitely located boundary of territory, and many other "privileges, powers, liberties and authorities."

Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury and secretary of state, heads the list of this honorable company. "And as the success of the plantation depended, next under the blessing of God and the support of the crown of England, upon the provident and good direction of the whole enterprise by a careful and understanding council," James I. appointed for that purpose such a royal council, inserting their names in the ninth article of the charter; and by the next article appointed Sir Thomas Smith (a mem-

ber of the said council) to be the first treasurer (or governor) of the said company.

The form of government under the charter of 1606, as we have seen, was designed by James I. himself, but under this charter the royal council in England had full power to appoint and to remove officers, to establish the forms of government for the colony, etc. The fifteenth article, "for divers reasons and considerations us thereunto especially moving," ordered that as soon as the officers appointed by "the Treasurer and Council" arrived in Virginia "the powers of the former President and Council there were to cease."

Henry, Prince of Wales, was persuaded to become the especial "Protector of Virginia." A special supervision over the necessary change in the form of government in the colony, and the directions, orders, and instructions for regulating the same, were given by the managers to Henry, Earl of Southampton (the early patron of Shakespeare); William, Earl of Pembroke, and Philip, Earl of Montgomery (to whom the great folio Shakespeare of 1623 was dedicated); Robert Sidney, Viscount Lisle (Sir Philip Sidney's brother, who went to the Low Country wars with his uncle Robert, Earl of Leicester); Theophilus, Lord Howard of Walden (whose mother was a secret pensioner of Spain); Edmond, Lord Sheffield (whose mother, "the Lady Douglas Howard," married secondly Robert, Earl of Leicester, who took Sheffield with him to the wars of the Reformation in the Low Countries in 1585); and George, Lord Carew of Clopton (who married in 1580 Joyce Clopton, to whom the Clopton estates ultimately passed, and from which estate Shakespeare bought in 1597 the house in which he died in 1616).

To the establishment of a government such as should "meete with all the revealed inconveniences,"¹ the managers of

¹ The affairs of the company were at a very low ebb in 1612, and it came to pass that some

doubted the wisdom of this change in the government in Virginia. As the first form was

the Virginia Company of London "did nominate and appoint an able and worthy gentleman, Sir Thomas Gates, sole and absolute governor," "with the authority of a Vice-Roy," "and with him Sir George Summers, Admiral, and Captaine Newport, vice-Admirall of Virginia." "Gates and Sommers were appointed by commission to reside in the countrie to governe the Colonie," and Newport was to continue to have charge of the voyages to Virginia.

The celebrated poet and divine, John Donne, sought the appointment of "Secretary in Virginia" at this time; but that office was given to William Strachey, another author and poet, who wrote "the rugged sonnet" on Ben Jonson's Sejanus, an account of *The Tempest*, etc. Captain Samuel Argall was selected to find out a different route to the colony.

The first fleet sent out by the Virginia Company of London sailed from England in June, 1609. Captain Christopher Newport was in command of the "Admirall" ship: Captain John Ratcliffe of the "Vice-admirall;" Captain John Martin in the "Reare-admirall;" then Captain Gabriel Archer, . . . Captain James Davies in the *Virginia*, late of the North Virginia Company, etc. The new commission, issued under the especial supervision of the abovesaid friends of Shakespeare, was on the "Admirall" ship. Under favorable circumstances this ship should have arrived in Virginia about August, 1609, when the change in the government would

designed by the king, it was natural, particularly at that time, for some people (especially those who were not active members of the Virginia Company of London, those who regarded the king as a Solomon, and those who had been of the Smith faction in Virginia) to favor the idea of the Oxford Tracts: "That the cause of the past defeilement in Virginia was owing to the character of sundry members of the council and of the planters there, and *not* to the form of government." As the Earl of Salisbury, the head of the company, and Henry, Prince of Wales, "the Protector" of the colony, were both dead, it was very fortunate for

have taken place properly; but the tempest arose, —

"The most mighty Neptune
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves
tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake," —

and drove the king's ship, on which the governor was, to "the still-vex'd Bermoothes."

The old commission having been revoked, and the vessels which *Ariel* had dispersed meeting again at Jamestown without the new commission, there was no strictly legal government in Virginia from September, 1609, to the arrival of Gates in May, 1610. This want of legal government, for prudent reasons, was then generally given out as the cause of the disasters during that period; but many other serious misfortunes were then obtaining in the colony.

Late in November, 1609, the remnant of "Sir Thomas Gates his fleet," returning from Virginia, reached England. Captain John Smith was sent back on board of one of the vessels, "to answer some misdemeanors." The fleet was "laden with nothing but bad reports and letters of discouragement." The colony had been found in a most deplorable condition, and had been left in but little if any better. The supplies carried over by the fleet had been destroyed or damaged by salt water during the tempest, and the colony had been necessarily left without sufficient provision or comforts of any kind, with a terrible disease (the yellow fever or the plague, or both)

the enterprise that James I. was not induced to restore "the president and council" in Virginia, and to give his own form another and (to his own mind, of course) a fairer trial under the immediate supervision of his own prime ministry; and he would probably have done this if there had been anything really to justify his doing so; but the wisdom of the change in the charters, etc., was self-evident, and that the Oxford Tract was an *ex parte* appeal is manifest.

If the form of government had not proven to be inordinately bad, I doubt if his Majesty would have been asked to alter it in the first instance.

raging at Jamestown. The colonists were at war with the Indians; the legal governor had not arrived, and so far as was then known never would. "The hand of God was heavy on the enterprise," and "the hand of God reacheth all the earth; who can avoid it, or dispute with Him?"

The return of this fleet marks the beginning of the crucial period of our earliest history.

"When those gentlemen the adventurers here saw that the expectance of so great a preparation brought nothing home but adverse successes and bad reports, they for the most part with-drew themselves in despaire of the enterprise, and so gave it over, not enduring to repayre the ruines nor to supply what themselves had underwritten to discharge the deepe engagement whereinto the Company was drawne by their encouragement."

The work was carried forward in England by a comparatively small number of "Constant Adventurers."

Many of those who had been sent out as planters to Virginia, taking advantage of the lack of legal authority in the colony, returned to England in this fleet, "giving out in all places where they come (to colour their own misbehaviour and the cause of their returne with some pretence) most vile and scandalous reports, both of the country itselfe, and of the cariage of the businesse there."

Probably no one thing had a more depressing effect on the enterprise than the reports of the men who from time to time returned, or were sent back, from Virginia, and remained in England, excusing their conduct by criticising and fault-finding; for they apparently spoke with a knowledge of the true state of affairs in Virginia; and many in England, particularly those who had lost money or friends in the enterprise, were

prone to hold the active managers responsible for every disaster and misfortune, and to believe any account that was derogatory to them.

To meet this serious crisis in the life of the enterprise, Thomas West, Lord De La Warr, was appointed by commission, dated February 28, 1610, to be "Lord Governor and Captain-General of Virginia" for life, with ample authority "both by Land and Sea." He sailed from England in April, 1610, to succor, to save, and to plant the first colony in Virginia which took root and grew.

The colonists had become so reduced when Sir Thomas Gates finally arrived, in May, 1610, that it was found necessary to abandon Jamestown; and this was done on Thursday, June 7, 1610; but, most fortunately, they were met by the new supplies, under Lord De La Warr, and returned by him to Jamestown, where the old and the new planters landed on "the 10th of June, being Sunday," 1610.

The colony never prospered under the first form of government, and no colony was established under the first charter. The first four years (1606-1610) were regarded by "the undertakers" "as an experimental period which gave more light by the errors thereof what to avoid than by the direction of the same what to follow." Very many and more serious difficulties than any that had ever assailed the enterprise were yet to be met and overcome, and the outlook at times was to be very discouraging; but the actual and continued life of the colony dates from June 10, 1610 (Old Style). The king's "Aristocraticall government by a President and Councell had been removed and those hatefull effects thereof together; while order and diligence repayed what confusion and faction had distempered."¹

¹ Sir Thomas Gates returned to England in September, 1610, and after he had made a full report of all affairs incidental to the tempest,

etc., the managers were convinced that, although circumstances beyond the control of man had destroyed the possibility of any good

Of the thirteen members of the council in Virginia under the first form of government, Gosnold, Kendall, Scrivener, Waldo, and Wynne had died in Virginia, and Wingfield had returned to England before the issuing of the new commission (1609); Archer and Ratcliffe had been retained in the service of the new company, but had died in Virginia in the winter of 1609-1610; Smith had been removed from office and sent back to England, and was never in the active service of the Virginia Company of London, under whose auspices the colony was finally founded;¹ Martin, Newport, Percy, and West were still in active service, and engaged in the landing of June 10, 1610. Percy seems to have given satisfaction so long as he remained, but he left the colony in April, 1612. Captains Christopher Newport, John Martin, and Francis West were the only surviving members of the first form of government in Virginia whose services were deemed by the managers worthy of reward. Martin founded Brandon on James River, the West brothers established plantations at Shirley and Westover, and Newport's heirs made a settlement near Newport News. They were all most deserving men; but the colony of Virginia was not founded by any one of them, and none of them ever pretended that it was.

The Virginia Company of London — containing members of both old compa-

nies — was not only securing the special grant to itself, but it was also protecting the claim of England from Florida to New France. Soon after De La Warr arrived, in 1610, Captain Samuel Argall was sent out, and a survey of the coast line claimed by England was made; and this coast was thereafter continuously guarded and looked after by this company until the issuing of the special New England charter in 1620.

The colony of Virginia was founded, and the first hold for England on the lot or portion of the New World between 34° and 45° north latitude was secured, by the Virginia Company of London after many years of constant and patient labor, and at an expense of over four million dollars in present values, "under the blessing of God, under the support of the crown (the King, the Prime Minister, and the Privy Council), under the good management of a careful and understanding Council and officials in England, and under the faithful direction of able and worthy Governors in Virginia."

James I. I believe, is the only man alluded to in authoritative contemporary documents as "the founder of Virginia," "the father of American colonization," etc.

"Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall
shine,
His honour and the greatnesse of his name
Shall be, and make new nations."

which might otherwise have resulted from the first large fleet of emigrants and supplies sent out by them, their original idea — "that an able and strong foundation for annexing another kingdom to the crown was to be secured only by an able and strong force" — was the correct idea. They set to work collecting another large fleet of emigrants and supplies, which were sent out in 1611 in two divisions (two chances of success): the first under Sir Thomas Dale, with Newport again in the command of the voyage, and the second under Sir Thomas Gates. Under the government of Gates, and then of Dale, the colony finally came to be regarded as a settled, and to some extent, at least, a self-supporting plantation.

And in December, 1616, Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador in England, became convinced, and so assured Philip III. of Spain, that "the English would *never* give it up."

¹ In reading the records of the company, "Mr. John Smith," one of the founders of Berkeley, on James River (a seat of the Harrisons), and a very active member of the company, has been taken to be "Captaine John Smith," and this fact has given "the captaine" a position in the company to which he is not entitled. The name was not an uncommon one. Four of the name were members of the company. The captain soon left Virginia; but at least five of the name settled in the colony prior to 1625, and devoted their lives to the plantation.

But there are references to Robert, Earl of Salisbury, to the same purport.

There was a diplomatic motive, especially in the communications with Spain, in the contemporary assertions that this company was a mere "Company of English Merchants trading to Virginia." It was organized for the purpose of taking possession of a foreign country—claimed by Spain—for the crown of England, and was really an instrument of the state, "next under the king," under the management of his Majesty's councils especially appointed for that purpose. The gentry were always in the majority in this council, but it is true that the most active officials of the company from 1606 to 1619 were merchants; and it is also true that merchants were more numerous in the company than any other class, but they were never in the majority. Of about one thousand incorporators named in the charters of 1609 and 1612 less than four hundred and fifty were merchants; and three fourths of those added between 1612 and 1624 were not merchants.

The taking of the first firm hold for Protestant England on a country claimed by Catholic Spain without breaking the treaty, and almost without firing a gun, while the movement was constantly under the espionage of critics, spies, and enemies, foreign and domestic, is one of the most remarkable events in history. It could have been managed successfully only by men of the greatest skill and judgment, with splendid diplomacy and profound secrecy. And it would be hard indeed to find, in any age or nation, more capable men than those selected for "His Majesty's Council" for the management of the London Company and colony of Virginia. The principal officials of this company (Sir Thomas Smith and others) were also members of "His Majesty's Council;" and all of the great companies for new trades, discoveries, and colonization of that period were largely under the management of

the same men, many of whom had been devoting themselves to such enterprises for a generation or more; and it was chiefly owing to their intelligent management that the English colonies in America were founded, and that the commerce of Great Britain took its great rise.

The men who deserve the commanding place in our earliest annals for services rendered in Virginia were almost without exception old soldiers trained in the wars of the Reformation, and sailors who had fought Spain on the old Atlantic battleground. All contemporary accounts, save Captain John Smith's, concur in placing at the head of the list the men selected to rescue and to save the colony at the critical epochs. These were Sir Thomas Gates, the first governor, selected to reform the government in Virginia (May, 1609); Lord De La Warr, the first "Lord Governor and Captain General," selected to breast the crucial test; and Sir Thomas Dale, the first "high marshall," selected early in 1611 to meet emergencies, as he was afterwards chosen by the East India Company to protect their interests in the East Indies. But of those who "planted an English nation where none before had stood," no men deserve our consideration more than those men who came to this country and devoted their lives to the plantation.

Briefly stated, the object of the enterprise was to check the increasing power of Spain and Rome in America, and to advance the interest of England and of the Protestant religion.

As the enterprise had to be carried on with diplomacy, secrecy was essential to success. Not only the officials, but every freeman of the company was bound by oath "not to betray the secrets and privities of the company or colony; not to write or to colour any accounts of the country." And the records not only were never accessible to the public, but abstracts alone were avail-

able to the generality of the company, — the whole being kept securely in “the companies chest of evidences,” under the supervision of a comparatively few trusted officials; and no history was compiled from them. All such matters as his Majesty’s council for Virginia wished the public to know were published by them or by their authority; but, for reasons of policy, they neither themselves published, nor authorized the publication of, any map, complete description of the colony, or full account of events therein.

Of course the English public must have wished to see maps of, and to read about, the new colonies and the new countries, as we do now about the centre of Africa; and a promising field was thus presented to those writers who catered to or for the public, and to those who wrote for some personal purpose, regardless of the wishes or interests of the managers of the enterprise. Some maps and descriptions of the country were published without authority from the council, and some personal narratives criticising past acts of the managers in England, and of some of their past agents in Virginia; but no contemporary account was published which conveyed a complete, accurate, and just idea of the movement which resulted in the beginning of this nation, of the mana-

gers, of their acts, of their motives, and of their faithful agents in Virginia while accomplishing their task.

It is not strange, therefore, that certain misrepresentations of our early history became current, and have largely affected the attitude which more recent historians have taken toward the planting of Virginia. Captain John Smith, a free lance, who asserted that the colonies in America were “the fruites of his adventures and discoveries,” and who seems to have imagined that their continued existence in some way depended on him, was actively engaged for only a short time; but he devoted a large part of his life to publishing, selling, etc., unauthorized books about “his children,” as he called the colonies, and professedly in their interest, but the interest of “the father” was never overlooked. Smith pushed himself to the front, whenever possible, in everything that was written by him, — discourse, description, narrative, and compilation; and “he did not spare to appropriate many deserts to himself which he never performed, or to stuff his relacyons with many falsities and malycyous detractyons of others.”¹ And the personal narrative contained in his publications was the only one purporting to give a full history of the first planting of the colonies which was then published and made available to the pub-

¹ It is curious to note how implicitly his story has been followed. Take the Pocahontas incident as an example. This incident rests on the same evidence as some of the gravest charges against others in Smith’s *Generall Historie*, and yet it has been asserted that those who doubted its accuracy were trying to rob Virginia’s earliest history of “its most exquisite incident;” while no thought has been given to the fact, by those who accept it as true, that they are equally obliged to accept as true “the malycyous detractyons” of every surviving member — except the faultless author of the book — of the council in Virginia. Indeed, the reference to “the unskilfull presumption of our ignorant transporters that understood not at all what they undertook” reflects on Gosnold, who was then dead, as well as on Newport and Ratcliffe.

The real “exquisite incident” in the life of *the* Pocahontas, whose name was Matoaka, was her conversion to Christianity. And she was carried to England by Sir Thomas Dale, was introduced at court by Lord De La Warr, and was entertained by Dr. John King, the Bishop of London, because she was “the first fruite of the English church among the Virginians.”

An Indian princess saved the life of her father’s captive in Florida as early as 1528 (an account of which was published in London in 1609). Even if the Pocahontas incident were true, the original of the incident would not belong to the early history of Virginia, but to Florida; and in that history it is not robbed of its virtue by connection with “malycyous detractyons” of most worthy men.

lie. As "first impressions are lasting," it is especially unfortunate that this very objectionable partisan narrative should have been for over two hundred years "almost the only source from which we derived any knowledge of the infancy of our state."

Schiller says that "what is gray with age becomes religion." Age has invested the Smith story with a sanctity which it never deserved; and on the faith of this story we have been taught to believe that "the colony of Virginia was founded by Captain John Smith;" that he was "the father of New England," and "the prime actor in settling the first English colonies in America;" that "what Sir Francis Drake was in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, that was Captain John Smith in the reign of her successor;" that he was "the only man in Virginia," "the rest of the council there being notoriously incompetent," while "the council in England was a marplot council," etc. All of these opinions laudatory of Smith and condemnatory of his peers are fully sustained by the Smith stories, but they are not sustained by the facts. There had been factions in Virginia; there were fault-finders in England, and differences of opinion there were of necessity. Some

thought that Smith's services in Virginia during 1607-1609 were deserving of some recognition or reward, while others did not, and that is the extent of Smith's case. But this was really a matter of little consequence, save as a factor in the discussion over the wisdom of the change in the form of government in Virginia. It had no bearing on the final result of the enterprise, as whatever had been done in Virginia by the council, company, planters, Captain John Smith, or any one else prior to 1610, was swept away by the celebrated tempest and by matters mainly incidental thereto. The work of planting had to be done over again, and Captain John Smith had no part in carrying this work forward to success. The American enterprise never depended on him save in imagination. It was one of the most momentous strokes of national policy in the annals of history. The statesmen of England kept those of Spain at bay by diplomatic skill, while the managers of the enterprise were securing the first firm hold for England as rapidly as the circumstances would admit, and as quietly as possible. *They* accomplished their task, and left to Captain John Smith the easier rôle of writing the history with himself as centre.

Alexander Brown.

ROCCO AND SIDORA.

A CALABRIAN STORY.

I.

In the village, that afternoon, they had left off work. Even the men who were building the new part of the baron's house were gone with the other people to meet the lads — among these, their companion Rocco d' Andrea, the mason — who were on their return from

the military draft at Paola. The syndic, don Calogero Motta; the town clerk, mastro Pasquale Bevilacqua; don Filippo Tesa, the apothecary, — all the big pieces, one might say, — were assembled in the piazza, waiting to learn who had drawn the low numbers, and who the high ones.

Near the well stood the women in

a group, — the mammas, the wives, the sisters, and the young girls. Don Saverio, the curate, moved among them, trying to encourage, to repress, to calm, all those anxieties and fears. Some of the women wished to hear their fate beforehand from zia Caterina, who had the fame of a witch, and could tell fortunes with grains of wheat in a basin of water, and cure sick fowls and avert the evil eye, and — though this she denied — knew how to make philters and charms. This time she would only say, "Those that the king wants will go to be soldiers, and those that he does not take can stay at home."

Nothing could be learned from her nor from don Saverio, who went about repeating, "Patience, my daughters; we must have patience."

With zia Caterina was her granddaughter, Sidora, who would have given the gold hoops out of her ears to know that Rocco d' Andrea had drawn a favorable number. But when the girls who were already betrothed said proudly, "If Maso mio goes, the king will have a fine soldier, strong as a Turk," or, "I have made a vow to San Francesco that he may do me the grace of a good number for Carmelo," the poor Sidora could say nothing, because Rocco had not yet dared to ask the grandmother for her.

The young men had gone down to Paola the day before, and would return that afternoon. The mothers and the sweethearts, who meanwhile had moved about as if in a dream, with hearts bursting with fear that the king would take their lads, with the sight of uniforms and bayonets always before their eyes, and the blood beating like a kettledrum in their ears, — these would soon know how things had gone at Paola.

Finally the noise of wheels was heard at the turn of the road, and there came the strong bay mules of compare Vito, the carrier. He sat with his legs stretched upon the shafts, letting the

beasts take their own pace. Some of the women crossed themselves. Rocco's mother, compare Grazia d' Andrea, white as a washed rag, ran forward with her arms in the air.

"Give me news of my son, compare Vito!"

Sidora felt suffocated; she wrung her small hands under her apron.

"And my son Maso, compare Vito!"

"For the sake of your dead, Vito, tell me about my Vincenzo!"

"And Cola Scardelli!"

They were about him, pulling at his sleeves as he got down from the cart.

"Let me speak, blessed women! Cola stays at home after the forty days of the second category, and Vincenzo has drawn an ugly number, and Maso can remain to dance with compare Nennella; and you, gnà Rosaria, must wait for your third husband until he has done military service, while massaro Vanni Sciorsi can count upon his son for the chestnuts."

"And my Rocco!" insisted the mother.

"Rocco has to be a soldier," answered compare Vito, grinning.

Compare Grazia waited for nothing more; she turned, covered her face with her hands, and went weeping into her house. Don Saverio followed her, trying to comfort her with holy words which, to her with that anguish in her heart, might have been so much Latin.

Hardly was the mother at a distance: "A rabbit, that fellow!" exclaimed compare Vito.

"How, a rabbit?" asked the people.

"Which is to say?" inquired don Calogero.

One saw that compare Vito was bursting with desire to tell the facts.

"A real rabbit, perbacco!" he repeated.

The poor Sidora became red and pale by turns. What was she to hear, she who had no right to open her mouth to defend Rocco, not even if things of all colors were said about him?

"Explain yourself," said the syndic.

"Speak," added the town clerk.

"What has he done?"

"Su, su! tell us about him, Vito."

They pulled him this way and that, while he, in order to make himself precious, took out his pocket handkerchief, blew his nose, shook his head, wiped some mud from the shoulder of one of the mules, sighed, and ran his eye over the crowd as if to count his hearers. Then, with thumbs in his waistcoat, he began at his case.

"We all went yesterday to Paola, some on foot and some in a cart."

"So much we know."

"Then tell the story yourselves."

"Ah, Vito benedetto, say on."

"If you let me speak. There were the lads for the conscription, and also we others who went for our business. As for me, I don't say it for sake of talking, I had to carry some big casks to don Cosimo Mastrangelo" —

"An apoplexy on your casks!" The syndic had, as the saying is, a fly on his nose, and Vito judged it prudent to come to the facts.

"There was a great crowd. Behind the table sat the syndic of Paola, and the clerk, and the brigadier, and a captain, and two young lieutenants so handsome that they appeared like sons of an emperor, all silver braid and pointed mustaches; and upon the wall the portrait of King Umberto, that smiled as if to give courage to the boys; and the urn stood there on the table, full of the fate of the poor fellows who, one by one, went to draw a billet; while we and others who had lads there, or were curious, pressed against the wicket like so many sheep. The numbers came as Heaven willed, the good and the bad. It was 'Viva San Francesco!' or 'Poor me!' according to the case. There were also those who took it in holy peace. But compare Rocco" — Here Vito interrupted himself, shrugged his shoulders and coughed solemnly, in order to be entreated.

"Onward, compare Vito!"

"Eh, dispatch!"

"Let him tell it in his own way."

"And it is for this that I say that compare Rocco has the heart of a rabbit: when it was his turn he muttered some ejaculation, perhaps to San Francesco, then stretched forth his hand and withdrew it again. 'Here's a simpleton,' said the signor brigadiere. 'Eh! put in your hand,' said one of those fine lieutenants; 'there are no serpents inside; animo!' So, in order not to make a poor figure, Rocco, red as a tomato, drew a number. 'Let us see, my good fellow,' says that lieutenant. And behold a bad number, 13! 'Ah, Judas of a number!' howls Rocco. 'Ah, San Ciccio mio, the bad turn that you've played me! You have betrayed me, after that banner which I carried last year at your festival, that weighed like an uprooted oak. Beast of a saint!' They wished to silence him, but he bellowed like a calf. 'Mamma mia! They will kill me.' 'And you break our heads with your noise,' said the brigadier, and ordered two carabinieri to take compare Rocco by the shoulders and put him out of the door. 'Look out that you don't hurt him,' recommended that lieutenant. 'Sometimes those who cry out the most at first later become excellent soldiers.'

"Outside, with us that formed a group around him, compare Rocco vented his anger. 'Judas of a number! Oh, why did I not get it astrologized by zia Caterina, that I might have cut off my forefinger in time! Ah, San Ciccio mio, you would have me dead!' Then mastro Nunzio Baicalupo, who had served in the army, would make him believe that one was n't so badly off there. But he shook his head, and would not hear reason. 'In military life,' he lamented, 'one wears out body and soul.' He had heard tell of it. — how the superiors treat you worse than a dog, and if every time that they kick you behind you don't say, 'So many

thanks,' they put you in prison, and you have black bread and that wine which is squeezed from the clouds; and if you lose a button off your jacket, quick, the prison again; and if you can no more of it and try to run away, platoon, fire! And there you are, laid out cold, with bullets in your back.

"Mastro Nunzio kept repeating to him that it was not true, it was not true; on the contrary, it is a very fine thing to serve his Majesty, to make one's self liked by the superiors, to learn at the regimental schools how to read and write, to see a little of the world beyond the bell-tower of one's own town; then to come home, marry a good girl, set up a family, and show one's self a serious man. 'And meanwhile, 't is the risk of my skin,' objected compare Rocco. Then somebody said that there would be the medical visit; perhaps he would be judged defective. Neither did this please compare Rocco, who cried, 'My mother's son can call himself strong as a wolf! I have good sight and hearing, and a chest twice that of another man,' and he beat his breast with his fists, and began to bellow again, 'Amaru iu! that I must go for a soldier!' So much noise he made that none of us thought whether the draft was finished until the galantuomini came out, and that lieutenant approached and said, 'Ohè, Rocco d' Andrea! You look to me like a fine brigand of a lad. You put so much good will into howling that I'm disposed to believe that you can be taught other things, too.' 'Gnursi,' says Rocco, 'gnursi, signor tinintieddu, I do what I can.' 'So it appears,' said the officer, and went away laughing."

At this moment, some urchins who had climbed a tree called out that the fellows were coming. The women who had listened to compare Vito's story now thought each of her own case, and ran, weeping or laughing, or both together, to meet the lads. The people gave way to the mayor and the town

clerk, who walked solemnly in front, followed by the others like a flock of sheep. The young men approached, moving up the mountain road in a company, with a regular step, as if they already felt themselves soldiers, singing a march. Among them was Rocco, whose scare had passed as it came, his head high, singing with the chorus.

Why, he wondered, did people smile at seeing him? It would be because he was going for a soldier. And, proud as a cock, he approached compare Sidora, who turned her shoulders to him, and then ran off to her own house. He followed her, but she slammed the door, and then the window shutters, in his face; leaving him, as the saying is, with a palm's length of nose. "Oh, compare Sidora, what harm have I done to you?" cried Rocco.

Some young women, walking abreast, — that chatterbox Barbara Scardelli, and the daughters of mastro Baigalupo, and Nennella Sciorsi, a saucy little girl, the size of a pennyworth of cheese, — began to laugh at him, at compare Rocco, who in a fortnight was going to serve the king. His mother, compare Grazia, came in haste, waddling like a fat duck; she threw herself on the neck of her son, and led him away to her house. Little by little the crowd dispersed: some gathered at the apothecary's shop and at the tavern of mistress Rosaria; the masons returned to the baron's wall, where soon were heard the strokes of the trowels.

Rocco d' Andrea, after a while, came there in his working-clothes to put a hand to it with the others. He wished to play the bravo, singing at the top of his voice, on purpose to make himself heard by compare Sidora, in the house near the new wall of the baron. She, however, would not hear out of that ear, but instead made a great noise with her loom. For all that, Rocco sang the song which so well expressed their case, dragging the

last note of each verse so that it appeared like the howl of a vagrant dog. He had to sing alone: the voice of Sidora that was accustomed to reply to his was lacking. That song was so dear to him!

"When you go by this way, pass honestly,
That people may not say we are in love.
Our sign of salutation this shall be:
Your eyes cast down, and I my head will
move.
People are watching from their balcony
To learn the many sorrows that we prove.
A festival will come for you and me,—
There is a day for every saint above!"

But when, the day's work ended, the masons went home to supper, the poor Rocco could not flatter himself that comare Sidora had listened to him, so that the minestra which he ate had no relish.

The new walls which were being built at the house of the baron were for the rooms of the baronello, don Luigino, just returned from his studies in Naples. In order to keep his son in the village, the baron would content him in everything, — horses, dogs, the new chambers which were to be furnished in the style of the great cities. The old lord himself preferred the large empty rooms in which he had always lived; his wife thought of nothing but her ailments and her religion. Donna Basilissa, the cousin of the baroness, who in thirty-eight years that she had not found a husband was turned to vinegar, was housekeeper and kept the servants in order. She sometimes made a sweet little eye at her young cousin, don Luigino; and then Gennariello, his Neapolitan servant, would wink at the cook or the housemaid and observe, "Too mature, that one!" Meanwhile, don Luigino considered her like a second mother, who never let his shirts lack buttons, and always put on the table his favorite dishes.

Superintending the work of the wall, the baronello had more than once

seen comare Sidora in the very narrow strip of land that there was between her house and the new structure. There she tended some plants, rosemary and basil and pansies and carnation pinks, which she watered at morning and at evening, stirring the earth around them, and removing the worms that disputed them with her. Sometimes the baronello threw down bits of mortar from the wall, to make her look at him. Then he would bid good-day to his neighbor, and more than once he said to her, "If I were down there, would you give me a pink for my buttonhole?" She said neither yes nor no, but the back of her neck, bent over the plants, grew rosy.

One day Rocco d' Andrea chanced to see and hear these things, and said within himself, "Here's the reason that comare Sidora will not talk with me more than with a dog! May these stones that I lay be for the tomb of that renegade Turk of a don Luigino! A fortune for him if I don't crack his head with my trowel! One of these days, I'll make split herring of baptized flesh."

Thus Rocco, who really had such a good heart he would not have hurt a fly.

Another day, afterward, Rocco, from the top of the building, saw the baronello sitting astride of the low wall that divided the land of the palazzo from that little bit of garden. He talked in a low voice, laughing a little; he had in his hands some cakes which he offered to Sidora. She, on her knees, was pulling up weeds, and did not say a word. Rocco, in order to see, nearly lost his equilibrium; but, as Heaven willed, at that moment the shrill voice of the old woman, inside the house, called Sidora, and the girl went in at once. "This time, it has really been San Ciccio benedetto who has put in a hand for me that I might not commit a mortal sin," judged Rocco.

But these things gave him matter for thought. Since that afternoon when

comare Sidora had slammed the door on his mustache he had not been able to talk with her; in the streets or at the well, she always had at her skirts that little imp of a Nennella Seiorsi, her intimate friend, black as a peppercorn, and as biting, so that one could not have the occasion to explain himself with her. At other times she was at work in the house, or off on the mountain tending a few goats. Formerly, that is to say before the time of the military draft, comare Sidora, inside the house, would sing whatever tune was dictated to her by the song of Rocco d' Andrea; and when she came to the door to throw away cabbage-stalks and onion-peels there were always exchanged some words of the sort that lovers use, and that mean much or little according to who hears them. Now everything was changed. Rocco could not give himself a reason why, for he had a head that was not made for a lawyer's. It did not enter his mind that Sidora's displeasure should be on account of his resistance to the levy; in fact, he had thought little about that blunder of his. Some of the masons and others had begun to jeer at him for it, but he had answered honestly, "I was an ass; but in future I shall do my duty." And because there is no juice in teasing a person of that sort, and also because it was known that Rocco, though he was by no means one to seek a quarrel, had solid fists, they soon let him alone.

"With the aid of San Francesco, I'll make an end to this torment before I go for a soldier," Rocco resolved.

So one evening he stayed later than the other masons, with the pretext of smoothing a part of the structure while the mortar was still fresh. When they were gone away, he came down the ladder and seated himself upon the low wall, so that his homespun fustian trousers occupied just the place of those broadcloth ones of the baronello, and awaited Sidora. She came out of the

house with a bit of broken pottery in her hand to stir the earth round the roots of her plants; when she perceived compare Rocco, she would have gone back, but he called her in a tone that she could not resist.

"Come, Sidora bella, come to tend your plants. If I am an inconvenience, I'll go away. But in these days you hide yourself like a sparrow in the woods, so that one cannot say two little words to you. Must so much love end this way? If I have offended you, comare Sidora, you need not send me to Rome for a penance, for here I am like a soul of purgatory. Tell me, I pray you with clasped hands, tell me what harm I have done to you."

His voice was as sweet as in former days; and comare Sidora, because of the habit of loving him, and by reason of the melancholy of the twilight and of the dew that drew out the odors of the herbs, did not know how to refuse to listen to him.

"How could I have harmed you,— I who would not twist a hair of yours? For you appear to me a princess, a saint, and you can always command me. What have I done to you, then, comare Sidora?" insisted Rocco.

"To me you have done nothing." She sat on the ground, digging in the earth with the fragment of pottery. "To me, nothing at all, compare Rocco."

"Perhaps you have seen me look with rage at the signor baronello, who makes you so many compliments?"

"I don't care for don Luigino, nor for his saint!"

"Then why do you have it against me?"

Sidora was silent for a moment, and then broke forth: "Listen! It is because of that which you know, down there at Paola; because at the head of my bed there are hung, under the blessed olive branch, the likeness of my grandfather, good soul, who was a Garibaldino, and lost his right arm

fighting, and died at seventy-five years old with the name of Italy in his mouth; and of my father, who also served in the army, and, if he did not see war, gave his life taking care of the people who had cholera at Messina. They look at me from the wall, those two! Rocco, I swear it to you, not even if my heart were to break, I dare not marry a lad whom, were they alive to-day, they would curse for having shown himself cowardly!"

She turned aside her head. Compare Rocco, who had already brought both legs over to that side of the wall, in case peace were to be made, then and there jumped down into the basil, crushing it with his big feet.

"If it is so, comare Sidora, I have nothing more to say but good-night."

And he went away, through the doorway and into the street, while Sidora, crouching on the earth, wept hopelessly, alone there in the dusk. Everything was ended: all the years in which she and Rocco had cared for each other were passed away like smoke. When they were children, he had always defended her, if their companions threw it in her face that her grandmother was a witch, and said, "Look out that la Sidora doesn't put the *envy* on you." He, because he was a handsome, robust boy, had availed to make his little friend respected; whoever teased Sidora had to do with Rocco's fists; and if he were attacked by one bigger than himself, Sidora caught on to the shoulders of the enemy, and scratched him with holy reason, worse than a wild-cat. Then the victorious allies would go off together to eat the blackberries among the rocks, or to seek mushrooms in the pastures. Later, Rocco and Sidora had not been so much in company; but when they met at church or in the piazza, it was a festival for them. Then Rocco began to come under her windows to sing, and danced with her oftener than with other girls. While he worked on the baron's wall they had

seen each other several times a day, and she had given him a red carnation pink. To the nonna they had said nothing, because she looked askance at Rocco, who had nothing but his trade, and had, moreover, his mother on his shoulders, who now would live with the family of his elder brother. Neither was comare Grazia content that her son should marry the granddaughter of the witch, without a penny of dowry, only the fir-wood chest and a mattress, to which the old woman would add some kettles and dishes, if ever she found a match that should please her for her beautiful Sidora, who was like the pupil of her eye.

The next day and the day after, Rocco and Sidora did not see each other. On that following, the conscripts went in a company down the road toward Paola. The whole town came forth to say good-by to the brave boys; only Sidora stayed up on the mountain, and did not bring home her goats until twilight.

After a few days, compare Vito reported news of the conscripts. But of Rocco he said nothing particular, because, in fact, when one behaves well and does his duty there is little to tell about him.

II.

The winter past, March came to rejoice the fields. The rooms of the baronello were built, and awaited the return of don Luigino, who, with the permission of his father, had been some time in Naples, enjoying festivities and theatres. As soon as he came home he busied himself with the decoration of his apartment. Now and then he talked from the courtyard with his beautiful neighbor, who, finding him always kind, had not much awe of him. She was still angry with compare Rocco. In the long winter evenings she had thought over the matter, and it gnawed her soul. Heart of a rabbit he had

shown himself also upon that occasion when she had reproached him, going away without a word to justify himself. If he had had a little courage, he would have silenced her; he would have conquered her, made her love him and marry him despite herself and those two photographs under the blessed olive. Heart of a rabbit! She was quite of the opinion of compare Vito, whom, moreover, she hated precisely for that cause. So when don Luigino, who, instead of displeasures like those others, had for her only good little words and sweetmeats, sat on the low wall, it often happened that she stayed to talk with him. Meanwhile, nobody noticed that cousin Basilissa was growing always greener, for spite. The fact is that for many years her face had lacked the red and white of the Italian tricolor. She spied from the windows, and bore tales of the doings of don Luigino to his mother, who sent in haste to the druggist for a sedative, and to don Saverio, the curate, that he should come to give her spiritual consolations. She filled the ears of the holy man with complaints of that bold girl who was not ashamed to bind around the young baron with her affectations of a peasant flirt. This saddened the kind curate, who wished well to all his parish, and repeated, "It can't be like that, signora baronessa. I will not believe ill of Sidora, whom I baptized with my own hands." But the baroness admitted no doubt, and said, "And if we have seen with our eyes, reverendo?"

So, with the approval of the curate and unknown to her own family, the baroness wrote to Naples to an old schoolmate, inviting her to bring her daughter to make a visit. The signorina Adelina Jeraci had made a certain impression upon don Luigino while he was studying in Naples. It would be necessary to drive in that nail! The invitation was accepted; and one fine day, the baroness, who because of her

neuralgia excused herself from all work, called cousin Basilissa, and recommended to her to have the two best chambers swept and aired, with clean sheets on the beds; for the next day would arrive two guests, the signora Jeraci and Adelina. It was like a thorn in the heart of donna Basilissa, who scented there a marriage for don Luigino. She dared not reply, because after all she lived on the charity of the baroness, and whoever holds the money can make the fasts and the feasts in the house.

Cousin Basilissa betook herself to the kitchen, where she baked some cakes, and scolded the cook and the scullion. She opened chests of drawers and chose sheets and pillow-cases, shaking the lavender angrily from the folds, and throwing the linen on the arm of the housemaid. The old baron smoked in his study, or went with the factor to look after the lands which master Sciorsi wanted to take on mezzadria, without disturbing himself about the guests who were to come. Don Luigino had gotten some new furniture and curtains from Naples, and with Gennariello ran about arranging them. After sunset, in order to take a mouthful of fresh air, the baronello went down into the courtyard and watched comare Sidora, who sat on a stone knitting in the twilight.

"Always at work, my little neighbor."

"Gnursi, signor baronello. One must work in order to live."

"That is true. Also I have been toiling like mastro Vanni's donkey. I can tell you my arms are tired, moving furniture and driving nails. Very fine thing to work!"

"And when you have a servant!"

"That does n't count. I like to do things myself, sometimes. Do you know, I'm bored until it seems to me that I shall die of yawning, or blow out my brains. Say, comarella, would you like to come in and see my new rooms?"

"No, indeed, signor baronello."

"And why not? I'm not a wolf, to eat you. Are you afraid of me? Look at me in the eyes."

Sidora raised her eyes, serious and a little troubled.

Don Luigino planted his hands on the low wall and leaped over it.

"You're a good child, Sidora," he said. "I won't tease you."

She was silent.

"On my soul, I meant no harm," protested don Luigino, "and you please me the more because you know how to behave so well. You are as pretty as a wood-pigeon, and you sing like a nightingale. By the way, what's the news from that big Rocco, the mason who split his throat singing up there on my wall?"

"Of that Christian I don't wish for any news."

"A little spite, eh? The usual angers of lovers."

"Nossignore, we are not lovers."

"Fine fellow, that Rocco!"

"Do me the favor, your lordship, not to talk to me of him."

"Ah, I comprehend. After the story that compare Vito told, — that about the levy."

"Also that Vito, I can't see him!"

"So much the better. Say, comarella, you don't detest me, too, perhaps?"

"Too much liberty, don Luigino!"

That caused the baronello a great laugh. Cousin Basilissa, who liked to clean things by candlelight, because the dust is better seen, came just then to the window. Hearing don Luigino laugh, she stood there as if of stone, as she later told his mamma, to see the baronello stoop, take Sidora by the chin and kiss her.

"Now, good-night, my neighbor," said he. "I tell you that I have not been bored this time."

"Holy night, signor baronello," replied Sidora, as he leaped over the wall into the courtyard of the palazzo.

To Sidora all those words of don Luigino were like honey that took out of her mouth the bitter of the mortification caused her by Rocco d' Andrea. The baronello was so kind, so handsome, so gay, just like a big boy. He had stood there beside her like any person whatever, without aristocracy. Her little heart beat: in all the nonna's legends, it was always the poor girls who became the brides of the kings with crowns, and the lads without shoes who had the luck to marry the princesses. Who could know? And in that case, if also compare Rocco found for himself an emperor's daughter who would have him, she, Sidora, would have great pleasure to dance at their wedding.

Gennariello, who had been in the courtyard, seated on a bench, quiet in order that no one should notice him, rose and went into the house. Sidora remained beside the wall, with her hands one in another. Lights shone through the windows of the room of the baronello; she could hear him chatting with the servant who moved about to set things to rights.

"Do you know, just now my mother has told me that she wishes me to marry that pretty little blonde, signorina Jeraci."

"So much happiness, don Luigino. A beauty, she is."

"Perbacco! she isn't equal to the little neighbor Sidora."

"That also is true, signorino."

"Look here, why don't you marry la Sidora, Gennariello?"

"So that it would be convenient for your lordship to take her by the chin and kiss her when you please? A woman like that I don't want."

Gennariello, from the balcony, emptied a little vase containing the ashes and stumps of the cigars smoked that day by his master. The ashes fell upon the head of Sidora. Quickly she heard up there some blows and a scuffle, and the voice of don Luigino, who

exclaimed, "Take it, and take it! Beast! This time I kick you and shake the dust out of your jacket, but if another time — true as I live! — you speak of that honest girl what you would not say of the saints in Paradise, I'll twist your neck, I'll twist it for you!"

"Your excellency did it; I've only said it. He who makes ugly faces need not therefore smash the looking-glass," rebutted Gemmariello.

All this, for the poor Sidora, was a thousand times worse than even that other affair of Rocco d' Andrea. So many woes! She dragged herself into the house. No one would have her now, she thought. Rocco and don Luigino, and even that rogue of a Gemmariello, all despised her. Nor had she comfort from the portraits on the wall, stiff against the pillar and the curtains of the photographer's studio; they appeared to look at her with hard faces that did not seem real. Rocco, — what would Rocco have said and done, to know her so scorned? Poor fellow! only the Madonna knew what he must feel, far away from his own town, among all those soldiers.

Neither did the sorrows of the poor Sidora end there. The next day came donna Basilissa, bursting with venom, under pretext of getting some rags woven for a quilt for the cook's bed; and when she found herself alone with old Caterina, she made her a preachment fit to scare Satan himself.

Oh, why had zia Caterina brought up her girl to be the shame of her house? That one invited the young men with singing like a siren; so much so that Rocco d' Andrea, the mason, had preferred to go for a soldier and leave his bones there, if that were the will of Heaven, rather than have his soul damned for sake of a girl. Also don Luigino, who for sanctity of behavior was a second San Luigi Gonzaga, walking, one might say, in the footprints of his saint, — Sidora put so

many temptations before him that the poor child did not know where to turn his gaze, in order not to have her under his eyes.

The grandmother said it was not true; that to Sidora she had given a good education, and these tricks the girl did not play. Donna Basilissa pecked back like a ruffled hen, and said that with low people, to wish to make them hear reason was like washing the head of a donkey, — one loses time and soap. And she went out of the house, while the old woman shrieked after her, "May evil come upon you!"

This ill augury was a serious affair, spoken by zia Caterina, whom everybody knew to be a witch. In fact, compare Felice Spaccaceppo maintained that, coming home from the woods one evening, with his axe on his shoulder, he had seen her riding through the air on a goat, — that black one which wore the bell, in the flock tended by Sidora, — on the way "over the waters and over the wind" to the nut-tree of Benevento, to dance there the ridda of the devil. 'Tis not needful to believe all that is said, and compare Felice was known to raise his elbow at the tavern of gnà Rosaria; but he swore by his saint that this about zia Caterina was the holy truth.

So donna Basilissa went home like a beaten dog. She had said her say, but meanwhile the witch had cursed her, and who else could take off the magaria? At first zia Caterina felt herself quite triumphant, having driven off the enemy; but the drop of poison had entered her mind, and she began to have suspicions of Sidora. So that when, at Avemaria, the girl brought home the goats from the mountain the grandmother was already in bed, with her face toward the wall, and would not say a word, only, "To-day I have heard all from donna Basilissa, how you play the coquette with every Christian that passes by. Do not speak to me, do not touch me, for you are my death!"

The fire was spent upon the hearth; Sidora ate some cold minestra. Later, not daring to lie down at the side of the grandmother, she seated herself on the floor and leaned against the ladder where the hens had gone to roost. How could the poor girl know that the nonna was anything but at the point of death, that it was all words? When the screech-owl alighted on the eaves that night and cried, Sidora thought, "She comes because she knows that the nonna is to die." Sidora was innocent, — ah! the Madonna knew that, — but no one would believe it. If Rocco had been at home, he, perhaps, would have listened to her and defended her. But she had learned from the letters sent by him to his mother that, although by fortune he was assigned to the regiment where was that kind lieutenant who had even taken him for orderly, the brigade was sent in detachment to another town, somewhat distant. If they had remained at Paola, he might have obtained a short leave of absence to visit his mother; but it was so long that he had been away, and only those at Rome, who make war and peace as they wish, could know where the regiment would be commanded.

Sidora, sitting there with cramped legs, thought over these things; finally she arose and lighted the lamp, shading it with her hand, to look at the old woman. The nonna, still with face to the wall, did not move; she seemed like an image carved in walnut-wood. Sidora called her, but she had her deaf ear uppermost, so that it was like talking to a stone.

"Who will help me?" said the girl to herself. She went to the door and looked out. The moon was risen above the black mountain, large and golden in the light mists of March; the stars sparkled, and the Great Bear stood above Paola like so many tapers lighted to the honor of San Francesco. Oh, that saint would help her; that fa-

therly image of solid silver had such a kind look, when they carried him about at his festival. He, who must have heard so many confessions, and had given absolution even to kings with crowns, would have pity for her, a poor girl, accused unjustly. It was true that she had given her promise to compare Rocco and then turned her shoulders to him, but that was because of the fine example of her dead, who would not have her marry one who had resisted the military levy. It was also true that she had eaten the cakes given to her by don Luigino, and had absorbed his words, still more sugared; but she had not done it with ill intent. And meanwhile she felt herself scorched with shame and sorrow, worse than the ewe lamb of San Francesco that was butchered and put on the coals by wicked persons, down there at the furnace near the monastery.

"Ah, San Francesco benedetto," she prayed, with her eyes raised toward those stars, "bring me out of the fire of these brands, that I may come forth white like thy little sheep, without even the smell of burning!"

It seemed to Sidora that the stars winked at her like the eyes of the statue of the Madonna del Carmine when to some devout person she promises a special grace. "I will go with the Daughters of Mary to the festival, and I will make with my tongue the six steps of the furnace of San Francesco, so that he may protect me."

Then she turned and went into the house, with consolation in her heart. The grandmother had been awakened by the gleam of the lamp which was left on the chest of drawers. She sat up in bed. "What have you been doing, bad girl, slipping out at night like a cat?" she asked.

To Sidora the hard words seemed like a benediction. She had not, then, been the death of the nonna. "No harm, grandmother. I could not sleep, and stood on the threshold to take a

mouthful of air. And I have prayed to San Francesco."

Zia Caterina looked fixedly at Sidora; the clear gaze of the girl could not be doubted. "Eh, come to bed, then," recommended the old woman. "'Do no ill and you 'll have no harm,' " says the proverb; and who says his prayers is n't stealing pears. Also, that old maid may have said worse than the truth of you."

With these expressions, not too flattering, Sidora was content. She blew out the light, and went to lie down beside the grandmother, who put the coverlet over the trembling shoulders of the girl.

Before closing her eyes, Sidora asked, "Say, nonna, do you permit me to go with the Daughters of Mary to Paola next week, for the festival of San Francesco?"

That ear which had good hearing was now uppermost, as the old woman lay with her face turned toward Sidora.

"You will do well to go there. I shall speak to comare Mariantonio Sciorsi, that she may take you with her Nemella."

The two women fell asleep.

III.

What does San Francesco think about it up there, to see in these years a part of his monastery used for infantry barracks? So that it may be said that he has peace on one hand and war on the other! To those few monks who yet remained there it appeared that Heaven sent to them of all sorts together, this time, when, in the last of March, just as they were preparing for the festival of the saint, there came the battalion which was in detachment to change garrison with that which had been quartered in the building. What would San Francesco have said, he who kept Lent the whole year, and scourged

his flesh with the knots of his rope girdle, and preached to the people, and was even godfather to a king with a crown at Paris of France, and set him in the way to Paradise?

But so wills the government; and as the padre missionario told the others in the refectory, "Patience; for wars are things of this world and must pass away, but the saints abide in heaven." So they gave themselves peace when they heard the tramp of the battalion that entered the courtyard, and stayed at table without even raising their eyes from the gifts of Heaven which they had in their plates.

Around the monastery swarmed the soldiers; there was a great coming and going on the staircase and in the corridors of the right wing of the edifice. From the lower rooms over the arch of the torrent were heard the officers' horses, that neighed and stamped their hoofs in the stalls. In front of the chapel of the saint, the courtyard was a house of the devil, one might say, with the corporals who scolded and swore, and the soldiers who ran into each other trying to obey orders. Among all those who hardly stayed in their skins for joy were Rocco d' Andrea and the lover of mistress Rosaria, Pomponio Tregambe. The family got its name, from Borrelli that it was, when the great-grandfather broke a knee by a fall from a chestnut-tree, so that he was obliged to use a walking-stick for the third leg.

When it was known that the detachment was to go to Paola, these two soldiers had planned to ask for a few days of furlough to visit their town and make a pleasant surprise to their friends. Rocco hoped in his heart that, with absence and by favor of the good name which he had earned in those months of the military service, — for the terrible "page 18" recorded no misconduct on the part of private d' Andrea, — comare Sidora might return to care for him as before. Then the mamma would

be waiting for him with open arms; he would be so glad to see his little old woman again, and his brother's family. And the signor curate, and the neighbors, and the beasts, and the walls of the houses, — all were dear to him. To Pomponio it seemed a thousand years until he could find himself again at the tavern of gnà Rosaria, of whom he was to be the third husband. She had married first the pig-driver Turi Musso, for sake of his fine eyes. When he was shot in a quarrel, on the threshold of the tavern of zio Onesimo Marrone, and fell face downward in a pool of blood, she ran from their hovel; and while she was shrieking at the sight of that poor fellow, who never would kiss her or beat her again, the warm yellow light showed her zio Onesimo leaning forward to look, among his bottles and glasses; and crowding toward the door so many customers that must make his fortune, with all the water that he put into his wines, and the great bush over the door as if to say, Here one eats and drinks. So two months after the pig-driver was buried the widow took uncle Onesimo; and although it displeased the curate, he was obliged to marry them, because, after all, they would have it so, and were masters to do as it appeared and was pleasing to them. Mistress Rosaria drew customers to the tavern. Now that she was no longer hungry or cold, she looked like a ripe peach; she laughed and chatted with everybody, and for certain persons would drink first from the glass, — “by way of putting in some honey,” said compare Pomponio Tregambe. People had begun to murmur about Tregambe, who buzzed around the wife of uncle Onesimo, when, as if in order to shut their mouths, the old man went off to the other world. Rosaria, who had conscientiously taken care of the poor old fellow, who she said was a second father to her, as soon as she had closed his eyes made compare Pomponio understand that the tavern and the wine-cellar and the bush and

the landlady were at his disposal whenever he would buy the wedding-ring. At that point was the affair when the military levy took place. Now, compare Pomponio could not give himself peace; he was consumed with the desire to enter that tavern again, take mistress Rosaria by the waist, eat her up with kisses on the face that bewitched him, and go with her, as soon as might be, to the syndic and the priest.

The handsome lieutenant who had taken Rocco d' Andrea for his orderly learned somewhat of these love affairs; and indeed he often encouraged Rocco, advising him for his good how to make himself esteemed by Sidora. But instead of a spur there was needed a curb for Pomponio Tregambe, who seemed to have the demon in his body, and was always under punishment for escapades and breaches of discipline. More than once Pomponio had slipped away at night, and returned to quarters before dawn with a broken head that bore witness to the cudgel of some offended citizen, and procured him new troubles with his superiors. At first the lieutenant tried him with kind words, saying, “See here, Tregambe, these ways will not please your sweetheart.” That was one day when it happened that Rocco was ill, and had asked his fellow-townsmen to take the lieutenant's commands in his stead. Pomponio had answered, “She likes a man of spirit, signor ufficiale; she is n't like a girl, you know.” Then the lieutenant warned him: “Take care that when you are returned to Paola you do not go to prison instead of to your town,” — as in fact happened.

The brigade was quartered, with the officers in the rooms over the arch of the torrent, while the soldiers were lodged in the right wing of the building. In the left wing, which formed one side of the inclosure of the courtyard, while the wall built upon the steep bank of the river was the other, lived a few monks, passing their latter

years in pious works and meditation. From these holy men it was soon heard that on the second day of April would be celebrated, with great pomp, the festival of the patron, San Francesco di Paola, to which many people would come, not only from the town near by, but from the mountain and seacoast villages at a distance of one or two days' journey. To many of the military this would be a novelty. The Calabrian soldiers, who knew the deeds of San Francesco, added their explanations to the words of the monks. The lieutenant, who was from Tuscany, had Rocco act as his guide in the surroundings of the monastery. Together they followed the course of the torrent, stood under the cascade for a thorough wetting, strayed upon the terraces of the hill, and, before reëntering the quarters, rested on the grass near the so-called furnace of San Francesco.

"Inside that iron grating, signor tenente, you see the furnace; and if you will, I'll tell you the miracle. San Francesco had a little ewe, white and beautiful, that he loved like a daughter. Because, your excellency, the beasts don't sin; and it was a consolation to the saint to have some one near him that did not say, 'Father, I confess and accuse myself.' The little sheep would rub her head against the knots of the scourge on his rope girdle, quite content, and the saint would say, 'Blessed are the innocent!' One day, the little sheep was nibbling the tender grass here on the slope, when there came some ruffians, who took her, cut her throat, and skinned her; then they made a fire in the furnace, which the saint had built for some holy purpose, and put the sheep on the coals to roast. After they had eaten, they consumed the skin and the bones of the little sheep in the furnace, and went away, without thinking that they had blessed meat in their bodies, — may it have been to them for poison! At Avemaria came San Francesco

to bring his little sheep to the stall, but he did not find her. He called and called her, but she did not come. Then the saint smelt the odor of roast meat as he approached the furnace, and guessed what had happened. He called her once more: 'Pecorella, come forth, in the name of Heaven!' And she leaped out from the embers, white and unharmed, with her fleece not even singed, and ran to rub herself against the girdle of the saint, as if to say, 'Pray for all sinners, even those who have wished to do me harm.' And the saint took her in his arms and carried her back to the monastery."

"A fine story," said the lieutenant. "But had not the ruffians eaten the sheep? Was not their dinner beyond the sound of the saint's voice? What have you to say about that?"

"Signor tenente," answered Rocco, very serious, "when 't is a question of miracles, we must have faith."

"Right you are. That was truly a great saint. Now we will return to the quarters."

As the lieutenant, followed by his orderly, reëntered the courtyard there was a case of insubordination. As usual, the one in fault was the soldier Tregambe. Because his shoes were dirty the corporal had ordered him to clean them, and he had answered without respect. The corporal called him a Calabrian pig; and he replied that he would break the ugly mastiff's muzzle of the corporal. The squabble was just there when the lieutenant appeared.

"Stop! Be silent!" cried the officer. "Go about your business, corporal. This time, Tregambe, you go to prison and lose your furlough."

Having given some orders, the lieutenant, who was officer of that week, went to his room.

"Signor tenente," said Rocco humbly, "excuse me, but I'm sorry for that poor devil, because — because — he is from my town, and — when one has a sweetheart, signor tenente" —

"I understand. Go to bring a pitcher of water."

Hardly was the lieutenant alone when he heard a sound of shots in the sleeping-room of the soldiers. He hastened there. In the middle of the camerone was the soldier Tregambe, muttering to himself as if mad. He had taken his Vetterli from the rack, and was loading and firing it rapidly, turning about in a circle.

"Down with your gun!" cried the lieutenant.

"'T is you I want, beast of an officer!" Tregambe fired again, aiming at the lieutenant, who stood in the doorway. Some soldiers ran up the staircase, at the sound of the shots. Tregambe fired again and again; his eyes were red; he was like a fierce wild beast, mad and roaring. From another door Rocco d' Andrea leaped out. With the pitcher of water that he had in his hand he struck down the rifle of Tregambe; the pitcher smashed, and the gun went off again with a little cloud of smoke. Tregambe was flung hard upon the floor, as Rocco shouted, "There you are!" Then were heard the dull blows of Rocco's fists, that solemnly pounded Tregambe and spoiled him for the festival days. Then the flash of steel, and Tregambe in his turn gave a cry of ferocious joy. A sergeant and some privates ran and seized Tregambe. Handcuffed, he was carried away, struggling and blaspheming like a lost soul.

"Has he hurt you, signor tenente?" asked Rocco, picking up from the floor Tregambe's clasp-knife dripping with blood, and the rifle.

"Not at all. But you, go to find the doctor, for your sleeve is soaked with blood."

"A scratch that a cat could have made. But you see, signor tenente, that Pomponio Tregambe is no joke."

"Go, go. You have done well, d' Andrea."

Between officer and soldier compli-

ments are not made; but Rocco understood the glance of the lieutenant; and because we love most those to whom we have done good, Rocco from that day would have given not only the ounce of blood which he lost, but life itself, for his officer.

As to Pomponio Tregambe, he went to the galleys, and gnà Rosaria had to seek another husband. But "he who is dead and alive is the one that pleased me best," she would say afterward. And whoever has heard the whole story of mistress Rosaria knows that she, too, came to a bad end.

Rocco's wound, in the forearm, was judged curable in twenty days, and he minded it but little; for he was accorded leave to go home and stay there until fit to resume service, and he calculated that, provided comare Sidora were not too cruel, they might have a wedding in that time. So much he hinted to the lieutenant, who told him, as is the saying, not to count four until you have it in the bag. But what one desires it is easy to hope. At all events, Rocco would return with the people from his town who would come for the festival of San Francesco, which was to take place in a few days. Meanwhile, it made him somewhat melancholy that another soldier must act as orderly to his lieutenant, while he carried his arm tied to his neck and stayed idle to watch the flies in the air. It was a fine moment for him whenever the lieutenant came to speak a few words to him, as he sat on the balcony of the barracks to enjoy the sun.

Rocco would not have a letter written to his mother to tell her of his wound, or even that the battalion was come to Paola. "I will make her a surprise, returning with the devout," he said. Neither could the news be taken to the village, as usual, by compare Vito, the carrier, because, in moving some of those big casks of don Cosimo Mastrangelo, he had let one of them roll upon his foot, so that he was

obliged to stay in his house and listen to the bay mules that fired off kicks in the stall because they had a tickling in the legs from idleness.

The expectation to see his townspeople, perhaps among them some dear person, his brother and his sister-in-law, — he dared not imagine to himself that Sidora would come, — made Rocco immensely happy, although it slightly increased the fever of the wound. He sang his favorite songs, so that the corporal said to him, "One may know that it is n't your throat which was cut, — may San Biagio save it to you!"

Before the dawn of the festival day Rocco arose from his bed, and, having put on his clothes as best he could, with that arm which was a hindrance, he went to seat himself at a window that looked out across the torrent upon the level road and the courtyard of the chapel of San Francesco. A soldier in the bed next to his awoke.

"What is the matter, d' Andrea? Does your arm hurt you?"

"No. It is the music that does me good," answered Rocco.

In fact, with the sharp hearing of a mountaineer, he had perceived far away the shrill buzzing notes of the piva; and soon also the voices of the chorus, men and women, who sang psalms on their way toward the monastery.

"Do you hear it? They will come also from my town," said Rocco.

The other soldier turned over in bed and went to sleep again. Rocco, at the window, was intently listening to the music, which now reached him and now not, according as it was borne by the wind. To him it appeared like the voice of his own village; it recalled his departure, the first days of military life, when he was so lonely and did not even know how to wear his coat to please the corporal, all the hopes and anxieties and need to see his dear ones. That music spoke all that he would not have known how to say in words, nor even to think.

The rush of the torrent mixed with the voices, which little by little came nearer. Down there in the ravine was a black depth; beyond, in the other wing of the monastery, lights appeared in some windows; in the courtyard moved the yellow flames of torches, whose glare made certain groups of people stand out from the shadow. Those arrived the evening before were lodged by charity of the monks in unoccupied cells and corridors. Of these, some weary ones slept soundly; others issued to meet the new-comers. Every moment the noise increased, as more companies reached the courtyard. Confraternities, sodalities of women, whole populations of towns, advanced in a living stream, constantly greater. The bells of the monastery rang, amid a babel of instruments and voices. Now the rush of the river was not heard, only felt, like the jar of heavy wheels upon a stony road. Little by little the darkness melted away; the stars went out like sparks, and then the sun arose behind the mountain, whose peak appeared golden. Slowly the rays spread down the slope, to color the mists and rejoice the fig-groves and the vineyards.

Later, Rocco descended into the courtyard to see the procession that was to move from the church at nine o'clock. The crowd was a mingling of colors, — black cloaks of peasants, white gowns of brethren, banners that looked like fountains of gold, with figures of saints, red, blue, purple, jostling, swaying, as they went. New streams of people poured along the road, with here and there a hindrance or an eddy, just like the torrent that never ceases to hasten down the mountain to visit the saint. Then came more banners, borne aloft. Rocco wondered who would carry the standard of his parish this year, — that fine Sant' Antonio with his pig, big and fat so that it seemed real.

Peddlers cried their wares fit to tear their throats, leaning over their

benches of trinkets or fruits. At the doors of the church was the press of believers who could not find a place inside, among the great crowd densely packed there in order to witness the functions. The hour of nine struck, and the white gowns of a confraternity appeared at the door of the church. A stout layman went before with the banner of the parish, a real flame of red and gold. The crowd made way to let pass the double files, that seemed endless, of confraternities, walking behind their banners, with wax candles lit. And if a taper, too much inclined forward, let fall a scalding drop of wax on the back of the neck of the brother in front, he took it in holy peace, for sake of the saint. Last of each company, with a layman on either side, came a priest, keeping in sight the two lines of his flock, to right and left. They passed and passed, while the band played, and the devout cried, "Viva San Francesco!" Finally came forth the saint in person, a fine image of silver, of natural size, but half-length.

"And in fact," said Rocco, "what need of legs has the blessed image of San Francesco, that always stays in the church, to protect with his hands, all ringed with jewels, those little walls of his city, with two angels that open their palms to recommend charity? Or he goes carried about on that fine pedestal that looks like gold, better than the throne of a king, while the flowered canopy shades him from the sun that would look him in the face. He can do very well without legs, San Francesco benedetto!"

The band burst forth loudly, with trumpets and bass drum. San Francesco crossed the threshold of the church, while the people fell on their knees and cried, "Pray for us, San Francesco! Do us the grace, San Francesco!"

Then the procession went down the road toward the town of Paola, near the sea, where balconies and doors

were hung with rugs and festoons of bright colors, and filled with people who waited to receive the benediction of the saint. He was carried through the streets, the way was strewn with many flowers, the crowd followed the procession, while bells and music and vivas and the uproar of voices and of feet made honor to the patron of the city.

Afterward, the saint was brought home as he went; and he being set again in his place in the church, the people scattered to enjoy the festival, each in his way. Rocco had seen pass the confraternity of his parish, with the others. Compare Cola Scardelli appeared as if he carried with difficulty that heavy banner of the blessed Sant' Antonio with the pig. "For that saint are needed certain arms!" thought Rocco. "Oh, why does not some one of my town come to find me?"

Tired and disappointed, he sat in a corner, with his head against a wall, looking at some women from the town of Guardia Piemontese who passed, all stripes of gay colors and embroidery and gold fringes, like Turks, when he heard his name called. Nennella Sciorsi, the "peppercorn," came toward him, in company with the Bacigalupo girls and their mother, comare Menica.

"Oh, compare Rocco, has there been the war?"

"No war, comare Nennella. 'T is a question of a knife out of place."

"Does it hurt you much?" asked comare Menica.

"Thanks, very little. But tell me the news from the town. How is my mamma?"

"She is well, but too stout to run to festivals, she says."

"And my brother and his wife, are they here?"

"No; for Pietro has gone to the Piana to the fields of massaro Arcangelo, and without him Rosa would n't come."

Rocco did not dare to name Sidora.

"There's don Saverio making signs that we go to him," said one of the Bacigalupo sisters. "We will tell him that you are here, compare Rocco."

They turned to go to the curate; but Nennella Sciorsi thrust out her little brown face toward Rocco.

"And you, in an hour, seek Sidora at the furnace of San Francesco. Now she's in the church, praying. You will find her later at the furnace," Nennella told him, behind the shoulders of the Bacigalupo girls.

Rocco thrilled with love. Nennella was inside the mind of Sidora, and she gave him hope. He wished to appear indifferent, for one cannot be sure before the fact. "So many thanks, compare Peppercorn," said he.

That hour of waiting appeared to him endless. Don Saverio came to talk to him, and also the syndic and the town clerk, with others who had heard of his brave deed. Finally, as Heaven willed, arrived the moment when he could betake himself to the furnace. Having made his way there, Rocco saw on the steps of the furnace some persons, — compare Mariantonia Sciorsi with Nennella, and mastro Vanni with their youngest boy, Cicillo, who had wished to bring his own little sheep for a gift to the patron saint. And among them — it did not seem to him real — was compare Sidora on her knees, who made her way up the steps, with lowered head, passing her tongue across each of those dusty stones. Then she raised herself and stood upon the highest step, against the grating, tall and beautiful, with her face aflame, so that she appeared like a blessed wax taper to the praise of San Francesco.

Rocco could not restrain himself. He ran to her, and, without asking leave, embraced her with his sound arm and let off a great kiss on her cheek. Not to be an inconvenient witness, the little sheep made a great jump for liberty; mastro Vanni and the boy were

after her. Compare Mariantonia and Nennella feigned to be absorbed in the affair of the little sheep, and took no notice of the two lovers.

This time, heart of a rabbit could not be said of Rocco d' Andrea. He had taken Sidora to himself without compliments. And she murmured to him, "My fine brigand, my dear soldier!"

For he had captured her, conquered her, and the way pleased her. They all sat down near the furnace, Rocco and Sidora a little apart from the Sciorsi family, that was wholly occupied with taking off some brambles which had hooked themselves into the fleece of the little sheep.

"Blessed be San Francesco that has brought me unharmed out of the furnace where I was in torment," said Sidora, as she finished telling to Rocco all that trouble of hers.

"Blessed forever!" he answered.

At that moment arrived the lieutenant, who sought Rocco to say good-by to him. The latter, quite glorious, explained things in few words: "Signor tenente, here is my bride, la Sidora."

The lieutenant wished her every happiness. "And I shall come to the wedding."

They confused themselves with compliments. "Vossignoria will be the welcome guest! Too much honor, signor tenente! Since your excellency deigns so much!"

The officer turned to Nennella Sciorsi, whose small mouth was puckered like a red rosebud. "Ohè, little brown girl, you must dance with me, that day!"

And Nennella, for once, had nothing to say but a meek "Sissignore."

The valorous action of Rocco had been told by those who first reached the village; and as he with his friends came up the road, he met his mother running with open arms to meet him. She embraced him, and wept for pity

and for consolation to see that arm tied to his neck, and that cheerful face that for so long she had beheld only in dreams. He passed his left hand over her head. "Poor mamma! Come, take courage, I tell you, for I bring you a daughter," and he pushed Sidora into the arms of the old woman.

Then came zia Caterina, who looked like a revived mummy from Egypt, hastening with her arms raised and her hands clutching the air, screaming benedictions upon Rocco. She invoked the Madonna and all the saints in a string, — those who have their day in the calendar, and those "extravagant" ones who must depend upon the good memory of the believers. But to Rocco she made a still greater pleasure when, that evening, as he approached her house, she threw open the door, saying, "Enter, my son. You are welcome. I give to you my Sidora, for you have a heart of gold."

When it was known that the wedding-day was fixed, don Luigino carried a gold necklace to Rocco and asked him to take it as a gift to Sidora. Rocco, now that he was a soldier, could look any one in the face, were it the king; and he and the baron talked together like two honest men who need not to conceal their thoughts. The little scandal had passed, like the smoke of one of the baronello's cigars. Don Luigino was formally affianced to donna Adelina Jeraci, and would not concern himself any more with girls. Everybody was content except cousin Basilissa — green and sour, worse than an unripe lemon — and gnà Rosaria. The latter, because of the misfortune of compare Pomponio Tregambe, hung a piece of black cloth on the bush of the tavern door, and put on a black gown, and over it a waistcoat of Pomponio's, which she begged from his mother, and declared that she would wear until it should fall off in rags. Just as if she were the widow of that third husband whom she never had! And,

as has already been said, that woman ended badly.

According to his promise, the lieutenant came to the wedding of his orderly. He danced with comare Nennella, with the Bacigalupo girls and the others, as well as with donna Adelina Jeraci. He was invited to visit at the palazzo of the baron, where he made a great friendship with don Luigino. The day of the marriage was about the middle of the beautiful month of April, when the fields and hedges are in bloom, and the air is filled with odors and songs. It was fine to see Sidora d' Andrea go to the house of her husband, walking proud as a queen, carrying on her head the great fir-wood chest that contained all her store of woolen and linen cloth, her skeins, reel and spindle, her dishes and household utensils.

"That one will give strong sons to my son," said comare Grazia, on the threshold to receive her daughter-in-law.

In the evening there was merrymaking in the piazza, and people danced to the music, while the April moon, large and round, appeared like a silver mirror for so much joy. Nor were fireworks and squibs lacking, so that Nemella Sciorsi said, "It is as if compare Rocco was being made a saint;" and he answered, "If I were a saint, I would do a miracle for you, by way of gratitude, comarella Peppercorn!"

Later, Sidora rained sugar-plums into the hands of those who came to sing the serenade. Rocco stood behind her, laughing and giving pushes and pinches to her elbow. "Better for you," he told her, "that I keep one hand yet in repose."

As the musicians went away along the road flooded with the moonlight, Sidora turned to her husband. Great tears gleamed in her eyes, as she said, "Listen, Rocco. In a few days they will recall you to the regiment, where you have done yourself such honor. Who knows when we shall see each other

again? For there will be the summer camp that you told me of; and then perhaps you will have to go far away where, if you speak the name of your town, there is no one who knows it. And to me who will wait for you, every year will appear ten."

"And to me who leave you, a hundred!"

"Which of us has the worst of it only Heaven knows. But here, in my heart, I shall have you always present, until you come back from being a soldier."

The night was tranquil; in the west the stars of the Great Bear sparkled above the monastery of San Francesco di Paola.

Elisabeth Cavazza.

A NEW ENGLAND BOYHOOD.

IV.

OUT OF DOORS.

WE were close by the Common. The Common was still recognized as

1. A pasture for cows.
2. A playground for children.
3. A place for beating carpets.
4. A training-ground for the militia.

It had served these purposes, or some of them, for two hundred years, since Blackstone had first turned in his cows among its savins and blackberries and rocks to pick up a scanty living. In modern days it had not been fenced until 1815. After the war with England, there was some money left from a popular subscription for fortifying the harbor, which the Virginian dynasties had, in their way, neglected. This money was used for making a wooden fence around the Common. The rails of this fence were hexagonal, — two or three inches in diameter, perhaps. If a flat side were on top, as was generally the case, it made a good seat for boys, as they sat on the top rail with their feet on the second. If the corner came uppermost, it was not so good. The fence was double, — inside the mall and outside. When a muster took place, or Artillery Election, or when the Sacs and Foxes danced on the Common, the

space within the inner fence was cleared. Then boys and girls sat on it to witness the sports within, and those taller stood in rows behind.

There cannot be a square yard of the Common on which I have not stood or stepped, and the same could be said of most boys of that time. As for the cows, we saw but little of them. I cannot think that in our time there were ever fifty at once there. They retired to the parts near Charles Street, with which we had less, though much, to do. So did the people who beat carpets. Practically the Common was ours to work our own sweet will upon. On musters, and on the two election days and Independence Day, we shared it with the rest of the town. On those days "old Reed" would appear with his constable's pole; but on other days it was ours, and ours only.

Even Mrs. Child, in her *Juvenile Miscellany*, gave the impression that the coasting scene, in which the Latin School boys defied General Gage, began with coasting on the Common. But she was wholly wrong there. In 1775, no boy went out of town to coast on the Common. And the famous embassy which the Latin School boys sent to General Haldimand, to complain that their rights were violated, negotiated about a coast which went down Beacon Street, across Tre-

mont Street, and down School Street, opposite their school. The story was told me by Mr. Robins, the last survivor of the delegation.

Fifty-five years later, we coasted on Beacon Street when we dared. But this was in face of the ordinances of the young city. In one of Dr. Jacob Bigelow's funny poems, printed in the *Advertiser*, he made himself our spokesman:—

“Mr. Pollard, Mr. Pollard, be a little kinder.
 Can't you wink a little bit, or be a little blinder?
 Can't you let us coasting fellows have a little fun?
 Were you born old, or was 't your way all childish sports to shun?
 Did yot ne'er know how slick it is to coast from top to bottom?
 And can't we use our ironers and planers, now we've got 'em?
 Five dollars makes our pas look cross, — that's proper bad, you know;
 Our youth will soon be gone, alas! and sooner still the snow.”

Practically we went to the Common for coasting. The smaller boys made a coast on Park Street mall. But the great coast was from the foot of Walnut Street, where a well-marked path runs now, leaving the great elm on the right as you went down.

This may be my last chance to put on paper a note of Percy's encampment. His brigade, in the winter of 1775-76, and perhaps of the previous year, was encamped in tents, in a line stretching southwest from the head of West Street. As the weather grew cold, the tents were doubled, and the space between the two canvas roofs was filled with straw. The circles made by such tents and the life in them showed themselves in a different color of the grass for a hundred years after Percy's time. The line is now almost all taken up by what I may call the highway from the Providence station down town.

As the snow melted, and the elms blossomed, and the grass came, the Common opened itself to every sort of game.

We played marbles in holes in the malls. We flew kites everywhere, not troubled, as boys would be now, by trees on the cross-paths, for there were no such trees. The Old Elm and a large willow by the Frog Pond were the only trees within the pentagon made by the malls and the burial-ground. Kite-flying was and is a science; and on a fine summer day, with southwest winds, a line of boys would be camped in groups, watching or tending their favorite kites, as they hung in the air over Park Street. Occasionally a string would break. It was a matter of honor to save your twine. I remember following my falling kite, with no clue but the direction in which I saw it last, till I found that the twine was lying across a narrow court which opened where the Albion Hotel is now. There were two rows of three-story houses which made the court, and my twine festooned it, supported by the ridgepoles of the roofs on either side. I rang a doorbell, stated my case, and ran up, almost without permission, into the attic. Here I climbed out of the attic window, ran up the roof as Teddy the Tyler might have done, and drew in the coveted twine. For the pecuniary value of the twine we cared nothing; but it would have been, in a fashion, disgraceful to lose it.

Boats on the Frog Pond were much what they are now. The bottom of the pond was not paved until 1848. There were no frogs, so far as I know, but some small horned pout were left there, for which boys fished occasionally. The curb around the pond was laid in Mr. Quincy's day, in 1823; I mean when he was mayor. To provide the stone the last of the boulders on the Common were blasted. In old days, as appears from Sewall, they were plenty; he blasted enough for the foundations of a barn. Among those which were destroyed was the Wishing Stone. This stood — or so Dr. Shurtleff told me — where two paths now join, a little east of the foot

of Walnut Street. If you went round it backward nine times, and repeated the Lord's Prayer backward, whatever you wished would come to pass. I once proposed to the mayor and aldermen to go round the Frog Pond nine times backward and wish that the city debt might be reduced fifty per cent. But they have never had the faith to try. Mr. Quincy proposed that the Frog Pond should be called Crescent Lake. But nobody ever really called it so. I have seen the name on maps, I think, but it is now forgotten.

Charles Street was new in those days, and the handsome elms which shade the Charles Street mall were young trees, just planted, in 1825. By the building of the Milldam, about that time, the water was shut out from the southern side of Charles Street. There existed a superstition amongst the boys that law did not extend to the flat, because it was below high-water mark. On holidays, therefore, there would be shaking of props and other games of mild gambling there, which "old Reed" did not permit on the upland. This was, of course, a ridiculous boyish superstition. In those days, however, we had a large number of seafaring men, who brought with them foreign customs. Among others was "props," a gambling game which the boys had introduced perfectly innocently as an element in playing marbles. I dare say people played props for money on the dried surface of the Back Bay.

Of all the entertainments of the Common, however, nothing, to our mind, compared with the facilities which the malls gave for driving hoop and for post-offices. The connection of the two may not be understood at first, and I will describe it. When the season for driving hoops came round, — for, as Mr. Howells has remarked, such things are regulated by seasons as much as is the coming of apple blossoms, — we examined last year's hoops; and if they

had come to grief, Fullum negotiated some arrangements by which we had large hoops from sea-going casks. I see none such now. These hoops were as distinguished in their way as Sunol is to-day in hers. My hoop was named Whitefoot. With these hoops it was our business to carry a daily mail.

The daily mail was made chiefly from small newspapers, which were cut from the leading columns of larger ones. In an editor's house we had plenty. The Quebec Gazette was specially chosen, because its column-head was a small copy of its larger head, and squares cut from that column made very good little papers. With a supply of these folded, we started at the head of Park Street, two or three of us, secret as the grave, to leave the day's mail.

No, I will not, after sixty years, tell where those post-offices were. I have no doubt that the ashes of the Quebec Gazette are now fertilizing some of those elms. But one was near Joy Street, one was in a heart which some landscape gardener had cut in the turf near Spruce Street, one was halfway along Charles Street. They were holes in the ground, or *caches* between the roots of trees. At each was a box, — or, in one case, two tight-fitting oyster-shells, — which received the mail. From it the yesterday's mail was taken to the next office.

When the mail-riders with their hoops arrived at one of these post-offices, they threw themselves negligently upon the ground, as if tired; but one dug with care for the box buried below. Of course he found it, unless some fatal landscape gardener, of whom the Common knew but few, had interfered. When found, the paper or letter from the last office was left here, the sods or stones or sand were replaced, and the cautious mail-riders galloped on. At the end of a winter the chances were worse for finding a mail, or after a long rain or vacation.

There was then no mall on Boylston Street. The burial-ground, with a brick wall, ran close to the street, and there was no sidewalk on that side, so that we generally crossed by the line of Percy's encampments. And to all boys, I imagine, that little corner where the deer-park is was comparatively little known.

It is, however, a waste of honest paper to be telling of such trifles about the Common, when its great importance was as a training-field, or for holidays, as one may read in Sewall's Diary and in the old votes of the town. There were four holidays in the year, — 'Lecture proper, Artillery Election (generally called 'Tillery 'Lecture), the Fourth of July (called Independence Day, I think, more than it is now), and, in October, Muster, or the Fall Training. By good luck, of course, Lafayette might come along, or General Jackson, or the Sacs and Foxes might dance, but these could not be expected. And alas! by a utilitarian revolution, in 1831, the real old Election Day was changed from the last Wednesday in May to the 1st of January. When my father confessed to me that he had himself voted for the change in the constitution of Massachusetts, I think he did it with a certain shame. I was at that time nine years old, so that I could not rebuke him as the vote seemed to require. But he knew, and they all knew, that if the vote had been submitted to the children of Boston no such innovation would have been made.

Unlearned readers, unhappily not born in Massachusetts, must be informed that, under the first charter of Massachusetts, "yearly once in the year forever after, namely the last Wednesday in Easter term yearly, the governor, deputy governor, and assistants of the said company, and all other officers shall be in the General Court duly chosen." Under the charter of the province, given by William and Mary, the last Wednesday in May was fixed for the beginning of

the political year; and when the constitution of the State was made, in 1779, the same date was retained. The General Court met, — that is the name to this day of the legislature of Massachusetts; in the first charter it meant what we should call a stockholders' meeting. In old days the General Court elected the governor on this day; so Winthrop, Dudley, and all the early governors were elected. Under the constitution, the election returns were examined on this day, and perhaps reported on. Anyway, the legislature met, referred them to a committee, and, under escort of the Cadets, who were the governor's guard, they marched to the Old South Meeting-House to hear the election sermon.

With these intricacies of government, I need not say, the boys of Boston had nothing to do. What was truly important was the festivity, principally on the Common, of Election Day. Early in the morning, perhaps even Tuesday evening, hucksters of every kind began to put up their tables, tents, and stalls on each side of the Tremont Street mall, and, to a less extent, on the other malls. On the Common itself, a mysterious man — in a mysterious octagonal house painted green and red, as I remember — displayed camera views of the scene. Of these I speak from hearsay, for I never had money enough to pay for admission to this secret chamber.

I found in Hawthorne's English Notebook some curious bits of information about fairs in England which reminded me, queerly, of some of these customs of holidays on the Common.

To prepare for these festivities, every child in Boston expected "'Lecture money." 'Lecture money was money given specifically to be spent on the Common on Election Day. The day before Election my mother sent Fullum to the office for three or four dollars' worth of silver; and she knew that all her train of vassals, so far as they could pretend to be children, would expect "'Lecture money"

from her. First, she had her own children, to whom she gave twelve and a half cents each. There was a considerable number of nephews and nieces who might or might not look in; but if they did, each of them was also sure to have a "ninepence," which was the name given to the Spanish piece which was half a "quarter dollar." American silver coinage was still very rare.

It may be of use to young orators getting ready to speak on the silver question to know that when, in 1652, the colony of Massachusetts Bay usurped the royal privilege of the mint and coined its own silver, the leaders thought they could keep this silver at home by making it two thirds the weight of the king's silver. The Massachusetts shilling, therefore, was two thirds the weight of the English shilling. Six shillings went to the Spanish dollar. It proved that Spanish coin became very largely the currency of the colonies, and so of the States for long years after independence. We took the Spanish dollar for our unit when we made a national currency. Twelve and a half cents of that currency, the old Spanish real-piece, became worth ninepence in the Massachusetts standard; and fourpence-halfpenny and ninepence, the half-real and real of the early time, were the coins most familiar to children. The "piece of eight" in Robinson Crusoe is a dollar-piece, amounting to eight of our ninepences. Old-fashioned New Englanders will to this hour speak of seventy-five cents as four-and-sixpence, or of thirty-seven and a half cents as two-and-threepence. These measures are in pine-tree currency.

To come back to Election money. Other retainers expected it. There were families of black children, who never appeared at any other time, who would come in with smiling faces and make a little call. Mother would give each one his or her ninepence. On the other hand, if in the street I happened to meet an uncle, he would ask me if I did not

want some Election money, and produce his ninepence. I never heard of "tipping" in any other connection except when a boy held water for a horse, as you rode anywhere; then you always gave him a bit of silver or a few cents.

Thus provided with the sinews of war, we went up on the Common with such company as might have happened along, — girls with girls, and boys with boys. The buying and selling were confined almost wholly to things to eat and drink; though there is a bad story told of me, that, having gone out with a quarter of a dollar one morning, I spent the whole of it for a leather purse, into which, for the rest of the day, I had nothing to put. This is my experience of Ben Franklin's whistle. Certain things were sold there which we never saw sold anywhere else, and which we should never have thought of buying anywhere else. Boston was then in active trade with the West Indies, more than it is now. You could not bring bananas in the long schooner-voyages of that time, but we had cocoanuts in plenty, and occasionally a bit of sugar-cane. Oddly enough, tamarinds, in the curious "original packages," were always for sale, and dates, of which we did not see much on other occasions. At home we never had oysters, I believe because my father did not like them; but on the Common we could buy two oysters for a cent, and we ate them with rapture. To this day I doubt if a raw oyster is ever as good as it was when eaten under the trees of Park Street mall, with vinegar and pepper and salt *ad libitum*, and this in May! Candy of all the kinds then known was for sale, but the kinds were limited. There was one manufactured form which, I am sorry to say, has died out. One or two dealers sold large medals of checkerberry stamped with a head. Whom this originally represented I do not know, but very early we all said it was John Endicott, because he was the first governor of Massachusetts Bay,

and we called them "John Endicotts." I advertised in a newspaper for anybody who knew how to make these things, some years ago, but I had no answer. You would see sailor-looking men eating lobsters, but those we were quite sure of at home. Ginger beer and spruce beer were sold from funny little wheelbarrows which had attractive pictures of the bottles throwing out the corks by their own improvised action. You might have a glass of spruce beer for two cents, and to boys as impecunious as most of us were the dealers would sell half a glass for one cent. Why we did not all die of the trash which we ate and drank on such occasions I do not know. But we are alive, a good many of us, to tell the story to this hour.

In all this we had little thought or care for the election itself. Independence Day passed in much the same fashion. I remember, as I returned home from the Common, having expended every cent of my money, one Independence Day, I saw a procession of children going into Park Street Church. To see a church open on a week-day was itself extraordinary. To see children going in procession into a church was more extraordinary. With a disposition to find out what was going on I followed in the train, and went into the gallery. We were not Orthodox at our house, but I had been in that meeting-house before. I soon perceived that it was a Sunday-school entertainment, at which I remained as long as seemed pleasing to me, and then retired. I have no recollection of anything that passed there, but, by putting the dates together, I am fond of believing that then and there I heard Dr. Smith's national song, "My country, 'tis of thee," sung for the first time that it was ever sung in public. Possibly my untrained voice joined in the enthusiasm of the strain.

It was at one of the first of the elections after the anniversary had been

changed to January that an event took place which made quite a mark in the local history, and to which boys attached immense importance. Governor Lincoln had been escorted to the Old South Meeting-House by the Cadets, whose force was not large at that time. The escort had opened to the right and the left for the civic procession to pass in, and then, instead of following them, had repaired to the Exchange Coffee-House for refreshment. The commander had left a messenger who was to inform him when the sermon approached its close, so that he might be ready with the escort at the door of the church to go back with the governor to the State-House. Unfortunately, the preacher wound up too suddenly, the hymn which followed the sermon was too short, and when the governor, who was the prince of punctilio in such matters, came, with the council and the legislature, to the door there was no escort. Governor Lincoln walked up Winter Street with the gentlemen of his personal staff, but without any Cadets. The colonel of the Cadets arrived at the church a minute too late. He put his men at double quick, and they fairly ran up Bromfield Street, and came to the corner of the Common in time to meet the governor, and presented arms. But the governor declined to recognize his escort, and proceeded on the sidewalk to the State-House or his lodging-house, with the melancholy Cadets following as they might. A court-martial ensued, of which the proceedings are in print, and military circles and the circles of schoolboys were highly excited about it. It was one of the fortunate events of my early life that I stumbled on the governor and his staff as they walked up Winter Street on that fatal occasion.

On the evening of Independence Day there was sometimes a display of fireworks on the Common; but the science of pyrotechnics was then but little advanced in America, and there was much

more waiting than there was exhibition. My recollections of these displays are of our always leaving to go home, tired out, before the successful pieces were shown. To the boys and girls of to-day it will be interesting to know that the pieces were set up either for spectators who stood on the hill and looked down toward St. Paul's Church, or near the foot of Walnut Street for groups of spectators below who were to look up to them there. The entire absence of trees from the Common inside the malls enabled those in charge to make the stages for the fireworks just where they pleased.

The military system of the State in those days required two annual parades, in which every militiaman should appear with his gun and other equipments. It is by a comparatively modern arrangement that the State or the United States furnishes the arms for the militia. Under the simpler arrangements of the colony, and of the State at the beginning, every man who considered himself a man was obliged to have a gun, a cartridge-box, a belt, a "primer," and the other necessities for an infantry soldier. We therefore had, in the attic, Fullum's gun, cartridge-box, and primer, which made good properties in any theatricals which required the presence of an army. My father was a member of the New England Guards, and his gun was kept in the armory.

These arms the militiaman bought with his own money, and he must produce them once a year for inspection. I believe that they were shown at a certain spring meeting, to which comparatively little attention was given by boys. But in the autumn every man between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, unless he were on the list of "exempts," had to appear in person, with his gun, belt, and cartridge-box, to show that the commonwealth had him as a soldier, and that he knew something of the art of arms.

Young men who had a real interest

in the military art did as they do now. They volunteered into what were called the "volunteer companies," or sometimes the "flank companies." These companies had uniforms, had generally their own separate charters as fusileers, rangers, light infantry, or guards; they were proud of their history; the State or somebody provided them with armories, — generally over Faneuil Hall, — and they had frequent parades, while they had sufficient instruction for keeping up their military discipline. All this was precisely as uniformed militia companies exist to-day. But whereas now the other militiamen are simply on a certain register, which they never see and of which they know nothing, — though they are counted to the credit of Massachusetts in the quota which exists at Washington, — then the militiaman had to appear and show himself; and this he did at the annual training. A man knew to what company he belonged. He was notified that he must attend at a certain place on the morning of the fall muster; he did attend there, and thence he marched to the Common for the fall training.

The military zeal of the war of 1812 had not wholly died out, but there was beginning to be a suspicion that the conditions were such that it was not necessary for every man to be trained to arms. A certain ridicule, therefore, attached itself to what was called the "militia" in distinction from the "volunteer companies." Occasionally a militia company, under spirited lead, tried to distinguish itself by its drill, but this seldom happened. Old Boston people will remember a joke of that time about the Berry Street Rangers. The particular company which met in front of Dr. Channing's church in Berry Street chose, one year, as their captain a gentleman who, they thought, would let them off lightly. But he interested himself at once in bringing up the company's equipment and drill, and gave

them the name of the Berry Street Rangers; so that for some years we heard of their exploits in one way or another.

The interest among young men which now goes largely to the keeping up of military companies was then expended on the volunteer fire department. So it was that, when the fall training came, the prime interest of the boys was naturally in the companies which were in uniform; and when the parade was formed on the Common, these companies always held the right of the line, either by courtesy or because they were entitled to it by law. According as the major-general commanding had more or less enthusiasm there would or would not be a sham fight. The whole Common was cleared for these exercises. Of course a considerable detail of melancholy sentinels was required to keep the boys from running in, and the principal fights, sham or real, on these occasions, were their contests with these sentinels. But as the army to be reviewed really amounted to one fifth of the men of Boston, even after this large detail of sentries there would be a considerable force in the field. It seems to me that the line always extended, with its back to the Tremont Street mall, for the whole length of that mall. The reviewing officers would pass it, as in any review to-day, and then the sham fight would begin. We boys, sitting on the fence, criticised the manœuvres of this Waterloo with such information on tactics as we had got from reading Botta's History of the American Revolution or Cæsar's Commentaries on the war with Gaul. I recollect a sham fight in which the hill — still fortified, as I have said — was defended against an attack. It appears to me, however, that the attacks were generally made by the whole force against an unseen enemy. This mode of fighting has its advantages. Practically, however, after the Rangers had been thrown out as skirmishers, and the different companies had moved backward

and forward across the Common, at about five in the afternoon the whole line was formed again, and a discharge of blank cartridges began, which lasted till all the cartridges of all the soldiers were burned up. I say all the cartridges, but we would solicit Fullum to slip one or more cartridges into his pocket instead of firing them off, and on rare occasions he succeeded in doing this. Then there were superstitions that individual soldiers were afraid to burn their cartridges, and dropped them surreptitiously on the grass; so that, the next morning, we always went over to the Common to see if we could not find some of these. I cannot recollect that any boy ever did. The actual presence of war, as it showed itself in this discharge of powder, was of course very attractive, and muster had a certain value which belonged to none of the other holidays of the year.

There was great antipathy in the ruling circles at our house to boating, in any of the forms then pursued in the harbor. On the other hand, my father and mother were both country-bred, and, as I believe I have said, my mother was very fond of flowers. As soon as spring opened, in the earlier days, father and mother went to drive very often on Thursday and Saturday afternoons. This drive was taken in the chaise, and, for the purpose of the ride, a little seat was fitted in, which was in fact a trunk, in which mother brought home any wild flowers which she picked. On this trunk one of "us four" went, in a regular order laid down by the Medes and Persians. This entertainment of a holiday was one of the great joys of my early life. But for the half-holidays which were not thus provided for my brother and I took care by using "the means which God and nature put into our hands." That is to say, we walked out of town to such woodland generally as we had not explored before, until we were personally acquainted with

the whole country for a circle of five miles' radius around the State-House.

An enterprising English surveyor named John G. Hales had lived in Boston long enough to make a good working map of the suburbs of Boston. He printed a little book, still known to the curious, on that country. He was rather in advance of the times, I suppose, and when he succumbed to adversity my father bought from him all the plates and drawings of his different maps. Among these was the map of Boston and vicinity, which is still a good map, and is still regularly stolen from by anybody who wants to publish such a map, without much regard to any copyright which existed in the original surveys. Two or three times new editions of this map were published, and in such a case "we four" generally had more or less to do with the painting of the different towns, so that their lines might be the better designated. It thus happens that at this moment I could pass with some credit a competitive examination which should turn on the township lines of the various towns within fifteen miles of Boston.

But the personal knowledge of tramping through the interior circle of such towns was worth much more than the painting. The Hales map indicated the woodland which was then left, and to this woodland we boys regularly repaired. I need not say that such expeditions were encouraged at home. Whenever we chose to undertake one, two cents were added to our allowance, for the purchase of luncheon.

We always kept for such expeditions what were known as phosphorus-boxes, which were the first steps in the progress that has put the tinder-boxes of that day entirely out of sight. Most of the young people of the present day have not so much as seen a tinder-box, and I do not know where I should go to buy one. But in the working of the household the tinder-box was the one resource for

getting a light. We boys, however, with the lavishness of boys, used to buy at the apothecary's phosphorus-boxes, which were then coming in. These boxes were made in Germany; they were of red paper, little cylinders about four inches high and an inch in diameter. You could carry one, and were meant to carry it, in your breast-pocket. In the bottom was a little bottle which contained asbestos soaked with sulphuric acid, and in the top were about a hundred matches, made, I think, from chlorate of potash. One of these you put into the bottle, and pulled it out aflame. We never should have thought of taking one of these walks without a phosphorus-box. When we arrived at the woodland sought, we invariably made a little fire. We never cooked anything, that I remember, but this love of fire is one of the earlier barbarisms of the human race which dies out latest. I suppose, if it had been the middle of the hottest day in August, we should have made a fire.

So soon as school was over, in the summer or autumn months, if it were a half-holiday, we would start on one of these rambles. Sometimes, if the walk were not to a great distance, we invited, or permitted, the two girls to come with us. We had a tin box for plants, and always brought home what seemed new or pretty. On rare occasions, when we had made up a larger party, we took the "truck" with us, that we might treat any weaker member of the party to a ride. The truck was quite a fashionable plaything at that time; I do not see it much now, excepting in the hands of boys who have to use it for freight. But in those days boys rode on trucks a good deal. A truck was a pair of wooden wheels on a stout axle, — generally not stout enough, — with two thills, in which the boy harnessed himself by the simple process of taking hold of them with his hands. If he chose to be jaunty, he had twine reins passed under his arms, that the person who sat on

the seat of the truck might pretend to be driving.

When, in 1833, the Worcester Railroad was opened, this walking gave way, for a family as largely interested in that railroad as we were, to excursions out of town to the point where the walk was to begin. The line to West Newton was opened to the public on the 7th of April, 1833, but from the day when the *Meteor*, which was the first locomotive engine in New England, ran on her trial trip, we were generally present at the railroad on every half-holiday, to take our chances for a ride out upon one of the experimental trips. We knew the engineers and the men who were not yet called conductors, and they knew us. My father was the president of the road, and we thought we did pretty much as we chose. The engine-drivers would let us ride with them on the engine, and I for one got my first lessons in the business of driving an engine on those excursions. But so soon as the road was open to passengers these rides on the engine dropped off, perhaps were prohibited. Still, we went to Newton as often as we could in the train, and afterwards to Needham. There were varied cars in those days, some of them open, like our open horse-cars of to-day, and all of them entered from the side, as in England up to the present time. After this date, our long walks out of town naturally ceased. Nothing was more common in our household than for the whole family to go out to Brighton or to Newton, and, with babies and all, to establish ourselves in some grove, where we spent the afternoon very much as God meant we should spend it, I suppose, returning late in the evening with such spoils of wild flowers as the season permitted.

More methodical excursions out of town took forms quite different from what they would take to-day. At our house the custom was to deride canals in proportion as we glorified railroads.

All the same, in the summer of 1826 — still recollected as the hottest summer which has been known in this century in New England — it was announced one day that we were going to Chelmsford, and that we were going by the canal. I have no recollection of the method by which we struck the Middlesex Canal; I suppose that we had to drive to East Cambridge and take the General Sullivan there. The General Sullivan was what was known, I think, as a packet-boat, which carried passengers daily from Boston to the Merrimac River, where the name "Lowell" had just then been given to a part of the township of Chelmsford. Mr. Samuel Batchelder, the distinguished engineer and manufacturer, to whom New England owes so much, was one of my father's most intimate friends. He was engaged in some of the first works at Lowell, and by way of escape from the heat father had arranged that the whole family should go down to the tavern at Chelmsford and spend a few days.

The present generation does not know it, but traveling on a canal is one of the most charming ways of traveling. We are all so crazy to go fifty miles an hour that we feel as if we had lost something when we only go five miles an hour. All the same, to sit on the deck of a boat and see the country slide by you, without the slightest jar, without a cinder or a speck of dust, is one of the luxuries. The difficulty about speed is much reduced if you will remember, with Red Jacket, that "you have all the time there is." And I have found it not impossible to imagine that the distance over which I am going is ten times as great as in fact the statistical book would make it. Simply, I think a man may get as much pleasure out of a journey to Lowell on a canal which is thirty miles long as he may out of a journey of three hundred miles by rail between Albany and Buffalo. But this leads into metaphysical considerations which do

not belong to the boyhood of New England.

What did belong to it was a series of very early reminiscences which have clung to me when more important things have been forgotten. Fullum, of course, was of the party. He would spring from the deck of the General Sullivan upon the tow-path, and walk along the path collecting flowers, or perhaps more active game. I have never forgotten my terror lest Fullum should be left by the boat and should never return. When he did return from one of these forays, he brought with him for us children a very little toad, the first I had ever seen. My mother put him in her thimble, he was so small. Not long after, we heard that a delicate friend of hers had taken cold because she put on her thimble when it was damp. With a child's facility, I always associated the two thimbles with each other; and I think I may say I never see a little toad now without ima-

gining that he is carrying the seeds of catarrh or influenza to some delicate invalid.

We stayed at the old tavern on the Merrimac, which, I suppose, was long ago pulled down. A story of that time tells how Mr. Isaac P. Davis, who was, I think, one of the proprietors of the locks and canals which made Lowell, went to this same hotel with a party, and inquired what they were to have for dinner. The keeper said that a good salmon had come up the river the night before, and he proposed to serve him, — with which answer Mr. Davis was well pleased. Later in the morning he said he should like to see the salmon. But the man only expressed his amazement at such folly on the part of a Boston man. "You don't suppose I would take him out of the water, do you? He is in the water at the foot of the falls, and has been there since last night. When it is time to cook him, I shall go out and catch him."

Edward Everett Hale.

THE BETTERMENT OF OUR HIGHWAYS.

PERHAPS the best of the many measures which may be applied to modern states, in order to determine the degree of advancement to which they have attained, may be found in the condition of their common roads. On the character of these ways intimately depends the ease with which a people secure neighborly communication, as well as advantageous relations to the outer world. It is doubtful, indeed, whether a sound democracy, depending as it does on close and constant interaction of the local life, can well be maintained in a country where the roadways put a heavy tax on human intercourse.

Judged by the standard of our local ways, America as a whole must be regarded as the least advanced of all

countries which are commonly classed as civilized. It is true that our great transportation routes, those which are ploughed by the steamers of our inland waters and traversed by locomotives, are well organized, wide-spreading, and efficient in a high degree; but these ways serve in a direct manner only a narrow belt of country on either hand. They have a high interstate and international value, but little relation to the needs of local life. So far from meeting the necessities of rural neighborhoods or aiding in their development, they have tended to retard the growth of the less conspicuous but really more important channels of communication, our common country roads.

A very strong argument could be

made to support the point that the United States would have been in all essential regards more prosperous than it is at present if, in place of its railways, it had secured a system of highways constructed and maintained in the highest state of the road-maker's art. It is true that our great export industries would have been much less important than they are now. It is true also that a prosperity in manufacturing which has brought great bodies of our people to the Birmingham state of hived employment would not exist. Many of our cities would be but country towns, and the buffalo would still roam over much of the country to the west of the Mississippi. On the other hand, our farmers would know more of one another than they do at present. Though they could not market their corn in Liverpool, they would still be able to take it to mill without the sore tax which the bad roads so generally levy upon them, or which the toll-taker requires as the price of a passable way. In such a well-united community, distance counts for little against the duties of life, or against those pleasures which are in the higher sense a part of human obligation. The farmers could attend their town meetings, if they were so fortunate as to live in a part of the world which is governed by local parliaments. They could do their duty by their churches, and have a share in the festivities which enliven and enlarge their days. On the contrary, where the roads are bad, all the duties of the citizen and the social being are most imperfectly done. The people get in the habit of a hermit life; the winter season, which should be the time of social intercourse, is passed in seclusion; households have but little touch with one another, and any real communal life becomes impossible.

The period of railway construction began in this country when the attention of the people had just been effectively directed to the construction of highways.

In the years between about 1820 and 1840 all the thickly settled portions of our land had acquired the habit of improving these lines of communication. From the local market towns good roads were carried on radiating lines, so that many communities of the older sort, even as far west as western Kentucky, had made great advance in their highway systems. Though not well planned with reference to the surface over which they passed, or built with the skill which now characterizes the highway art, these roads were of great and rapidly increasing utility. With the use of the railway in this country there came a great change in the ideals and the practices of our people. They began to look forward to the construction of iron ways as the means whereby they might insure connection with the outer world. It seemed to them not to be worth while to give time and money to the making of old-fashioned carriage-paths, which indeed appeared contemptible as compared with the new-fashioned means of travel. Now, however, that it has become plain that railways cannot profitably be arranged so as to reach every hamlet and cross-road, and the people have had a quarter of a century or more in which to experience the evils of bad roads, we find our folk once again turning to this ancient question as to the means of local intercommunication.

The sudden access of interest in the construction of highways which characterizes our time is in good part due to the invention of the bicycle. The wheel carriage propelled by foot power is a relatively old contrivance, but until the last quarter of a century the machine adhered to the old type of the four-wheeled vehicle. It required the hardy spirit of our time to lead the inventor to the conjecture that a man might ride on but two wheels. In its social importance the bicycle deserves to rank next to the railway and the telegraph, among the inventions of our waning century. The

use of these instruments, the number of which is probably now to be reckoned by the million, affords to those who employ them constant object lessons as to the condition of our highways. Where a man is drawn by a horse, he needs to have a very keen sympathy with his beast in order to perceive how apparently slight differences in the condition of the roadway may greatly vary the amount of strain which is put upon the propelling agent. When, however, his own thews are employed, every little accident of the way makes a distinct impress on his body. Thus every cyclist becomes a critic of the highways he traverses; and as these people are scattered far and wide over the land, and are of a station to make themselves efficient developers of public opinion, we have through their art gained a very stimulating influence in favor of better roads.

It may seem at first sight as if public interest in better highways would of itself be sufficient to insure all needed improvements in these means of communication. Those, however, who have studied the development of the road-maker's art, in this and other countries, clearly see that public opinion must be well informed before there will be any chance of securing the end in view. We have to face a situation in which ancient habits and ignorances will greatly obstruct the process of reform. We cannot expect to clear away evils which for a thousand years have been borne in dull content, or to revolutionize bad practices of construction which are rooted in the customs of the people. Above all, it will be difficult to persuade our rural people to provide themselves with systems of highways the cost of which at the outset will be far greater than that of all the existing public improvements in their respective communities. Those who enter on this work must expect to hasten slowly, and to encounter many backsets in their undertaking. Their task is to educate as well as to inform. They have to teach

by example rather than by precept, and the examples cost a deal of money.

It seems worth while for all intelligent people to have some general notion concerning the simpler facts involved in the science and art of road-making. With such persons the study of these matters may well begin with certain fundamental conceptions as to the essential relation of these constructions. All highways are intended to afford a hard, smooth, and as nearly as possible horizontal surface over which that great instrument of civilization, the wheel, with its burden, can be made to move with the least possible friction. Every unit of friction which is encountered is a measurable element of cost, either in time, power, or damage to the road and carriage. For every foot of distance he traverses the wagoner is incurring a tax. If he is conveying the weight of a ton to market, the amount of this tax for a mile may, under favorable conditions, not exceed five cents. From this minimum scale of expenditure, with the advancing degradation of the way, the cost may increase until it amounts to ten or twenty times what it is in the ideal though seldom realized state of a highway. At a certain stage in the accumulation of the tax, even the more adventurous, wisely, though without clear reckoning, regard the way as economically impassable. This conception of a roadway tax, and a clear idea as to the frequent enormity of the imposition, are the fundamental notions which we need to fix in the minds of our people. With these well affirmed, we may hope to interest them in the questions of betterment.

As in most other matters, the details connected with the construction and use of roads are much harder to present than the general considerations of the subject. There are, however, certain simple considerations which will enable any one to know the essential differences between sound and unsound practice in the construction of highways. The first

and most important, though in all countries the most neglected, element of care concerns what engineers call the profile of the way; that is, the irregular line described by its centre across the country. The ordinary road-master is in all cases tempted to draw his proposed line as directly as possible between his principal objective points. If he makes a digression from a rectilinear path, it is generally because he has encountered an insuperable obstacle, or because some landowner has effectively objected to having his fields cut in twain. Thus it comes about that the greater part of our roads are, from their unnecessary up hill and down, sorely taxing to the community which they are supposed to serve. In many parts of New England and the other hilly portions of this country, a wagon usually has to climb an aggregate height of a thousand or more feet in going the distance of ten miles, an amount of grade which could readily have been avoided by adding two or three miles to the length of the way.

In the rough reckoning of the country engineer, it always seems to be advantageous to construct a road on the most direct alignment which will be passable to loaded vehicles, with all the power which can conveniently be put upon them. It is easy, however, to show that usually the only economy which is thus effected is in the cost of the first construction. A close reckoning will always indicate that this initial economy is bought at a disproportionate annual cost in the expenses of use and maintenance. The load which can be drawn over the direct way is often not more than half that which could be taken over the longer route, and the proportionate wear on the draught animals and the vehicle will often vary in a similar measure. Moreover, the expense of maintaining hilly roads, under the wearing action of rain, frost, and locked wheels, will more than counterbalance the cost of a longer but less inclined route.

Many persons, particularly those of small experience, are of the opinion that they carry in the mind a wide stretch of country so effectively that they may be able to design a route which will fit the topography in a satisfactory manner. This is clearly a delusion, as is shown by the fact that no trained engineer, however wide his experience, dares trust himself to stake out a mile of railway without a careful preliminary survey of the ground, one which will enable him to take to his office the data by which he can plot and compare the several possible routes. This care as to the location of a railway, though invariably taken, is, in proportion to the magnitude of the interests involved, of rather less consequence than that demanded in the case of a common road. The increase in the expenditure of energy required to convey the loads of ordinary wagons up steep slopes is quite as great as it would be in the case of a locomotive climbing like grades, and the power which is applied through horseflesh costs far more per unit than that used in a locomotive. It is therefore clearly important to take the same kind of care in determining the route to be followed by a highway as is taken in the choice of a line for the newer kind of transportation.

The difficulty of securing proper engineering skill to determine the route to be followed by our ordinary roads arises in part from the fact that the greater portion of these lines, even in our little-settled districts, have already been fixed in a way which makes it almost impossible to correct their course; in part from the incompetence of our rural road-masters to do the kind of topographic work which is demanded of those who plan such constructions. Only slowly can we hope to correct the alignment of these ways. This task will have to be done in a piecemeal manner, and almost always the end will have to be attained against much opposition. In constructing new roads, much help will doubtless

be had from the contour maps which the United States Geological Survey, in some cases with the aid of the several States, is now making. The more perfect of these charts delineate the surface of the country on the scale of one inch to the mile, and the heights are indicated by contour lines which show in a generally accurate way the form of the surface at intervals of twenty feet of elevation. So far, maps of this description of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and New Jersey have been prepared, and work of a similar nature is now under way in most of the States of this country. With such maps, a discreet engineer, however limited his education, can plan the route of a highway, and determine with an approximation to accuracy the aggregate grade which will be encountered along the various lines which may be suggested. Though the results obtained by this method will be less satisfactory than they would be if based on an accurate map prepared for the particular end in view, they will be vastly better than if they had been won by the old method, where the surveyor worked his way across the country, planning the road with reference to the ground which was immediately within the scope of his vision.

Difficult as is the task which the surveyor has to meet in planning a highway, the work is relatively simple as compared with the more detailed part of his duties when he comes to determine the exact form and structure of the road-bed. These features have to be related to a much-entangled set of natural and artificial conditions. He must then take into account the general nature of the traffic for which the way is to be used, the quality of the underlying earth as regards its solidity and the effect of the water upon it, the penetration of frost and its effects, the dangers arising from the scouring action of rain, and the character of the materials to be used in building the traveled way. These considerations, though numerous,

are indeed only a part of those which have to be borne in mind by the person who is responsible for the planning of such a work. Simple as the task of road-building may seem to be, it is in fact more complicated than that which is encountered by the railway engineer. It demands something of the multifariousness of considerations required in the architect's art. In the construction of a highway say ten miles in length, designed to meet the needs of a rural community in a country of irregular surface, there are needed as much constructive knowledge and skill, and perhaps a larger grasp of complicated conditions than are demanded in planning a great building.

Perhaps the first question which the road-master has to consider is that concerning the width of the way he is to build. In this country, as well as in most of the states of Europe, the tendency is to make the road-bed a good deal wider than sound practice dictates. A part of the badness of our American roads is generally due to the fact that the trackway is far too wide to be effectively maintained. In this, as in many other of the grosser arts, we may well take a lesson from the ancient Romans, perhaps the earliest skillful road-makers in the world. They invariably built their road-beds with no more width than was sufficient to permit two wagons conveniently to pass each other. In general, the paved portion of their ways, even those which were most frequented, did not exceed fourteen feet in width. They were, indeed, much narrower than those which are commonly found in our country districts. Our American ideas of largeness demand a road-bed from eighteen to twenty feet in width, bordered on either side by a waste of land forming a useless kind of common, and having an aggregate width of from twenty to eighty feet. This selva of untilled territory, which is often worse than worthless, because it becomes a nest and nursery of weeds, is frequently main-

tained beside our best constructed ways. The demand for this waste room beside the highway is due to a tradition founded in a time before any effort had been made to provide any artificial support in the way of a road-bed. In those olden days it was very convenient, and indeed often necessary, to turn aside from the ruts which had been cut axle-deep in the unprotected earth, to seek an untrodden field on either side. The loss of good arable land arising from the unnecessary width of the highway and its fringes often amounts to as much as four acres in area for the mile in length; and in some parts of the country more than one per cent of the tillage value of the region is thus, in obedience to an absurd tradition, deprived of all utility.

The nature of the traffic which is to go over a highway is an important element in determining both the width and character of the construction. The main point to be ascertained is the number, weight, and width of the carriages of all kinds which are to traverse the way. If the traffic is likely to be large, the road will need greater width and more strength near its margins than where it is to serve the need of but few vehicles. The solitary driver may be trusted to take the middle of the way; horses, indeed, incline to do so of their own motion: thus the marginal wearing of the road will be limited to those points where vehicles pass each other, and the whole amount of such wearing will be inconsiderable. Where, however, the carriages are numerous, they often drive in parallel lines, the outer wheel of each column on the margin of the road-bed. Moreover, a considerable difference in the width of roads is required by the length of axles which are in use. Farm-vehicles, in most parts of this country, are now tending toward shorter distance between the wheels than of old. There is, however, a great variety in this regard. Thus the light carriages in use in Barnstable and Dukes counties, Mas-

sachusetts, have axles about eight inches longer than those which are found near Boston. Therefore a well-devised road from that city to any point on Cape Cod would properly be sixteen inches wider at its southern than at its northern end.

The weight which is carried on vehicles in well-paved cities is prevailingly very much greater than that which is borne upon the wagons in the open country, and this for the simple reason that the roads are better in the towns than in the rural parts. Yet in our country communities the amount of heavy traffic varies over a wide scale. Where the farming industry provides large amounts of heavy products, such as grain, cotton, or tobacco, materials of which the price is sufficiently great to permit of distant carriage to railway or river, the roads are sure to be taxed by very destructive wagons. On the other hand, where, as in New England, the principal marketed products are from the dairy or the market-garden, the average load upon the wagons may not be one third as great as it would be if they carried the crops above mentioned. The discreet road-master will reckon for the maximum weight on four wheels which his roadway will have to sustain, and on that basis he will determine the required strength of the platform which he has to maintain.

A large part of the trouble with American roads arises from the absurd narrowness of the tire or bearing part of our wagon-wheels. It was probably from considerations of economy, in the days when iron was high-priced, that the American people, as if by common consent, adopted excessively narrow tires. If this unhappy fashion was due to this motive, it was certainly "penny wise and pound foolish" in a measure which is rarely to be found among rational people. Some argument may be made for the use of a narrow rim to a wheel where the roads could have the hardness of granite blocks, but in our ordinary American conditions a wagon

carrying the weight of a ton upon its bearing points must be regarded as an instrument of destruction. At the very best, a wagon-wheel is a millstone with the road-bed for its grist, and the measure of the damage which it inflicts is, the weight being equal, inversely proportional to the width of the tire. We may see in the *arastra* of the Spanish miner or the common pug-mill of the brick-maker how effective is the continuous action of the wheel in grinding up rocky matter of varied hardness. The dust on a common macadamized road tells the story with equal clearness. But little of this waste comes from the horses' feet; the most is ground up by the wheels. On account of this destructive effect of the wheel, it is necessary to secure the smoothest and hardest surface which can be obtained for it to move over.

The ideal surface for the wheel is that which is obtained in the continuous steel bar of a well-constructed railway. The aim in the common road is as nearly as possible to approach the conditions which are afforded by such a track. Every irregularity of the surface on which the wheel bears, whether it be on the axle or the tire, is an element of cost, and is inevitably found in the bill for repairs, whether it come on town or private account. A pebble in the road over which the wagon has to be lifted requires an expenditure of power in traction to win the height, and when the wheel falls it strikes the roadway like a trip-hammer, damaging road and wagon alike. In the present or any probable state of our road-making art, it appears to be impossible to give wagons the conditions of a metal tramway. We have to approach this ideal as best we may by making the tracks of some stony material found near the line of the road, and convertible, at small cost, into suitable foundations for the highway.

The accumulated experience of more than a century serves to show that only in rare cases can we find conditions

where the materials of the soil or of the subsoil are fit for the construction of roads. The reason for this is simple. It is found in the fact that the processes which affect the earth's surface and produce the *débris* suited to the uses of plants tend to divide the rocky matter into more or less distinctly rounded bits which have soft outer surfaces. Whenever the shearing strain of a wheel is brought upon this detrital matter, the particles generally move over each other, so that the greater part of the pulling force which is applied to the vehicle is expended in a kind of ploughing work, a task which is about as far removed from the legitimate business of traversing a way as can well be imagined. The best exemplification of this class of actions is found where a road is floored with gravel. We can there clearly see and hear the effects of the shearing action which the wheel produces on the materials, and from this example we more readily perceive that the first object of the road-maker is to keep the substances which form the bed firmly in place. In cities he may attain this end by paving with blocks of stone or brick, or by covering his roads with a cemented material like asphalt. The Romans adhered to the principle of pavement composed of blocks, in all their important great ways. But these types of construction are impracticable in country districts on account of the great cost which they entail; and they are, moreover, damaging to the feet of horses when they are moving at a faster rate than a walk. Road engineers, therefore, have come to the conclusion that the staple or standard foundation for roads must consist of broken stone, the angular faces of the fragments so driven together that they will cling unmoved under any pressure which vehicles will bring upon them. Whatever be the variations on the theme, the plan of foundation made of angular bits of stone, and named "*macadam*," from the man

who first brought it into extensive use, seems to be firmly fixed in our system of road construction. Upon this foundation of coarse material a superstructure for the contact with the wheel can be made in different ways, according to the needs and conditions to which the road-master has to adapt his work.

So great and so extreme are the variations in the conditions which limit the constructive work involved in road-making that this field of activity must ever be classed with the labors of the architect, and not with those of the mere builder. In time it will come to be perceived that the construction of highways demands a range of knowledge and a capacity for adapting means to ends which are required in but few of the branches of engineering. The range and scope of the problems are clearly greater than those which have to be dealt with by the railway engineer. If we take into account only the discretion which has to be exercised in the choice of road materials from among the various rock formations which the country near to the way may afford, we perceive at once how wide and full the knowledge of the road-master needs to be. Thus, in New England, it is rare indeed to find that a reasonably good choice has been made from the resources which the varied geology affords, and rarer still that the constructor wisely combines the substances which are at his disposition. To most of the men a rock is a rock, and even experience seldom tells them the difference in the value of the substances in road-making. With such men whims often take the place of knowledge, and the untutored man may amuse himself by efforts to mend a road with scraps of leather, with much resulting damage to the feet of horses from the nails which this waste commonly contains; or he may satisfy his limited desires for betterment by scraping the mud from the gutters into the cradle-holes which the wheels have formed in the trackway.

Properly to construct or repair a highway demands an intimate knowledge of the geology of the country which it traverses. If the under-structure of the earth, as is usual, varies much in character, there is certain to be a great choice in the materials which may be made to serve in road-making. Some of these may prove, under the action of frost and rain, totally unserviceable, though their general aspect and momentary character may appear exactly suited to the end in view. Others, though soft on first exposure, rapidly become compact and enduring through a process of hardening which resembles that which takes place in good mortar. Here, as elsewhere in the road-maker's art, we find that he needs to be a naturalist; or, in other words, he must have a keen sense of the variety of conditions in the world about him. Although something of this sense may be born in men, we cannot trust to chance for discretion, but must seek to attain it by education.

Many of the worst roads in this country are brought into their abject state by an unreasonable interference with natural processes,—an interference which arises from an ignorant prepossession that all roads should have the same general aspect. Thus, in sandy regions, such as those in southeastern Massachusetts, and in many other districts near the southern margin of the area occupied by the ice during the last glacial period, the first wagon-roads belonged to the class which we may call trackways, in which the path was just wide enough for a single vehicle, with occasional turn-outs to permit wagons to pass each other. On these trackways a single pair of parallel ruts were quickly formed, the growth of bushes and low forest trees pressing so close to the roadway as to form a wall of foliage on either side. In many cases the crease made by the hubs of the wagons could be distinctly traced in the thick-set vegetation. Roads of this description af-

forded excellent wheeling, and were maintained almost without cost. The falling leaves and small branches were swept into the ruts, and there mingled with the sand, forming a compact and elastic foundation for the wheels. The sandy soil permitted the rain-water quickly to drain away, so that no gutters were required. Although an unreasoning desire for improvement has led to the widening of almost all these old-fashioned trackways, we may here and there find bits of them which have escaped the merciless hand of the uneducated road-master. The present writer is accustomed frequently to pass over a stretch of road which was originally all of this nature; but a part of it has been altered to the regulation width of forty feet, while another portion remains in its primitive state. On the improved road the constantly shifting sands are not readily to be passed over by a pair of swift horses drawing a light wagon at a greater rate than six miles an hour. On the more ancient and natural type of way it is easy to attain twice that speed. The horses themselves know the difference in the quality of the roads, and adjust their pace to the conditions.

The foregoing account of the road-maker's art, though a most incomplete sketch of its conditions, will serve to show the reader that this field of activity is not one which can be advantageously cultivated by ignorant men, whatever be their natural capacities, or the measure of the experience which they may have derived from a wise use of their blunders. This art demands a wide and well-founded training. It must rest, indeed, upon a good knowledge of several natural sciences. No amount of general determination to improve our conditions in this economic field will be fruitful unless we provide our communities with men who are well trained for the work which is to be done. Unless provision is at once made to educate road-masters, the present access of interest in this art will lead in-

evitably to a vast array of costly mistakes which will be likely to discourage our people, and to lead them to the conviction that their new estate is worse than the old. At present there are probably not fifty engineers in the United States who have been properly trained for the work of constructing highways. There may be several times this number who are more or less satisfactorily expert in constructing city streets; but that particular task, though difficult enough, is, as compared with that which the rural-highway engineer has to take up, of a relatively simple nature. Few, if any, of our engineering-schools pay any particular attention to this science and art. The question of common ways is treated incidentally, and with no emphasis at all commensurate with its importance. There is practically no effort made to develop specialists in this profession.

The first step towards our new dispensation is to persuade our greater schools to undertake the systematic education of road-masters, giving to the task the same care which they devote to the preparation of young men for railway or hydraulic engineering. There is reason to hope that the schools of this class which have generally shown admirable alacrity in responding to public demands will quickly meet this. The Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard University has already arranged for the services of an instructor in this department, who will devote all his teaching to matters connected with road construction. It is proposed to accumulate a sufficient collection of models and other apparatus to illustrate the teaching in the laboratory, while the manifold experiments in the methods of construction exhibited in eastern Massachusetts can be used as object lessons. If a dozen of our engineering-schools in different parts of the country will provide similar systematic and continuous instruction, we may hope, in the course of four or five years, to graduate trained road-masters who are well in-

formed in the science and art of their profession.

The next question for the reformer in the matter of road-building concerns the method by which the work of construction, improvement, and repair can be insured against the evils of ignorance. There is an old adage to the effect that it is one thing to lead a horse to water, and quite another to make him drink. Where ancient manners and customs, however bad, are to be modified, we must expect difficulty, and be prepared to move on the lines of least resistance. If we trust to the present desire to improve our roads under the existing methods of control, we cannot expect much amelioration. We must find some way in which well-informed authority can so direct the work as to assure a satisfactory result. It is obviously out of the question to look to the federal government for any considerable aid in this work. The Geological Survey is now providing, through its excellent topographical maps, something which may serve as a geographic foundation in planning the vast number of new roads which are to be constructed to meet the needs of our increasing population. To the same survey we may also turn for accurate studies and accounts of the road-materials of the country. It is evident that our state governments are the largest units of a legislative or administrative nature from which we can reasonably expect direct help. Even in these commonwealths, it may prove desirable to limit the action of the central authority to furnishing information to the several counties or towns. Where, as in Massachusetts, and prevailing in New England, the counties are large, it may prove advantageous to have a state board of road engineers, one of whom shall represent the commonwealth, and one for each of the several counties. These officers, sitting together, could adopt regulations adapted to the State as a whole, or to its several natural divisions; and in their own bailiwicks they could con-

trol the methods of construction adopted by the towns or other municipalities.

So strong is the noble motive of self-government, even in those communities which least recognize its existence, that we must expect a certain amount of resistance against even so much of an invasion into the ancient privileges of a people. If the condition of highways were a matter of importance only to the inhabitants of the town within whose limits they lie, the discreet reformer would hesitate to make this trespass; but such is the measure of interaction among our population that in many, if not in most cases, the highways of our municipalities of any grade are as much used by those who dwell without their borders as by their own inhabitants. Moreover, from a certain point of view we may fairly hold that the State has a right to protect its people so far as it can against the vile, discriminating taxation which bad highways inflict.

There is reason to hope that the advance in our methods of road construction will take place with exceeding rapidity, provided we guard the existing movement against the dangers of ignorant enthusiasm. As soon as, in any town, a few miles of good rural highway have been constructed, we may trust to the quick-witted nature of our people to extend the system. We see the same contagion of example, to which we may trust, in the ready imitation which is made in the edifices of our communities. It requires but a few years for good or evil in architecture to traverse a wide field. It is, therefore, the more clearly important that our first essays in the way of better roads should be undertaken as advisedly as possible, that they should represent the utmost which knowledge can do for us. If we but proceed in this way, we may fairly hope to avoid serious blunders with our innovations, and within the lifetime of a generation we may reckon on winning gains of great social as well as economic value.

Nathaniel Southgate Shaler.

ARRIA.

“PÆTUS, my master sends death, but thereto addeth this grace, —
Choose thou the hour and the hand that shall drive the steel to its place.”
Thus spake a Dacian slave, noiseless retiring apace.
Blanched were the lips of Arria.

Anon their rich color returned in a threefold resurgent wave.
“Death must thou have, O my dearest, yet not by the hand of a slave!
Lordly give back to the gods the lordly gift that they gave!”
Smiled the red lips of Arria.

(Mark! not the starveling of life, not the scorner, is freest from fear;
Hearts richest in love are foremost to rush on the foeman’s spear;
And the keen accolade that maketh immortal falls sacred and dear
As the kiss from the lips of Arria.)

And yet mused the knight; for who would not stay, though but for a span,
Ere he pass to the untried gods this life in the known frame of man?
So strong through his veins the impact of years to be canceled yet ran, —
And so sweet were the lips of Arria!

“Now death or craven delaying!” clear rang her silvery note.
“Thou wouldst not falter in choice, thou ever to honor devote!”
As throbs the soft breast of a startled dove, so throbbed her soft throat,
Yet firm the red lips of Arria.

With the dower of her beauty upon her she stood in his wavering sight;
A true Roman wife, he beheld her, the peer of a true Roman knight.
“Hast thou lost the old way, O my lord, dost thou need one to set thee
aright?”
Still smiled the red lips of Arria.

And, smiling, she laid her warm hand on the steel true-tempered and cold.
“This were the way!” (She has driven the point through her tunic’s white
fold!)
“This *is* the way, — none other; but, Pætus, it hurts not — behold!” —
And hushed were the lips of Arria.

Oh, horror! oh, pity! oh, love! But now is no moment to weep;
Let the bright death, from her heart to his own, importunate leap;
Ay, for it hurts not when life flitteth forth from its cabinet deep, —
Forth to the soul of Arria!

One touch of her consecrate lips, one instant above her he stands;
In the next he hath caught the life-drinking blade in his two firm hands.
He hath tried the old way, — the old way that ever mocked tyrannous bands, —
Now forth to the soul of Arria!

Edith M. Thomas.

DON ORSINO.¹

XXII.

ORSINO felt suddenly relieved when he left his office in the afternoon. Contini's gloomy mood was contagious, and so long as Orsino was with him it was impossible not to share the architect's view of affairs. Alone, however, things did not seem so bad. As a matter of fact, it was almost impossible for the young man to give up all his illusions concerning his own success in one moment, and to believe himself the dupe of his own blind vanity instead of regarding himself as the winner in the fight for independence of thought and action. He could not deny the facts Contini alleged. He had to admit that he was apparently in Del Ferice's power, unless he appealed to his own people for assistance. He was driven to acknowledge that he had made a great mistake. But he could not altogether distrust himself, and he fancied that after all, with a fair share of luck, he might prove a match for Ugo on the financier's own ground.

He had learned to have confidence in his own powers and judgment, and as he walked away from the office every moment strengthened his determination to struggle on, with such resources as he might be able to command, so long as there should be a possibility of action of any sort. He felt, too, that more depended upon his success than the mere satisfaction of his vanity. If he failed, he might lose Maria Consuelo as well as his self-respect. He had that sensation familiar enough to many young men when extremely in love, that in order to be loved in return one must succeed, and that a single failure endangers the stability of a passion which, if it be honest, has nothing to do with failure or success.

At Orsino's age, and with his temper, it is hard to believe that pity is more closely akin to love than admiration.

Gradually the conviction reasserted itself that he could fight his way through unaided, and his spirits rose as he approached the more crowded quarters of the city, on his way to the hotel where Maria Consuelo was stopping. Not even the yells of the newsboys affected him, as they announced the failure of the great contractor Ronco, and offered, in a second edition, a complete account of the bankruptcy. It struck him, indeed, that before long the same brazen voices might be screaming out the news that Andrea Contini and Company had come to grief. But the idea lent a sense of danger to the situation which Orsino did not find unpleasant. The greater the difficulty, the greater the merit in overcoming it, and the greater, therefore, the admiration he should get from the woman he loved. His position was certainly an odd one, and many men would not have felt the excitement which he experienced. The financial side of the question was strangely indifferent to him, who knew himself backed by the great fortune of his family, and believed that his ultimate loss could only be the small sum with which he had begun his operations. But the moral risk seemed enormous, and grew in importance as he thought of it.

He found Maria Consuelo looking pale and weary. She evidently had no intention of going out that day, for she wore a morning gown, and was established upon a lounge, with books and flowers beside her, as though she did not mean to move. She was not reading, however. Orsino was startled by the sadness in her face.

She looked fixedly into his eyes as

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she gave him her hand, and he sat down beside her.

"I am glad you are come," she said at last, in a low voice. "I have been hoping all day that you would come early."

"I would have come this morning, if I had dared," answered Orsino.

She looked at him again, and smiled faintly.

"I have a great deal to say to you," she began. Then she hesitated, as though uncertain where to begin.

"And I" — Orsino tried to take her hand, but she withdrew it.

"Yes, but do not say it. At least, not now."

"Why not, dear one? May I not tell you how I love you? What is it, love? You are so sad to-day. Has anything happened?"

His voice grew soft and tender as he spoke, bending to her ear. She pushed him gently back.

"You know what has happened," she answered. "It is no wonder that I am sad."

"I do not understand you, dear. Tell me what it is."

"I told you too much yesterday."

"Too much?"

"Far too much."

"Are you going to unsay it?"

"How can I?"

She turned her face away, and her fingers played nervously with her laces.

"No, indeed, neither of us can unsay such words," said Orsino. "But I do not understand you yet, darling. You must tell me what you mean to-day."

"You know it all. It is because you will not understand" —

Orsino's face changed, and his voice took another tone when he spoke.

"Are you playing with me, Consuelo?" he asked gravely.

She started slightly, and grew paler than before.

"You are not kind. I am suffering very much. Do not make it harder."

"I am suffering, too. You mean

me to understand that you regret what happened yesterday, and that you wish to take back your words; that, whether you love me or not, you mean to act and appear as though you did not, and that I am to behave as though nothing had happened? Do you think that would be easy? And do you think I do not suffer at the mere idea of it?"

"Since it must be" —

"There is no must," answered Orsino, with energy. "You would ruin your life and mine for the mere shadow of a memory which you choose to take for a binding promise. I will not let you do it."

"You will not?" She looked at him quickly, with an expression of resistance.

"No, I will not," he repeated. "We have too much at stake. You shall not lose all for both of us."

"You are wrong, dear one," she said, with sudden softness. "If you love me, you should believe me and trust me. I can give you nothing but unhappiness."

"You have given me the only happiness I ever knew, and you ask me to believe that you could make me unhappy in any way except by not loving me! Consuelo, my darling, are you out of your senses?"

"No. I am too much in them. I wish I were not. If I were mad, I should" —

"What?"

"Never mind. I will not even say it. No, do not try to take my hand, for I will not give it to you. Listen, Orsino; be reasonable; listen to me."

"I will try to listen."

But Maria Consuelo did not speak at once. Possibly she was trying to collect her thoughts.

"What have you to say, dearest?" asked Orsino at last. "I will try to understand."

"You must understand. I will make it all clear to you, and then you will see it as I do."

"And then — what?"

"And then we must part," she said in a low voice.

Orsino said nothing, but shook his head incredulously.

"Yes," repeated Maria Consuelo, "we must not see each other any more after this. It has been all my fault. I shall leave Rome, and not come back again. It will be best for you, and I will make it best for me."

"You talk very easily of parting."

"Do I? Every word is a wound. Do I look as though I were indifferent?"

Orsino glanced at her pale face and tearful eyes.

"No, dear," he said softly.

"Then do not call me heartless. I have more heart than you think, and it is breaking. And do not say that I do not love you. I love you better than you know; better than you will be loved again when you are older — and happier, perhaps. Yes, I know what you want to say. Well, dear, you love me, too. Yes, I know it. Let there be no unkind words and no doubts between us to-day. I think it is our last day together."

"For God's sake, Consuelo" —

"We shall see. Now let me speak, if I can. There are three reasons why you and I should not marry. I have thought of them through all last night and all to-day, and I know them. The first is my solemn vow to the dying man who loved me so well, and who asked nothing but that, — whose wife I never was, but whose name I bear. Think me mad, superstitious, what you will, — I cannot break that promise. It was almost an oath not to love, and if it was I have broken it. But the rest I can keep, and will. The next reason is that I am older than you. I might forget that, I have forgotten it more than once, but the time will come soon when you will remember it."

Orsino made an angry gesture and would have spoken, but she checked him.

"Pass that over, since we are both young. The third reason is harder to tell, and no power on earth can explain it away. I am no match for you in birth, Orsino" —

The young man interrupted her now, and fiercely.

"Do you dare to think that I care what your birth may be?" he asked.

"There are those who do care, even if you do not, dear one," she answered quietly.

"And what is their caring to you or me?"

"It is not so small a matter as you think. I am not talking of a mere difference in rank. It is worse than that. I do not really know who I am. Do you understand? I do not know who my mother was, nor whether she is alive or dead, and before I was married I did not bear my father's name."

"But you know your father; you know his name, at least?"

"Yes."

"Who is he?" Orsino could hardly pronounce the words of the question.

"Count Spicca."

Maria Consuelo spoke quietly, but her fingers trembled nervously, and she watched Orsino's face in evident distress and anxiety. As for Orsino, he was almost dumb with amazement.

"Spicca! Spicca your father!" he repeated indistinctly.

In all his many speculations as to the tie which existed between Maria Consuelo and the old duelist, he had never thought of this one.

"Then you never suspected it?" asked Maria Consuelo.

"How should I? And your own father killed your husband. Good heavens! What a story!"

"You know now. You see for yourself how impossible it is that I should marry you."

In his excitement Orsino had risen and was pacing the room. He scarcely heard her last words, and did not say anything in reply. Maria Con-

suelo lay quite still upon the lounge, her hands clasped tightly together and straining upon each other.

"You see it all now," she said again. This time his attention was arrested, and he stopped before her.

"Yes. I see what you mean. But I do not see it as you see it. I do not see that any of these things you have told me need hinder our marriage."

Maria Consuelo did not move, but her expression changed. The light stole slowly into her face and lingered there; not driving away the sadness, but illuminating it.

"And would you have the courage, in spite of your family and of society, to marry me, a woman practically nameless, older than yourself?" —

"I not only would, but I will," answered Orsino.

"You cannot, but I thank you, dear," said Maria Consuelo.

He was standing close beside her. She took his hand and tenderly touched it with her lips. He started and drew it back, for no woman had ever kissed his hand. "You must not do that!" he exclaimed instinctively.

"And why not, if I please?" she asked, raising her eyebrows with a little affectionate laugh.

"I am not good enough to kiss your hand, darling, still less to let you kiss mine. Never mind. We were talking; where were we?"

"You were saying" — But he interrupted her.

"What does it matter, when I love you so, and you love me?" he asked passionately.

He knelt beside her as she lay on the lounge, and took her hands, holding them and drawing her towards him. She resisted, and turned her face away.

"No, no! It matters too much. Let me go; it only makes it worse!"

"Makes what worse?"

"Parting."

"We will not part. I will not let you go!"

But still she struggled with her hands, and he, fearing to hurt them in his grasp, let them slip away with a lingering touch.

"Get up," she said. "Sit here, beside me — a little further — there! We can talk better so."

"I cannot talk at all" —

"Without holding my hands?"

"Why should I not?"

"Because I ask you. Please, dear."

She drew back on the lounge, raised herself a little, and turned her face to him. Again, as his eyes met hers, he leaned forward quickly, as though he would leave his seat. But she checked him by an imperative glance and a gesture. He was unreasonable, and had no right to be annoyed, but something in her manner chilled him and pained him in a way he could not have explained. When he spoke, there was a shade of change in the tone of his voice.

"The things you have told me do not influence me in the least," he said, with more calmness than he had yet shown. "What you believe to be the most important reason is no reason at all to me. You are Count Spicca's daughter. He is an old friend of my father, — not that it matters very materially, but it may make everything easier. I will go to him to-day and tell him that I wish to marry you."

"You will not do that!" exclaimed Maria Consuelo in a tone of alarm.

"Yes, I will. Why not? Do you know what he once said to me? He told me he wished we might take a fancy to each other, because, as he expressed it, we should be so well matched."

"Did he say that?" asked Maria Consuelo gravely.

"That, or something to the same effect. Are you surprised? What surprises me is that I should never have guessed the relation between you. Now, your father is a very honorable man. What he said meant something,

and when he said it he meant that our marriage would seem natural to him and to everybody. I will go and talk to him. So much for your great reason. As for the second you gave, it is absurd. We are of the same age, to all intents and purposes."

"I am not twenty-three years old."

"And I am not quite two and twenty. Is that a difference? So much for that. Take the third, which you put first. Seriously, do you think that any intelligent being would consider you bound by such a promise? Do you mean to say that a young girl—you were nothing more—has a right to throw away her life out of sentiment by making a promise of that kind? And to whom? To a man who is not her husband, and never can be, because he is dying; to a man just not indifferent to her; to a man"—

Maria Consuelo raised herself and looked full at Orsino. Her face was extremely pale, and her eyes were suddenly dark and gleamed.

"Don Orsino, you have no right to talk to me in that way. I loved him; no one knows how I loved him!"

There was no mistaking the tone and the look. Orsino felt again, and more strongly, the chill and the pain he had felt before. He was silent for a moment. Maria Consuelo looked at him a second longer, and then let her head fall back upon the cushion. But the expression which had come into her face did not change at once.

"Forgive me," said Orsino, after a pause. "I had not quite understood. The only imaginable reason which could make our marriage impossible would be that. If you loved him so well,—if you loved him in such a way as to prevent you from loving me as I love you,—why then you may be right, after all."

In the silence which followed, Orsino turned his face away and gazed at the window. He had spoken quietly enough, and his expression, strange to

say, was calm and thoughtful. It is not always easy for a woman to understand a man, for men soon learn to conceal what hurts them, but take little trouble to hide their happiness, if they are honest. A man more often betrays himself by a look of pleasure than by an expression of disappointment. It was thought manly to bear pain in silence long before it became fashionable to seem indifferent to joy.

Orsino's manner displeased Maria Consuelo. It was too quiet and cold, and she thought he cared less than he really did.

"You say nothing," he said at last.

"What shall I say? You speak of something preventing me from loving you as you love me. How can I tell how much you love me?"

"Do you not see it? Do you not feel it?" Orsino's tone warmed again as he turned towards her, but he was conscious of an effort. Deeply as he loved her, it was not natural for him to speak passionately just at that moment, but he knew she expected it, and he did his best. She was disappointed.

"Not always," she answered, with a little sigh.

"You do not always believe that I love you?"

"I did not say that. I am not always sure that you love me as much as you think you do. You imagine a great deal."

"I did not know it."

"Yes, sometimes. I am sure it is so."

"And how am I to prove that you are wrong and I am right?"

"How should I know? Perhaps time will show."

"Time is too slow for me. There must be some other way."

"Find it, then," said Maria Consuelo, smiling rather sadly.

"I will."

He meant what he said, but the difficulty of the problem perplexed him,

and there was not enough conviction in his voice. He was thinking rather of the matter itself than of what he said. Maria Consuelo fanned herself slowly and stared at the wall.

"If you doubt so much," said Orsino at last, "I have the right to doubt a little, too. If you loved me well enough, you would promise to marry me. You do not."

There was a short pause. At last Maria Consuelo closed her fan, looked at it, and spoke.

"You say my reason is not good. Must I go all over it again? It seems a good one to me. Is it incredible to you that a woman should love twice? Such things have happened before. Is it incredible to you that, loving one person, a woman should respect the memory of another and a solemn promise given to that other? I should respect myself less if I did not. That it is all my fault I will admit, if you like: that I should never have received you as I did, I grant it all, — that I was weak yesterday, that I am weak to-day, that I should be weak to-morrow if I let this go on. I am sorry. You can take a little of the blame, if you are generous enough or vain enough. You have tried hard to make me love you, and you have succeeded, for I love you very much. So much the worse for me. It must end now."

"You do not think of me, when you say that."

"Perhaps I think more of you than you know or will understand. I am older than you, — do not interrupt me! I am older, for a woman is always older than a man in some things. I know what will happen, what will certainly happen in time, if we do not part. You will grow jealous of a shadow, and I shall never be able to tell you that this same shadow is not dear to me. You will come to hate what I have loved and love still, though it does not prevent me from loving you, too" —

"But less well," said Orsino, rather harshly.

"You would believe that, at least, and the thought would always be between us."

"If you loved me as much, you would not hesitate. You would marry me living, as you married him dead."

"If there were no other reason against it" — She stopped.

"There is no other reason," said Orsino, insisting.

Maria Consuelo shook her head, but said nothing, and a long silence followed. Orsino sat still, watching her, and wondering what was passing in her mind. It seemed to him, and perhaps rightly, that if she were really in earnest, and loved him with all her heart, the reasons she gave for a separation were far from sufficient. He had not even much faith in her present obstinacy, and he did not believe that she would really go away. It was incredible that any woman could be so capricious as she chose to be. Her calmness, or what appeared to him her calmness, made it even less probable, he thought, that she meant to part from him. But the thought alone was enough to disturb him seriously. He had suffered a severe shock with outward composure, but not without inward suffering, followed, naturally enough, by something like angry resentment. As he viewed the situation, Maria Consuelo had alternately drawn him on and disappointed him from the very beginning; she had taken delight in forcing him to speak out his love, only to chill him the next moment or the next day with the certainty that she did not love him sincerely. Just then he would have preferred not to put into words the thoughts of her that crossed his mind. They would have expressed a disbelief in her character which he did not really feel, and an opinion of his own judgment which he would rather not have accepted.

He even went so far, in his anger,

as to imagine what would happen if he suddenly rose to go. She would put on that sad look of hers and give him her hand coldly. Then, just as he reached the door, she would call him back, only to send him away again. He would find on the following day that she had not left town, after all, or at most that she had gone to Florence for a day or two, while the workmen completed the furnishing of her apartment. Then she would come back, and would meet him just as though there had never been anything between them.

The anticipation was so painful to him that he wished to have it realized and over as soon as possible, and he looked at her again before rising from his seat. He could hardly believe that she was the same woman who had stood with him watching the thunderstorm on the previous afternoon.

He saw that she was pale, but she was not facing the light, and the expression of her face was not distinctly visible. On the whole, he fancied that her look was one of indifference. Her hands lay idly upon her fan, and by the drooping of her lids she seemed to be looking at them. The full, curved lips were closed, but not drawn in as though in pain, nor pouting as though in displeasure. She appeared to be singularly calm. After hesitating another moment Orsino rose to his feet. He had made up his mind what to say, for it was little enough, but his voice trembled somewhat.

"Good-by, madame."

Maria Consuelo started slightly and looked up, as though to see whether he indeed meant to go at that moment. She had no idea that he really thought of taking her at her word and parting then and there. She did not realize how true it was that she was much older than he, and she had never believed him to be as impulsive as he sometimes seemed.

"Do not go yet," she said instinctively.

"Since you say we must part" — He stopped, as though leaving her to finish the sentence in imagination.

A frightened look passed quickly over Maria Consuelo's face. She made as though she would have taken his hand; then drew back her own and bit her lip, not angrily, but as though she were controlling something.

"Since you insist upon our parting," Orsino said, after a short, strained silence, "it is better that it should be got over at once." In spite of himself his voice was still unsteady.

"I did not — no — yes, it is better so."

"Then good-by, madame."

It was impossible for her to understand all that had passed in his mind while he had sat beside her, after the previous conversation had ended. His abruptness and coldness were incomprehensible to her.

"Good-by, then, Orsino."

For a moment her eyes rested on his. It was the sad look he had anticipated, and she put out her hand now. Surely, he thought, if she loved him she would not let him go so easily. He took her fingers and would have raised them to his lips, when they suddenly closed on his, not with the passionate, loving pressure of yesterday, but firmly and quietly, as though they would not be disobeyed, guiding him again to his seat close beside her. He sat down.

"Good-by, then, Orsino," she repeated, not yet relinquishing her hold. "Good-by, dear, since it must be good-by, but not good-by as you said it. You shall not go until you can say it differently."

She let him go, and changed her own position. Her feet slipped to the ground, and she leaned with her elbow upon the head of the lounge, resting her cheek against her hand. She was nearer to him now than before, and their eyes met as they faced each other. She had certainly not chosen her attitude with any second thought of her

own appearance, but, as Orsino looked into her face, he saw again clearly all the beauties that he had so long admired, — the passionate eyes, the full, firm mouth, the broad brow, the luminous white skin, — all beauties in themselves, though not, together, making real beauty, in her case. And beyond these he saw and felt over them all and through them all the charm that fascinated him, appealing as it were to him in particular of all men as it could not appeal to another. He was still angry, disturbed out of his natural self, and almost out of his passion; but he felt none the less that Maria Consuelo could hold him, if she pleased, so long as a shadow of affection for her remained in him, and perhaps longer. When she spoke, he knew what she meant, and he did not interrupt her nor attempt to answer.

"I have meant all I have said to-day," she continued. "Do not think it is easy for me to say more. I would give all I have to give to take back yesterday, for yesterday was my great mistake. I am only a woman, and you will forgive me. I do what I am doing now for your sake, — God knows it is not for mine. God knows how hard it is for me to part from you. I am in earnest, you see. You believe me now?"

Her voice was steady, but the tears were already welling over.

"Yes, dear, I believe you," Orsino answered softly. Women's tears are a great solvent of man's ill temper.

"As for this being right and best, this parting, you will see it as I do, sooner or later. But you do believe that I love you, dearly, tenderly, very — well, no matter how — you believe it?"

"I believe it."

"Then say 'Good-by, Consuelo,' and kiss me once for what might have been."

Orsino half rose, bent down and kissed her cheek.

"Good-by, Consuelo," he said, almost whispering the words into her ear.

In his heart he did not think she meant it. He still expected that she would call him back.

"It is good-by, dear; believe it, remember it!" Her voice shook a little now.

"Good-by, Consuelo," he repeated.

With a loving look that meant no good-by he drew back and went to the door. He laid his hand on the handle and paused. She did not speak. Then he looked at her again. Her head had fallen back against a cushion, and her eyes were half closed. He waited a second, and a keen pain shot through him. Perhaps she was in earnest, after all. In an instant he had recrossed the room and was on his knees beside her, trying to take her hands.

"Consuelo — darling — you do not really mean it! You cannot — you will not" —

He covered her hands with kisses and pressed them to his heart. For a few moments she made no movement, but her eyelids quivered. Then she sprang to her feet, pushing him back violently as he rose with her, and turning her face from him.

"Go, go!" she cried wildly. "Go! Let me never see you again! — never, never!"

Before he could stop her she had passed him with a rush like a swallow on the wing, and was gone from the room.

XXIII.

Orsino was not in an enviable frame of mind when he left the hotel. It is easier to bear suffering when one clearly understands all its causes, and distinguishes just how great a part of it is inevitable, and how great a part may be avoided or mitigated. In the present case there was much in the situation which it passed his power to analyze or comprehend. He still possessed the taste for discovering motives in the actions of others as well as in

his own, but many months of a busy life had dulled the edge of the artificial logic in which he had formerly delighted, while greatly sharpening his practical wit. Artificial analysis supplies from the imagination the details lacking in facts, but common sense needs something more tangible upon which to work. Orsino felt that the chief circumstance which had determined Maria Consuelo's conduct had escaped him, and he sought in vain to detect it.

He rejected the supposition that she was acting upon a caprice; that she had yesterday believed it possible to marry him, while a change of humor made marriage seem out of the question to-day. She was as capricious as most women, perhaps, but not enough so for that. Besides, she had been really consistent. Not even yesterday had she been shaken for a moment in her resolution not to be Orsino's wife. To-day had confirmed yesterday, therefore. However Orsino might have still doubted her intention when he had gone to her side for the last time, her behavior then and her final words had been unmistakable. She meant to leave Rome at once.

Yet the reasons Maria Consuelo had given him for her conduct were not sufficient in his eyes. The difference of age was so small that it could safely be disregarded. Her promise to the dying Aranjuez was an engagement, he thought, by which no person of sense should expect her to abide. As for the question of her birth, he relied on that speech of Spicca's which he so well remembered. Spicca might have spoken the words thoughtlessly, it was true, and believing that Orsino would never, under any circumstances whatever, think seriously of marrying Maria Consuelo. But Spicca was not a man who often spoke carelessly, and what he said generally meant at least as much as it appeared to mean.

It was doubtless true that Maria

Consuelo was ignorant of her mother's name. Nevertheless, it was quite possible that her mother had been Spicca's wife. Spicca's life was said to have been full of strange events not generally known. But though his daughter might, and probably did, believe herself a nameless child, and, as such, no match for the heir of the Saracinesca, Orsino could not see why she should have insisted upon a parting so sudden, so painful, and so premature. She knew as much yesterday, and had known it all along. Why, if she possessed such strength of character, had she allowed matters to go so far, when she could easily have interrupted the course of events at an earlier period? He did not admit that she perhaps loved him so much as to have been carried away by her passion, until she found herself on the point of doing him an injury by marrying him, and that her love was strong enough to induce her to sacrifice herself at the critical moment. Though he loved her much, he did not believe her to be heroic in any way. On the contrary, he said to himself that if she were sincere, and if her love were at all like his own, she would let no obstacle stand in the way of it. To him, the test of love must be its utter recklessness. He could not believe that a still better test may be, and is, the constant forethought for the object of love, and the determination to protect that object from all danger in the present and from all suffering in the future, no matter at what cost.

Perhaps it is not easy to believe that recklessness is a manifestation of the second degree of passion, while the highest shows itself in painful sacrifice. Yet the most daring act of chivalry never called for half the bravery shown by many a martyr at the stake; and if courage be a measure of true passion, the passion which will face lifelong suffering to save its object from unhappiness or degradation is greater than the passion which, for the sake of pos-

sessing its object, drags it into danger and the risk of ruin. It may be that all this is untrue, and that the action of these two imaginary individuals, the one sacrificing himself, the other endangering the loved one, is dependent upon the balance of the animal, intellectual, and moral elements in each. We do not know much about the causes of what we feel, in spite of modern analysis; but the heart rarely deceives us, when we can see the truth for ourselves, into bestowing the more praise upon the less brave of two deeds. But we do not often see the truth as it is. We know little of the lives of others, but we are apt to think that other people understand our own very well, including our good deeds, if we have done any, and we expect full measure of credit for these, and the utmost allowance of charity for our sins. In other words, we desire our neighbor to combine a power of forgiveness almost divine with a capacity for flattery more than parasitic. That is why we are not easily satisfied with our acquaintances, and that is why our friends do not always turn out to be truthful persons. We ask too much for the low price we offer, and if we insist we get the imitation.

Orsino loved Maria Consuelo with all his heart, as much as a young man of little more than one and twenty can love the first woman to whom he is seriously attached. There was nothing heroic in the passion, perhaps, nothing which could ultimately lead to great results. But it was a strong love, nevertheless, with much of devotion in it, and some latent violence. If he did not marry Maria Consuelo, it was not likely that he would ever love again in exactly the same way. His next love would be either far better or far worse, far nobler or far baser; perhaps a little less human in either case.

He walked slowly away from the hotel, unconscious of the people in the street, and not thinking of the direc-

tion he took. His brain was in a whirl, and his thoughts seemed to revolve round some central point upon which they could not concentrate themselves even for a second. The only thing of which he was sure was that Maria Consuelo had taken herself from him suddenly and altogether, leaving him with a sense of loneliness which he had not known before. He had gone to her in considerable distress about his affairs, with the certainty of finding sympathy and perhaps advice. He came away, as some men have returned from a grave accident, apparently unscathed it may be, but temporarily deprived of some one sense, — of sight, or hearing, or touch. He was not sure that he was awake, and his troubled reflections came back by the same unvarying round to the point he had reached the first time, — if Maria Consuelo really loved him, she would not let such obstacles as she spoke of hinder her union with him.

For a time Orsino was not conscious of any impulse to act. Gradually, however, his real nature asserted itself, and he remembered how he had told her, not long before, that if she went away he would follow her; and how he had said that the world was small, and that he would soon find her again. It would undoubtedly be a simple matter to accompany her, if she left Rome. He could easily ascertain the hour of her intended departure, and that alone would tell him the direction she had chosen. When she found that she had not escaped him, she would very probably give up the attempt and come back, her humor would change, and his own eloquence would do the rest.

He stopped in his walk and looked at his watch, and glanced about him. He was at some distance from the hotel, and it was growing dusk, for the days were already short. If Maria Consuelo really meant to leave Rome precipitately, she might go by the evening train to Paris, and in that case the people of

the hotel would have been informed of her intended departure.

Orsino only admitted the possibility of her actually going away, while believing in his heart that she would remain. He slowly retraced his steps, and it was seven o'clock before he asked the hotel porter by what train Madame d'Aranjuez was leaving. The porter did not know whether the lady was going north or south, but he called another man, who went in search of a third, who disappeared for some time.

"Is it sure that Madame d'Aranjuez goes to-night?" asked Orsino, trying to look indifferent.

"Quite sure. Her rooms will be free to-morrow."

Orsino turned away, and paced slowly up and down the marble pavement between the tall plants, waiting for the messenger to come back.

"Madame d'Aranjuez leaves at nine forty-five," said the man, reappearing.

Orsino hesitated a moment, and then made up his mind.

"Ask madame if she will receive me for a moment," he said, producing a card.

The servant went away, and again Orsino walked backwards and forwards, pale now and very nervous. She was really going, and was going north, — probably to Paris.

"Madame regrets infinitely that she is not able to receive the Signor Prince," said the man in black at Orsino's elbow. "She is making her preparations for the journey."

"Show me where I can write a note," said Orsino, who had expected the answer.

He was shown into the reading-room, and writing materials were set before him. He hurriedly wrote a few words to Maria Consuelo, without form of address and without signature.

"I will not let you go without me. If you will not see me, I will be in the train, and I will not leave you, wherever you go. I am in earnest."

He looked at the sheet of note-paper and wondered that he should find nothing more to say. But he had said all he meant, and, sealing the little note, he sent it up to Maria Consuelo, with a request for an immediate answer. Just then the dinner-bell of the hotel was rung. The reading-room was deserted. He waited five minutes, then ten, nervously turning over the newspapers and reviews on the long table, but quite unable to read even the printed titles. He rang, and asked if there had been no answer to his note. The man was the same whom he had sent before. He said the note had been received at the door by the maid, who had said that Madame d'Aranjuez would ring when her answer was ready. Orsino dismissed the servant and waited again. It crossed his mind that the maid might have pocketed the note and said nothing about it, for reasons of her own. He had almost determined to go upstairs and boldly enter the sitting-room, when the door opposite to him opened and Maria Consuelo herself appeared.

She was dressed in a dark close-fitting traveling costume, but she wore no hat. Her face was quite colorless, and looked, if possible, even more unnaturally pale by contrast with her bright auburn hair. She shut the door behind her and stood still, facing Orsino in the glare of the electric lights.

"I did not mean to see you again," she said slowly. "You have forced me to it."

Orsino made a step forward and tried to take her hand, but she drew back. The slight uncertainty often visible in the direction of her glance had altogether disappeared, and her eyes met Orsino's directly and fearlessly.

"Yes," he answered, "I have forced you to it. I know it, and you cannot reproach me if I have. I will not leave you. I am going with you wherever you go."

He spoke calmly, considering the

great emotion he felt, and there was a quiet determination in his words and tone which told how much he was in earnest. Maria Consuelo half believed that she could dominate him by sheer force of will, and she would not give up the idea even now.

"You will not go with me; you will not even attempt it," she said.

It would have been difficult to guess from her face at that moment that she loved him. Her face was pale, and the expression was almost hard. She held her head high, as though she were looking down at him, though he towered above her from his shoulders.

"You do not understand me," he answered quietly. "When I say that I will go with you, I mean that I will go."

"Is this a trial of strength?" she asked, after a moment's pause.

"If it is, I am not conscious of it. It costs me no effort to go; it would cost me much to stay behind, — too much."

He stood quite still before her, looking steadily into her eyes. There was a short silence, and then she suddenly looked down, moved and turned away, beginning to walk about slowly. The room was large, and he paced the floor beside her, looking down at her bent head.

"Will you stay if I ask you to?"

The question came in a lower and softer tone than she had used before.

"I will go with you," answered Orsino as firmly as ever.

"Will you do nothing for my asking?"

"I will do anything but that."

"But that is all I ask."

"You are asking the impossible."

"There are many reasons why you should not come with me. Have you thought of them all?"

"No."

"You should. You ought to know, without being told by me, that you would be doing me a great injustice

and a great injury in following me. You ought to know what the world will say of it. Remember that I am alone."

"I will marry you."

"I have told you that it is impossible. No, do not answer me! I will not go over all that again. I am going away to-night. That is the principal thing, — the only thing that concerns you. Of course, if you choose, you can get into the same train and pursue me to the end of the world. I cannot prevent you. I thought I could, but I was mistaken. I am alone. Remember that, Orsino. You know as well as I what will be said; and the fact is sure to be known."

"People will say that I am following you."

"They will say that we are gone together, for every one will have reason to say it. Do you suppose that nobody is aware of our — our intimacy during the last month?"

"Why not say our love?"

"Because I hope no one knows of that — well, if they do — Orsino, be kind! Let me go alone. As a man of honor, do not injure me by leaving Rome with me, nor by following me when I am gone!"

She stopped, and looked up into his face with an imploring glance. To tell the truth, Orsino had not foreseen that she might appeal to his honor, alleging the danger to her reputation. He bit his lip and avoided her eyes. It was hard to yield, and to yield so quickly, as it seemed to him.

"How long will you stay away?" he asked in a constrained voice.

"I shall not come back at all."

He wondered at the firmness of her tone and manner. Whatever the real ground of her resolution might be, the resolution itself had gained strength since they had parted, little more than an hour earlier. The belief suddenly grew upon him again that she did not love him.

"Why are you going at all?" he

asked abruptly. "If you loved me, you would stay."

She drew a sharp breath and clasped her hands nervously together.

"I should stay if I loved you less. But I have told you, — I will not go over it all again. This must end, — this saying good-by! It is easier to end it at once."

"Easier for you."

"You do not know what you are saying. You will know some day. If you can bear this, I cannot."

"Then stay, if you love me as you say you do."

"As I say I do!"

Her eyes grew very grave and sad as she stopped and looked at him again. Then she held out both her hands.

"I am going now. Good-by."

The blood came back to Orsino's face. It seemed to him that he had reached the crisis of his life, and his instinct was to struggle hard against his fate. With a quick movement he caught her in his arms, lifting her from her feet and pressing her close to him.

"You shall not go!"

He kissed her passionately again and again, while she fought to be free, straining at his arms with her small white hands and trying to turn her face from him.

"Why do you struggle? It is of no use." He spoke in very soft, deep tones, close to her ear.

She shook her head desperately, and still did her best to slip from him, though she might as well have tried to break iron clamps with her fingers.

"It is of no use," he repeated, pressing her still more closely to him.

"Let me go!" she cried, making a violent effort, as fruitless as the last.

"No!"

Then she was quite still, realizing that she had no chance with him.

"Is it manly to be brutal because you are strong?" she asked. "You hurt me."

Orsino's arms relaxed, and he let

her go. She drew a long breath, and moved a step backward and towards the door.

"Good-by," she said again. But this time she did not hold out her hand, though she looked long and fixedly into his face.

Orsino made a movement as though he would have caught her again. She started and put out her hand behind her towards the latch. But he did not touch her. She softly opened the door, looked at him once more, and went out.

When he realized that she was gone, he sprang after her, calling her by name.

"Consuelo!"

There were a few people walking in the broad passage. They stared at Orsino, but he did not heed them as he passed by. Maria Consuelo was not there, and he understood in a moment that it would be useless to seek her further. He stood still a moment, entered the reading-room again, got his hat, and left the hotel without looking behind him.

All sorts of wild ideas and schemes flashed through his brain, each more absurd and impracticable than the last. He thought of going back and finding Maria Consuelo's maid; he might bribe her to prevent her mistress's departure. He thought of offering the driver of the train an enormous sum to do some injury to his engine before reaching the first station out of Rome. He thought of stopping Maria Consuelo's carriage on her way to the train, and taking her by main force to his father's house. If she were compromised in such a way, she would be almost obliged to marry him. He afterwards wondered at the stupidity of his own inventions on that evening, but at the time nothing looked impossible.

He bethought him of Spicca. Perhaps the old man possessed some power over his daughter, after all, and could prevent her flight if he chose. There were yet nearly two hours left before

the train started. If worst came to worst, Orsino could still get to the station at the last minute and leave Rome with her.

He took a passing cab and drove to Spicca's lodgings. The count was at home, writing a letter by the light of a small lamp. He looked up in surprise as Orsino entered, then rose and offered him a chair.

"What has happened, my friend?" he asked, glancing curiously at the young man's face.

"Everything," replied Orsino. "I love Madame d'Aranjuez, she loves me, she absolutely refuses to marry me, and she is going to Paris at a quarter to ten. I know she is your daughter, and I want you to prevent her from leaving. That is all, I believe."

Spicca's cadaverous face did not change, but the hollow eyes grew bright and fixed their glance on an imaginary point at an immense distance, and the thin hand that lay on the edge of the table closed slowly upon the projecting wood. For a few moments he said nothing, but when he spoke he seemed quite calm.

"If she has told you that she is my daughter," he said, "I presume that she has told you the rest. Is that true?"

Orsino was impatient for Spicca to take some immediate action, but he understood that the count had a right to ask the question.

"She has told me that she does not know her mother's name, and that you killed her husband."

"Both these statements are perfectly true, at all events. Is that all you know?"

"All? Yes, all of importance. But there is no time to be lost. No one but you can prevent her from leaving Rome to-night. You must help me quickly."

Spicca looked gravely at Orsino and shook his head. The light that had shone in his eyes for a moment was

gone, and he was again his habitual, melancholy, indifferent self.

"I cannot stop her," he said, almost listlessly.

"But you can — you will — you must!" cried Orsino, laying a hand on the old man's thin arm. "She must not go."

"Better that she should, after all. Of what use is it for her to stay? She is quite right. You cannot marry her."

"Cannot marry her? Why not? It is not long since you told me plainly that you wished I would marry her. You have changed your mind very suddenly, it seems to me, and I should like to know why. Do you remember all you said to me?"

"Yes, and I was in earnest, as I am now. And I was wrong in telling you what I thought at the time."

"At the time! How can matters have changed so suddenly?"

"I do not say that matters have changed. I have. That is the important thing. I remember the occasion of our conversation very well. Madame d'Aranjuez had been rather abrupt with me, and you and I went away together. I forgave her easily enough, for I saw that she was unhappy. Then I thought how different her life might be if she were married to you. I also wished to convey to you a warning, and it did not strike me that you would ever seriously contemplate such a marriage."

"I think you are in a certain way responsible for the present situation," answered Orsino. "That is the reason why I come to you for help."

Spicca turned upon the young man rather suddenly.

"There you go too far," he said.

"Do you mean to tell me that you have asked that lady to marry you because I suggested it?"

"No, but" —

"Then I am not responsible at all. Besides, you might have consulted me again, if you had chosen. I have not

been out of town. I sincerely wish that it were possible, — yes, that is quite another matter. But it is not. If Madame d'Aranjuez thinks it is not, from her point of view, there are a thousand reasons why I should consider it far more completely out of the question. As for preventing her from leaving Rome, I could not do that even were I willing to try."

"Then I will go with her," said Orsino angrily.

Spicca looked at him in silence for a few moments. Orsino rose to his feet and prepared to go.

"You leave me no choice," he said, as though Spicca had protested.

"Because I cannot and will not stop her? Is that any reason why you should compromise her reputation, as you propose to do?"

"It is the best of reasons. She will marry me then out of necessity."

Spicca rose, also, with more alacrity than generally characterized his movements. He stood before the empty fireplace, watching the young man narrowly.

"It is not a good reason," he said presently, in quiet tones. "You are not the man to do that sort of thing. You are too honorable."

"I do not see anything dishonorable in following the woman I love."

"That depends on the way in which you follow her. If you go quietly home to-night and write to your father that you have decided to go to Paris for a few days and will leave to-morrow, if you make your arrangements like a sensible being and go away like a sane man, I have nothing to say in the matter" —

"I presume not," interrupted Orsino, facing the old man somewhat fiercely.

"Very well. We will not quarrel yet. We will reserve that pleasure for the moment when you cease to understand me. That way of following her would be bad enough, but no one would have any right to stop you."

"No one has any right to stop me as it is."

"I beg your pardon. The present circumstances are different. In the first instance, the world would say that you were in love with Madame d'Aranjuez, and were pursuing her to press your suit, of whatever nature that might be. In the second case, the world would assert that you and she, not meaning to be married, have adopted the simple plan of going away together. That implies her consent, and you have no right to let any one infer that. I say, it is not honorable to let people think that a lady is risking her reputation for you, and perhaps sacrificing it altogether, when she is in reality trying to escape from you. Am I right, or not?"

"You are ingenious, at all events. You talk as though the whole world were to know in half an hour that I have gone to Paris in the same train with Madame d'Aranjuez. That is absurd!"

"Is it? I think not. Half an hour is little, perhaps, but half a day is enough. You are not an insignificant son of an unknown Roman citizen, nor is Madame d'Aranjuez a person who passes unnoticed. Reporters watch people like you for items of news, and you are perfectly well known by sight. Apart from that, do you think that your servants will not tell your friends' servants of your sudden departure, or that Madame d'Aranjuez's going will not be observed? You ought to know Rome better than that. I ask you again, am I right or wrong?"

"What difference will it make, if we are married immediately?"

"She will never marry you. I am convinced of that."

"How can you know? Has she spoken to you about it?"

"I am the last person to whom she would come."

"Her own father" —

"With limitations. Besides, I had

the misfortune to deprive her of the chosen companion of her life, and at a critical moment. She has not forgotten that."

"No, she has not," answered Orsino gloomily. The memory of Aranjuez was a sore point. "Why did you kill him?" he asked suddenly.

"Because he was an adventurer, a liar, and a thief, — three excellent reasons for killing any man, if one can. Moreover, he struck her once, — with that silver paper-cutter which she insists on using, — and I saw it from a distance. Then I killed him. Unluckily, I was very angry and made a little mistake, so that he lived twelve hours, and she had time to get a priest and marry him. She always pretends that he struck her in play, by accident, as he was showing her something about fencing. I was in the next room, and the door was open, — it did not look like play. And she still thinks that he was the paragon of all virtues. He was a handsome devil, — something like you, but shorter, with a bad eye. I am glad I killed him."

Spicca had looked steadily at Orsino while speaking. When he ceased, he began to walk about the small room with something of his old energy. Orsino roused himself. He had almost begun to forget his own position, in the interest of listening to the count's short story.

"So much for Aranjuez," continued Spicca. "Let us hear no more of him. As for this mad plan of yours, you are convinced, I suppose, and you will give it up. Go home, and decide in the morning. For my part, I tell you it is useless. She will not marry you. Therefore leave her alone, and do nothing that can injure her."

"I am not convinced," answered Orsino doggedly.

"Then you are not your father's son. No Saracinesca that I ever knew would do what you mean to do, would wantonly tarnish the good name of a woman,

— of a woman who loves him, too, and whose only fault is that she cannot marry him."

"That she will not."

"That she cannot."

"Do you give me your word that she cannot?"

"She is legally free to marry whom she pleases, with or without my consent."

"That is all I want to know. The rest is nothing to me."

"The rest is a great deal. I beg you to consider all I have said, and I am sure that you will, — quite sure. There are very good reasons for not telling you or any one else all the details I know in this story, — so good that I would rather go to the length of a quarrel with you than give them all. I am an old man, Orsino, and what is left of life does not mean much to me. I will sacrifice it to prevent your opening this door, unless you tell me that you give up the idea of leaving Rome to-night."

As he spoke he placed himself before the closed door and faced the young man. He was old, emaciated, physically broken down, and his hands were empty. Orsino was in his first youth, tall, lean, active, and very strong, and no coward. He was, moreover, in an ugly humor, and inclined to be violent on much smaller provocation than he had received. But Spicca imposed upon him, nevertheless, for he saw that he was in earnest. Orsino was never afterwards able to recall exactly what passed through his mind at that moment. He was physically able to thrust Spicca aside and to open the door without so much as hurting him. He did not believe that, even in that case, the old man would have insisted upon the satisfaction of arms; nor would he have been afraid to meet him if a duel had been required. He knew that what withheld him from an act of violence was neither fear nor respect for his adversary's weakness and age. Yet

he was quite unable to define the influence which at last broke down his resolution. It was in all probability only the resultant of the argument Spicca had brought to bear, and which Maria Consuelo had herself used in the first instance, and of Spicca's calm, undaunted personality.

The crisis did not last long. The two men faced each other for ten seconds, and then Orsino turned away with an impatient movement of the shoulders.

"Very well," he said. "I will not go with her."

"It is best so," answered Spicca, leaving the door and returning to his seat.

"I suppose that she will let you know where she is, will she not?" asked Orsino.

"Yes. She will write to me."

"Good-night, then."

"Good-night."

Without shaking hands, and almost without a glance at the old man, Orsino left the room.

XXIV.

Orsino walked slowly homeward, trying to collect his thoughts and to reach some distinct determination with regard to the future. He was oppressed by the sense of failure and disappointment, and felt inclined to despise himself for his weakness in yielding so easily. To all intents and purposes he had lost Maria Consuelo; and if he had not lost her through his own fault, he had at least tamely abandoned what had seemed like a last chance of winning her back. As he thought of all that had happened, he tried to fix some point in the past at which he might have acted differently, and from which another act of consequence might have begun. But that was not easy. Events had followed one another with a certain inevitable logic, which looked unreasonable only because he suspected

the existence of facts beyond his certain knowledge. His great mistake had been in going to Spicca; but nothing could have been more natural, under the circumstances, than his appeal to Maria Consuelo's father, nothing more unexpected than the latter's determined refusal to help him. That there was weight in the argument used by both Spicca and Maria Consuelo herself he could not deny; but he failed to see why the marriage was so utterly impossible as they both declared it to be. There must be much more behind the visible circumstances than he could guess.

He tried to comfort himself with the assurance that he could leave Rome on the following day, and that Spicca would not refuse to give him Maria Consuelo's address in Paris. But the consolation he derived from the idea was small. He found himself wondering at the recklessness shown by the woman he loved in escaping from him. His practical Italian mind could hardly understand how she could have changed all her plans in a moment; abandoning her half-furnished apartment without a word of notice even to the workmen; throwing over her intention of spending the winter in Rome as though she had not already spent many thousands in preparing her dwelling; and going away, probably, without as much as leaving a representative to wind up her accounts. It may seem strange that a man as much in love as Orsino was should think of such details at such a moment. Perhaps he looked upon them rather as proofs that she meant to come back, after all; in any case, he thought of them seriously, and even calculated roughly the sum she would be sacrificing if she stayed away.

Beyond all he felt the dismal loneliness which a man can feel only when he is suddenly and effectually parted from the woman he dearly loves, and which is not like any other sensation of which the human heart is capable.

More than once, up to the last possible moment, he was tempted to drive to the station and leave with Maria Consuelo, after all; but he would not break the promise he had given Spicca, no matter how weak he had been in giving it.

On reaching his home he was informed, to his great surprise, that San Giacinto was waiting to see him. He could not remember that his cousin had ever before honored him with a visit, and he wondered what could have brought him now, and induced him to wait, just at the hour when most people were at dinner.

The giant was reading the evening paper, with the help of a particularly strong cigar.

"I am glad you have come home," he said, rising and taking the young man's outstretched hand. "I should have waited until you did."

"Has anything happened?" asked Orsino nervously. It struck him that San Giacinto might be the bearer of some bad news about his people, and the grave expression on the strongly marked face helped the idea.

"A great deal is happening. The crash has begun. You must get out of your business in less than three days, if you can."

Orsino drew a breath of relief at first, and then grew grave in his turn; realizing that unless matters were very serious such a man as San Giacinto would not put himself to the inconvenience of coming. San Giacinto was little given to offering advice unasked, still less to interfering in the affairs of others.

"I understand," said Orsino. "You think that everything is going to pieces. I see."

The big man looked at his young cousin with something like pity.

"If I only suspected, or thought, as you put it, that there was to be a collapse of business, I should not have taken the trouble to warn you. The crash

has actually begun. If you can save yourself, do so at once."

"I think I can," answered the young man bravely. But he did not at all see how his salvation was to be accomplished. "Can you tell me a little more definitely what is the matter? Have there been any more failures to-day?"

"My brother-in-law, Montevarchi, is on the point of stopping payment," said San Giacinto calmly.

"Montevarchi!"

Orsino did not conceal his astonishment.

"Yes. Do not speak of it. And he is in precisely the same position, so far as I can judge of your affairs, as you yourself, though of course he has dealt with sums ten times as great. He will make enormous sacrifices, and will pay, I suppose, after all. But he will be quite ruined. He also has worked with Del Ferice's bank."

"And the bank refuses to discount any more of his paper?"

"Precisely. Since this afternoon."

"Then it will refuse to discount mine to-morrow."

"Have you acceptances due to-morrow?"

"Yes; not much, but enough to make the trouble. It will be Saturday, too, and we must have money for the workmen."

"Have you not even enough in reserve for that?"

"Perhaps. I cannot tell. Besides, if the bank refuses to renew, I cannot draw a check."

"I am sorry for you. If I had known yesterday how near the end was, I should have warned you."

"Thanks. I am grateful as it is. Can you give me any advice?"

Orsino had a vague idea that his rich cousin would generously propose to help him out of his difficulties. He was not quite sure whether he could bring himself to accept such assistance, but he more than half expected that it

would be offered. In this, however, he was completely mistaken. San Giacinto had not the smallest intention of offering anything more substantial than his opinion. Considering that his wife's brother's liabilities amounted to something like five and twenty millions, this was not surprising. The giant bit his cigar and folded his long arms over his enormous chest, leaning back in the easy-chair, which creaked under his weight.

"You have tried yourself in business by this time, Orsino," he said, "and you know as well as I what there is to be done. You have three modes of action open to you. You can fail. It is a simple affair enough. The bank will take your buildings for what they will be worth a few months hence, on the day of liquidation. There will be a big deficit, which your father will pay for you, and deduct from your share of the division at his death. That is one plan, and seems to me the best. It is perfectly honorable, and you lose by it. Secondly, you can go to your father to-morrow and ask him to lend you money to meet your acceptances and to continue the work until the houses are finished and can be sold. They will ultimately go for a quarter of their value, if you can sell them at all within the year, and you will be in your father's debt, exactly as in the other case. You would avoid the publicity of a failure, but it would cost you more, because the houses will not be worth much more when they are finished than they are now."

"And the third plan, — what is it?" inquired Orsino.

"The third way is this. You can go to Del Ferice, and if you are a diplomatist you may persuade him that it is in his interest not to let you fail. I do not think you will succeed, but you can try. If he agrees, it will be because he counts on your father to pay in the end; but it is questionable whether Del Ferice's bank can afford

to let out any more cash at the present moment. Money is going to be very tight, as they say."

Orsino smoked in silence, pondering over the situation. San Giacinto rose.

"You are warned, at all events," he said. "You will find a great change for the worse in the general aspect of things to-morrow."

"I am much obliged for the warning," answered Orsino. "I suppose I can always find you, if I need your advice, — and you will advise me?"

"You are welcome to my advice, such as it is, my dear boy. But as for me, I am going towards Naples to-night on business, and I may not be back again for a day or two. If you get into serious trouble before I am here again, you should go to your father at once. He knows nothing of business, and has been sensible enough to keep out of it. The consequence is that he is as rich as ever, and he would sacrifice a great deal rather than see your name dragged into the publicity of a failure. Good-night, and good luck to you."

Thereupon the Titan shook Orsino's hand in his mighty grip and went away. As a matter of fact he was going down to look over one of Montevarchi's biggest estates with a view to buying it in the coming cataclysm, but it would not have been like him to communicate the smallest of his intentions to Orsino or to any one, not excepting his wife and his lawyer.

Orsino was left to his own devices and meditations. A servant came in and inquired whether he wished to dine at home, and he ordered strong coffee by way of a meal. He was at the age when a man expects to find a way out of his difficulties in an artificial excitement of the nerves.

Indeed, he had enough to disturb him, for it seemed as though all possible misfortunes had fallen upon him at once. He had suffered on the same day the greatest shock to his heart

and the greatest blow to his vanity which he could conceive possible. Maria Consuelo was gone, and the failure of his business was apparently inevitable. When he tried to review the three plans which San Giacinto had suggested, he found himself suddenly thinking of the woman he loved, and making schemes for following her; but so soon as he had transported himself in imagination to her side and was beginning to hope that he might win her back, he was torn away and plunged again into the whirlpool of business at home, struggling with unheard-of difficulties, and sinking deeper at every stroke.

A hundred times he rose from his chair and paced the floor impatiently, and a hundred times he threw himself down again, overcome by the hopelessness of the situation. Occasionally he found a little comfort in the reflection that the night could not last forever. When the day came, he would be driven to act in one way or another, and he would be obliged to consult his partner, Contini. Then at last his mind would be able to follow one connected train of thought for a time, and he would get rest of some kind.

Little by little, however, and long before the day dawned, the dominating influence asserted itself above the secondary one, and he was thinking only of Maria Consuelo. Throughout all that night she was traveling, as she would perhaps travel throughout all the next day and the night succeeding that. For she was strong, and, having once determined upon the journey, would very probably go to the end of it without stopping to rest. He wondered whether she too were waking through all those long hours, thinking of what she had left behind, or whether she had closed her eyes and found the peace of sleep, for which he longed in vain. He thought of her face softly lighted by the dim lamp of the railway carriage, and fancied he could actually see it, with the delicate shadows, the

subdued richness of color, the settled look of sadness. When the picture grew dim, he recalled it by a strong effort, though he knew that each time it rose before his eyes he must feel the same sharp thrust of pain, followed by the same dull wave of hopeless misery which had ebbed and flowed again so many times since he had parted from her.

At last he roused himself, looked about him as though he were in a strange place, lighted a candle, and betook himself to his own quarters. It was very late, and he was more tired than he knew; for, in spite of all his troubles, he fell asleep, and did not awake till the sun was streaming into the room.

Some one knocked at the door, and a servant announced that Signor Contini was waiting to see Don Orsino. The man's face expressed a sort of servile surprise when he saw that Orsino had not undressed for the night, and had been sleeping on the divan. He began to busy himself with the toilet things, as though expecting Orsino to take some thought for his appearance. But the latter was anxious to see Contini at once, and sent for him.

The architect was evidently very much disturbed. He was as pale as though he had just recovered from a long illness, and he seemed to have grown suddenly emaciated during the night. He spoke in a low, excited tone.

In substance he told Orsino what San Giacinto had said on the previous evening. Things looked very black indeed, and Del Ferice's bank had refused to discount any more of Prince Montevarchi's paper.

"And we must have money to-day," Contini concluded.

When he had finished speaking, his excitement disappeared, and he relapsed into the utmost dejection. Orsino remained silent for some time, and then lit a cigarette.

"You need not be so down-hearted, Contini," he said at last. "I shall not

have any difficulty in getting money; you know that. What I feel most is the moral failure."

"What is the moral failure to me?" asked Contini gloomily. "It is all very well to talk of getting money. The bank will shut its tills like a steel trap; and to-day is Saturday, and there are the workmen and others to be paid, and several bills due into the bargain. Of course your family can give you millions, in time. But we need cash to-day. That is the trouble."

"I suppose the state telegraph is not destroyed because Prince Montevarchi cannot meet his acceptances," observed Orsino. "And I imagine that our steward here in the house has enough cash for our needs, and will not hesitate to hand it to me if he receives a telegram from my father ordering him to do so. Whether he has enough to take up the bills or not I do not know; but as to-day is Saturday, we have all day to-morrow to make arrangements. I could even go out to Saracinesca and be back on Monday morning when the bank opens."

"You seem to take a hopeful view."

"I have not the least hope of saving the business; but the question of ready money does not of itself disturb me."

This was undoubtedly true, but it was also undeniable that Orsino now looked upon the prospect of failure with more equanimity than on the previous evening. On the other hand, he felt even more keenly than before all the pain of his sudden separation from Maria Consuelo. When a man is assailed by several misfortunes at once, twenty-four hours are generally enough to sift the small from the great, and to show him plainly which is the greatest of all.

"What shall we do this morning?" inquired Contini.

"You ask the question as though you were going to propose a picnic," answered Orsino. "I do not see why this morning need be so different from other mornings."

"We must stop the work instantly" —

"Why? At all events, we will change nothing until we find out the real state of business. The first thing to be done is to go to the bank as usual on Saturdays. We shall then know exactly what to do."

Contini shook his head gloomily, and went away to wait in another room while Orsino dressed. An hour later they were at the bank. Contini grew paler than ever. The head clerk would of course inform them that no more bills would be discounted, and that they must meet those already out when they fell due. He would also tell them that the credit balance of their account current would not be at their disposal until their acceptances were met. Orsino would probably at last believe that the situation was serious, though he now looked so supremely and scornfully indifferent to events.

They waited some time. Several men were engaged in earnest conversation, and their faces told plainly enough that they were in trouble. The head clerk was standing with them, and made a sign to Orsino signifying that they would soon go. Orsino watched him. From time to time he shook his head and made gestures which indicated his utter inability to do anything for them. Contini's courage sank lower and lower.

"I will ask for Del Ferice at once," said Orsino. He accordingly sought out one of the men who wore the bank's livery, and told him to take his card to the count.

"The Signor Commendatore is not coming this morning," replied the man mysteriously.

Orsino went back to the head clerk, interrupting his conversation with the others. He inquired if it were true that Del Ferice was not coming.

"It is not probable," answered the clerk, with a grave face. "They say that the Signora Contessa is not likely to live through the day."

"Is Donna Tullia ill?" asked Orsino, in considerable astonishment.

"She returned from Naples yesterday morning, and was taken ill in the afternoon. It is said to be apoplexy," he added in a low voice. "If you will have patience, Signor Principe, I will be at your disposal in five minutes."

Orsino was obliged to be satisfied, and sat down again by Contini. He told him the news of Del Ferice's wife.

"That will make matters worse," said Contini.

"It will not improve them," answered Orsino indifferently. "Considering the state of affairs, I should like to see Del Ferice before speaking with any of the others."

"Those men are all involved with Prince Montevarchi," observed Contini, watching the group of which the head clerk was the central figure. "You can see by their faces what they think of the business. The short, gray-haired man is the steward. The big man is the architect. The others are contractors. They say it is not less than thirty millions."

Orsino said nothing. He was thinking of Maria Consuelo, and wishing that he could get away from Rome that night, while admitting that there was no possibility of such a thing. Meanwhile, the head clerk's gestures to his interlocutors expressed more and more helplessness. At last they went out in a body.

"And now I am at your service, Signor Principe," said the grave man of business, coming up to Orsino and Contini. "The usual accommodation, I suppose? We will just look over the bills and make out the new ones. It will not take ten minutes. The usual cash, I suppose, Signor Principe? Yes, to-day is Saturday, and you have your men to pay. Quite as usual, quite as usual. Will you come into my office?"

Orsino looked at Contini, and Contini looked at Orsino, grasping the back of a chair to steady himself.

"Then there is no difficulty about discounting?" stammered Contini, turning his face, now suddenly flushed, towards the clerk.

"None whatever," said the latter, with an air of real or affected surprise. "I have received the usual instructions to let Andrea Contini and Company have all the money they need."

He turned and led the way to his private office. Contini walked unsteadily. Orsino showed no astonishment, but his black eyes grew a little brighter than usual as he anticipated his next interview with San Giacinto. He readily attributed his good fortune to the supposed well-known prosperity of the firm, and he rose in his own estimation. He quite forgot that Contini, who had now lost his head, had but yesterday clearly foreseen the future, when he had said that Del Ferice would not let the two partners fail until they had fitted the last door and the last window in the last of their houses. The conclusion had struck him as just at the time. Contini was the first to recall it.

"It will turn out as I said," he began, when they were driving to their office in a cab, after leaving the bank. "He will let us live until we are worth eating."

"We will arrange matters on a firmer basis before that," answered Orsino confidently. "Poor old Donna Tullia! Who would have thought that she could die! I will stop and ask for news as we pass."

He stopped the cab before the gilded gate of the detached house. Glancing up, he saw that the shutters were closed. The porter came to the bars, but did not show any intention of opening.

"The Signora Contessa is dead," he said solemnly, in answer to Orsino's inquiry.

"This morning?"

"Two hours ago."

Orsino's face grew grave as he left his card of condolence and turned away.

He could hardly have named a person more indifferent to him than poor Donna Tullia, but he could not help feeling an odd regret at the thought that she was gone at last, with all her noisy vanity, her restless meddlesomeness, and her perpetual chatter. She had not been old, either, though he called her so, and there had seemed to be still a superabundance of life in her. There had been yet many years of rattling, useless, social life before her. To-morrow she would have taken her last drive through Rome, — out through the gate of St. Lawrence to the Campo Varano, there to wait many years, perhaps, for the pale and half sickly Ugo, of whom every one had said for years that he could not live through another twelve-month with the disease of the heart which threatened him. Of late, people had even begun to joke about Donna Tullia's third husband. Poor Donna Tullia!

Orsino went to his office with Contini, and forced himself through the usual round of work. Occasionally he was assailed by a mad desire to leave Rome at once; but he opposed it, and would not yield. Though his affairs had gone well beyond his expectation, the present crisis made it impossible to abandon his business, unless he could get rid of it altogether. And this he seriously contemplated. He knew, however, or thought he knew, that Contini would be ruined without him. His own name was the one which gave the paper its value and decided Del Ferice to continue the advances of money. The time was past when Contini would gladly have accepted his partner's share of the undertaking, and would even have tried to raise funds to purchase it. To retire now would be possible only if he could provide for the final liquidation of the whole, and this he could do only by applying to his father or mother; in other words, by acknowledging himself completely beaten in his struggle for independence.

The day ended at last, and was succeeded by the idleness of Sunday. A sort of listless indifference came over Orsino, — the reaction, no doubt, after all the excitement through which he had passed. It seemed to him that Maria Consuelo had never loved him, and that it was better, after all, that she should be gone. He longed for the old days, indeed, but, as she now appeared to him in his meditations, he did not wish her back. He had no desire to renew the uncertain struggle for a love which she denied in the end; and this mood showed, no doubt, that his own passion was less violent than he had himself believed. When a man loves with his whole nature, undividedly, he is not apt to submit to separations without making a strong effort to reunite himself, by force, persuasion, or stratagem, with the woman who is trying to escape from him. Orsino was conscious of having at first felt the inclination to make such an attempt even more strongly than he had shown it, but he was conscious also that the interval of two days had been enough to reduce the wish to follow Maria Consuelo in such a way that he could hardly understand having ever entertained it.

Unsatisfied passion wears itself out very soon. The higher part of love may, and often does, survive in such cases, and the passionate impulses may surge up after long quiescence as fierce and dangerous as ever. But it is rarely, indeed, that two unsatisfied lovers who have parted by the will of one or of both can meet again without the consciousness that the experimental separation has chilled feelings once familiar, and destroyed illusions once more than dear. In older times, perhaps, men and women loved differently. There was more solitude in those days than now, for what is called society was not invented, and people generally were more inclined to sadness from living much alone. Melancholy is a great strengthener of faithfulness in love.

Moreover, at that time the modern fight for life had not begun; men, as a rule, had few interests besides love and war, and women no interests at all beyond love. We moderns should go mad if we were suddenly forced to lead the lives led by knights and ladies in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The monotonous round of such an existence in time of peace would make idiots of us; the horrors of that old warfare would make many of us maniacs. But it is possible that youths and maidens would love more faithfully and wait longer for each other than they will or can to-day. It is questionable whether Bayard would have understood a single page of a modern love-story, Tancred would certainly not have done so; but Cæsar would have comprehended our lives and our interests without effort, and Catullus could have described us as we are, for one great civilization is very like another where the same races are concerned.

In the days which followed Maria Consuelo's departure, Orsino came to a state of indifference which surprised himself. He remembered that when she had gone away in the spring he had scarcely missed her, and that he had not thought his own coldness strange, since he was sure that he had not loved her then. But that he had loved her now, during her last stay in Rome, he was sure, and he would have despised himself if he had not been able to believe that he loved her still. Yet, if he was not glad that she had quitted him, he was at least strangely satisfied at being left alone, and the old fancy for analysis made him try to understand himself. The attempt was fruitless, of course, but it occupied his thoughts.

He met Spicca in the street, and avoided him. He imagined that the old man must despise him for not having resisted and followed Maria Consuelo, after all. The hypothesis was absurd and the conclusion vain, but he could not escape the idea, and it an-

noyed him. He was probably ashamed of not having acted recklessly, as a man should who is dominated by a master passion, and yet he was inwardly glad that he had not been allowed to yield to the first impulse.

The days succeeded each other and a week passed away, bringing Saturday again and the necessity for a visit to the bank. Business had been in a very bad state since it had been known that Montevarchi was ruined. So far he had not stopped payment, and, although the bank refused discount, he had managed to find money with which to meet his engagements. Probably, as San Giacinto had foretold, he would pay everything and remain a very poor man indeed. But, although many persons knew this, confidence was not restored. Del Ferice declared that he believed Montevarchi solvent, as he believed every one with whom his bank dealt to be solvent to the uttermost centime, but that he could lend no more money to any one on any condition whatsoever, because neither he nor the bank had any to lend. Every one, he said, had behaved honestly, and he proposed to eclipse the honesty of every one by the frank acknowledgment of his own lack of cash. He was distressed, overcome by the sufferings of his friends and clients, ready to sell his house, his jewelry, and his very boots, in the Roman phrase, to accommodate every one; but he was conscious that the demand far exceeded any supply which he could furnish, no matter at what personal sacrifice, and, as it was therefore impossible to help everybody, it would be unjust to help a few where all were equally deserving.

In the mean while he proved the will of his deceased wife, leaving him about four and a half million francs unconditionally, and half a million in addition to be devoted to some public charity at Ugo's discretion, for the repose of Donna Tullia's unquiet spirit. It is needless to say that the sorrowing hus-

band determined to spend the legacy magnificently in the improvement of the town represented by him in parliament. A part of the improvement would consist of a statue of Del Ferice himself, — representing him, perhaps, as he had escaped from Rome, in the garb of a Capuchin friar, but with the addition of an army revolver to show that he had fought for Italian unity, though when or where no man could tell. But it is worth noting that while he protested his total inability to discount any one's bills, Andrea Contini

and Company regularly renewed their acceptances when due, and signed new ones for any amount of cash they required. The accommodation was accompanied with a request that it should not be mentioned. Orsino took the money indifferently enough, conscious that he had three fortunes at his back in case of trouble; but Contini grew more nervous as time went on and the sums on paper increased in magnitude, while the chances of disposing of the buildings seemed reduced to nothing, in the stagnation which had already set in.

F. Marion Crawford.

THE COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.

THE history of the several experiments made in the separate collegiate education of women in America is but a single phase of the general history of the development of women in our time. As in the general, so in the specific, the clue to the philosophy of the movement lies in the recognition of individualism. There is nothing novel in the application of this principle to education. It has slowly been asserting itself in the methods at work among children and men, so that the reduction of the number of pupils to one teacher in primary schools and the development of the elective system in colleges have gone along together. But the absence of tradition and the sense of the demands of the womanly nature have greatly quickened the process by which individualistic treatment has come to be the keynote of progress in colleges for women.

This is clear as regards discipline and social considerations. The first experiments were somewhat monastic. The preference was for a location removed from the busy haunts of men. The aim was, to some extent at least, to organize a form of activity that should be neither

in the world nor of it. Strict rules and a good many of them governed the intercourse of the students among themselves and with the outside world. A more than maternal solicitude hovered about them when they were learning their lessons, and accompanied them in their shopping excursions. At this stage the results were not altogether what was expected. Instead of being grateful, the girls were mutinous. They did not appreciate the efforts made in their behalf, and, instead of profiting by the exclusively refining influences under which they were living, some of them manifested curious and disturbing symptoms. It was then discovered that a discipline separate from that of men was not sufficient. There were evils resulting from a large number of women living together. These evils were physical as well as mental, and required constant vigilance if one would guard against them. Members of the community suffered from a certain feeling of tension that became well known in its effects of excitement or depression.

The method of meeting these difficulties came more and more to be that of breaking up the crowd into as small

groups as possible, and making each member of the smallest feel her individual responsibility to definite persons at definite times and places. So for a time rules were on the increase in the interest of a strictly family discipline. It may seem an astonishing thing that young women doing justice to Tacitus, logic, and conic sections should be asked to report weekly for attendance on chapel, exercise, and baths; but it is still more astonishing that in refined associations and surroundings they should have needed to. Gradually it became evident that if this anomalous state of things were ever to be done away, it must be by throwing out of consideration as far as possible the crowd, treating it as if it did not exist, and dealing with the single student. The cottage system of later colleges improved upon the material conditions of the older ones, with their cavernous buildings, associating lecture halls and students' rooms. The habit of solemnly presenting the sub-freshman with a student's manual, or of compelling her to make her first recitation on the rules and regulations of the institution, came more and more into disrepute, and some of the women's colleges are now saying in effect to the new student who asks, "How am I to learn the rules?" "By breaking them." This, of course, on the ground that her relation to the government is close, that intercourse between her and it is direct, and that she is constantly under formative influences that will make her intelligent about the principles underlying the rules rather than their wording.

Another aspect of this early culture came under investigation on account of what seemed its questionable results. The withdrawal of the college from the world was not entirely satisfactory. Three forms of evil were alleged: First, some students came out wedded to the routine, full of admiration for the life they had enjoyed for four years, ambitious to do something that could be

checked off on a schedule, and too nice for the people about them. Second, some students of evident ability failed to be stimulated by the college life, complained of its monotony, and grew nervous and hysterical in the long terms. Third, some students neither admired nor complained, but showed abnormal excitement whenever the college routine was broken in upon. Mild social distractions were seized upon with a fury indicative, to the shocked observer, of starvation. The difficulty on the part of the faculty in providing a satisfactory social diet under so restricted conditions emphasizes the importance of having women's colleges at least on the edge of things. The advantages of learned seclusion gave way before those of being near the market-places. It was pointed out that it was better that girls should be homesick for home than for college; that they had been sent there to be prepared for life, not heaven; and that their attitude toward society ought not to be characterized by skittishness. So the task of bringing society within college gates, at desirable intervals and in suitable quantities, being attended with difficulty, the governments of some colleges determined not to attempt it. They tried to place their colleges where the student could readily make part of the general town or city life. They provided no college church, but expected attendance on those of the town or village. Under such circumstances, the student's life became much what she chose to make it, within certain broad limits laid down by the college discipline. In Northampton, where Smith College is placed, students of the college may take part in bazaars, tableaux, and plays for churches and city charities. They may do regular work in the Home Culture Clubs, or under the inspiration of the King's Daughters Society; sing to old women, or cook soup in the homes of disabled washerwomen. They may share the hospitality of citizens in North-

ampton, in Holyoke, in Springfield, and in Amherst. They may see Edwin Booth play, or they may watch the struggle between Yale and Harvard at football. They may go to prize exhibitions and Junior Promenades at the neighboring colleges; nor are they without society life of their own, with literary, dramatic, and charitable development. Wellesley College exercises a most abounding hospitality. Famous people from all over the world are entertained there, and add stimulus and interest to its culture. All students of Vassar College know what distinct interest was added to the daily routine by the visits of Maria Mitchell's friends, by recurring tours of inspection of curious Englishmen, by the official visits of governors and their staffs.

From another point of view, it may be said that this early discipline suffered from variety. When five young women shared three bedrooms and one study parlor of small size, or three occupied one large room serving for study and sleeping-room, the danger was, not that life would have too little variety, but that it would have too much. To meet this difficulty, as well as for other reasons, doubtless, study hours were appointed and enforced, besides a short period, night and morning, when each student was assigned to some room where she was to be entirely alone. Year by year it became plainer that an hour, more or less, of enforced solitude was not compensation for enforced society the rest of the day, and in Vassar single rooms are now the rule. Each college built since Vassar has gone further in this matter, the circular of the Woman's College in Cleveland promising a set of three rooms to two students.

This gradual but not slow development has shown clearly that whether or not men can be successfully educated in the mass, women cannot, no matter how carefully the mass is apprehended as feminine. One lesson has been clearly taught by the common experience growing out of

the varied aims of the women's colleges: success varies with the recognition of the student's individuality. The rest is a matter of comparative indifference. With this assured, the avowed aim may be to make learned missionaries, cultured ladies, or scholarly women, and the result will not so much vary. Indeed, it will not be at all easy to tell the college-bred woman from any other good woman, by simple inspection. It is safe to predict this for the future, because it has been so in the past, notwithstanding the fact that principles have slowly embodied themselves, or have been stumbled upon, or have been taken refuge in, instead of being matters of definite calculation and foresight. On the social side, then, the college for women may claim that it has not unsexed its students, ruined their health, or made them queer. Here, too, it must admit that its methods have been increasingly individual, even at the cost of a reasonably constant proportion of its government lying awake nights, in fear lest the four hundred should all err in the mass, though persuaded to wisdom only one by one. Doubtless much remains still to be done, but the trend of affairs is clear enough to merit the name of development.

In the intellectual life of the woman's college individualism from the outset is equally evident. An avowed principle of action it certainly was not. On the contrary, the pioneers in the work were much more concerned to find a safe middle course between their own ideals and the supposed prejudices of the public than to embody a pedagogic reform. As a matter of fact, the practical compromises were, from another point of view, educational reforms. On the ground that Greek was possibly too severe for any but the exceptional woman to study, the exceptional and average woman alike were allowed to substitute a modern language for it. Considering that it is the mission of woman to be beautiful, every student was allowed to devote a

certain proportion of her time to the practical study of art. So the student of the representative college for women found herself almost at the outset possessed of opportunities for the cultivation of individual tastes afforded only by the most advanced of the colleges for men. In the belief that girls are almost stupidly conscientious, some police work was intermitted, some of it given up altogether. "Exactly," is the comment, "the standard of scholarship and discipline was lowered both in quantity and quality as compared with that of men, and because of the intrinsic lack of ability in women." For the moment, let this be admitted. Let women, like the sailors in Sindbad's immortal fifth voyage, make the most of their cocoanuts. Practically, the colleges for women have already done so, for with these insults they have pocketed good round sums in tuition fees. They are a mercantile success. They stand well with the public, and have longer class rolls than they ever expected. It is an edifying fact, too, that every one of them is doing more serious work and more of it than it hoped for in the beginning. Comparison of the catalogues of early years with those of the present courses will show differences in numbers and in the ground covered amounting to little less than transformation. With every decade the work has become more efficient and more extensive. This is due partly to the fact that women are no longer taught in the spirit of Keats on first looking into Chapman's Homer. There is little wild surmise about their discipline at present. Most of those who have to do with them have given up feeling as if they were perpetually on the brink of discovery, and have contented themselves with treating women provisionally, as a good working hypothesis. Indeed, ever since those few months of breathless tension when it was a question whether the experiment would work at all, the woman's college has been less hampered

and embarrassed in its development than might have been looked for. The general public and its immediate patrons have been less exacting as well as less prejudiced than was feared. Newspaper wit has sometimes been provoking, but it has not kept away students nor interfered with the development of the elective system. In the early days and ever since, Dr. Raymond's wisdom in associating a preparatory course with Vassar has been seriously questioned. Whatever the final judgment on this subject may be, it must be admitted that there was some general advantage in securing a chance to show what sort of preparation could be assured under favorable circumstances. Besides this, the college virtually controlled the bulk of its preparation for a series of years, and so was able to modify its course of study without fear of objection on the score of disturbance in the preparation. Other colleges were able to profit by Vassar's example. By one means or another they have all now managed to secure what are practically their own terms. Whether it has been the whim of the public to indulge them, or whether they have not been thought worthy of opposition, becomes almost indifferent, in view of the fact that this freedom from interference has enabled them to experiment in peace, and to make their reforms, for the most part, by a stroke of the pen. So the preparation department at Vassar went; so also its time-honored scheme of three studies five days in the week, for half the year; in such quiet the literary and scientific courses at Smith were ushered in; with so little outcry have some of the salient features of Bryn Mawr been incorporated.

In the woman's college, from the first, there has been neither orthodox nor heterodox, but each has done what seemed good in its own eyes. Variety of aim and result has been the natural outcome. A woman's college may be officered by women, or by men and women; or it

may have its resident officers women, and depend for instruction in some studies upon non-resident men. This variety is impressive to a superficial observer; it confuses the careful student at a certain stage of his investigations. He can hardly believe that the phenomenon he examines has any fixed form or any stable character. What is the college spirit? where is the true collegiate discipline? he asks. Is it to be found in the group system of Bryn Mawr, in the three courses of Smith, the two of Wellesley, the degree without Greek of Vassar, or the conventional Latin, Greek, and mathematics for half the course, with practically free choice for the rest? In any, in all, in proportion as they keep themselves healthfully tentative and meet individual needs; not the needs of self-occupied, self-deceived, self-satisfied human atoms, but the needs of the individual as determined by an enlightened psychology.

The college for women must solve the problem of education at first hand. To that end, it must cut loose from the traditions of men, not because they are men's, nor indeed because they are traditions, but because the best men have no saving faith in them. It would require a good deal of intellectual boldness, at the present day, to assert that the superlative in education, represented by our leading colleges for men, is even remotely suggestive of anything absolute. Why insist upon sharing the wreck of educational dogma? Why insist upon ranking as "advantages" the under-inspiration of our under-influenced, over-marked, and over-examined young men? In its almost total exemption from the practical embarrassments of tradition and superstition, the work in a woman's college offers an ideal field for experiment. Here alone, perhaps, exist the conditions for the most thorough-going cultivation of the teacher, for the speediest extermination of the martinet. There is little to hope from the woman's college in the

direction of restoring a fixed meaning to the Bachelor's degree. Instead of trying to establish some one of its various forms and stages as permanent, its aim will be more and more to make the discipline perfectly elastic, while of equal efficiency, at any point of application. The leading colleges for women have never been orthodox on this point. Vassar gives its degree without Greek; Smith offers three degrees, — in arts, in science, and in letters; Bryn Mawr adopts the group system; and Wellesley offers two courses. In view of the considerations pressing upon the governments of colleges for men, it will not seem strange that the less embarrassed position of the faculties in women's colleges has enabled them from the outset to take more liberal views of the length of the college course, the value of strict class division, the importance of routine. But the college for women will have to go farther. What has been to some extent matter of chance, often of regret, will have to become matter of principle. The ideal of a liberal education as comprising certain things that everybody must know must be definitely abandoned. In like manner, the conception of certain studies as characteristically ornamental must be relegated to mythology. The present decade has proved, if proof were needed, that the most serious branches are capable of being worked up into a varnish as idea-proof as if they were ornamental. The number of things that every well-educated person ought to know must still undergo indefinite attenuation. Pack the course as close as the division of labor and the coöperation and subordination of departments will permit, but stop there: the student's mind is a republic of powers, not a receiving vault.

Among what Mr. Venn would call "the interesting results" given to the world in Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler's Educational Review is the generalization that women are prone to minute requirements in teaching, that their discipline

tends to punctilio. If this be unqualifiedly true, the education of more women would increase the evils we suffer from. But it must be remembered that the bulk of these teachers are not graduates of women's colleges, but of normal schools, academies, and seminaries. The desire of the self-educated teacher, or of one from some other of these organizations, to prove herself every bit as good as a college-bred woman often leads, as is well known, to an emphasis of routine supposed to be peculiarly collegiate. From a certain medical college for women comes the testimony of a woman's-college graduate, and a candidate for honors in the medical school, that the teachers who bind burdens too heavy to be borne, and who impose for the sake of imposition, are the women who do not hold diplomas from a woman's college. She herself says, with admirable self-respect, that her woman's-college training enables her to meet their requirements, but her woman's-college conscience protests all the time that it is a sin. She would prefer to take a larger proportion of her honors in something besides dead strain. The character of the women's colleges in this respect has been marked by a steady growth. In the early days of Vassar, the close of the semester was the signal for reviews, written examinations, and oral examinations with visitors. The visitors went first, then the oral examinations. The present usage bears hardly an analogical resemblance to the old one. It is dreadful only to the froward.

The woman's college is in danger from its own success. Its growth has been unprecedented and unexpected; to a certain extent inexplicable. Among those who have been attracted is the social being. She would naturally find her proper place in the fashionable finishing school, it might be thought. But she chooses college, as likewise does her prototype, the business man. They are alike in many points. Both are admir-

ably competent and limited. Because they are competent they succeed in passing examinations for entrance to college, and term examinations afterwards; because they are limited the examinations are necessary; and because they worship their limitations they are a menace to scholarship. Nevertheless they have rights, and rights in the college, and a clear discrimination of these rights is due them. At present the entire relation is ill adjusted. The social being is perfectly certain of her ultimate aims, but is quite at sea as regards those of scholars. She does not appreciate the fact that her seventy-five per cent ambitions are eternally different from intellectual aspiration, — in short, that she is a drag; nor indeed has the college appreciated this until a comparatively recent date. It is becoming daily more evident that some adjustment is necessary to secure their rights to the two contrasted types of student. The distinction between required and elective work afforded the college adequate protection for a considerable time. But now the better preparation and the desire to have what anybody else enjoys combine to make the average student inconveniently experimental. The result reverses St. Paul's dilemma. The weakness is not of the flesh, but of the spirit. The free growth of the scholar is obstructed, she hardly knows why. The mediocre performance of the society girl does not give satisfaction, but she firmly declares the injustice of finding fault with her. By honor divisions, by group systems, or by a compact course of essentials, the needs of one of these classes would be met, and free scope left for the other. The whole course must not be subject to the friction from which it suffers at present. Then, again, the college for women has not made the most of its almost autocratic power. It is doubtful whether any other educational movement has had such generous and unquestioning support. In spite of all

theoretical opposition, and in spite of a certain air of latent criticism, the colleges for women have had their own way.

The time has come when they ought to honor this spontaneous recognition by taking it for granted. It is perhaps hardly just to say that the woman's college has ever followed public opinion to its own hurt; but in any event it must now lead, definitely and aggressively. Finally, it must clearly perceive and thoroughly accept the realities of its position, foremost among which is its costliness. However rich the return they bring, and however economical in the true sense, therefore, the outlay may seem, it must be admitted that large sums of money have been spent by the women's colleges. Nor can it be denied that even larger ones will be required in the future. For the success of the experiments that the college is to try, and for which, to a considerable extent, it exists, the best teachers must be had. At present, teaching women is not so attractive to men as teaching men, other things being equal. For the immediate future, therefore, it is essential that other things be unequal, salaries and equipage particularly in their favor.

At this point the reader probably feels that a very satisfactory demonstration has been offered of the straight road that

leads to coeducation. Granted that the woman's college has the lead in its freedom of experiment, it cannot hope to keep that forever, and afterwards what ground is there for its separate existence? A very simple one, and one capable of expression in a single word, — taste. Without pressing too far the interpretation of the phrase about the still air of delightful studies, or insisting upon the breathing-space provided by four years of exemption from certain of the experiences more imminent in the companionship of men, it is safe to say that there will always be women who will prefer, if they must study away from home, to do so in the society of women rather than of men. There are preferences for all sorts of exceptional and possibly inexplicable things. The woman's college is neither markedly exceptional nor inexplicable, and if it is true to itself its future is assured. In the past, embarrassed as its workings have been by misunderstanding and misadjustment, its history has been most honorable. It has revolutionized the intellectual training of women without making them invalids or bluestockings. It has made them wiser and happier. It remains to complete the work by more adequately providing for the liberal education of the average woman, for the scholarship of the exceptional one.

Mary A. Jordan.

THE NAULAHKA AND THE WRECKER.

Two collaborations, each the work of a seasoned pen joined to one newly cut; each a story of adventure, a tale of the West and of the tropics, a romance of dollars and cents, showing our American

civilization in humorous relief against a phase of existence which is its very antipode, — it would seem as if *The Naulahka*¹ and *The Wrecker*² had been written in competition, two against two, like

¹ *The Naulahka*. A Story of West and East. By RUDYARD KIPLING and WOLCOTT BAILESTIER. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

² *The Wrecker*. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON and LLOYD OSBORNE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1892.

a duel in which the seconds take part. We leave it to readers who are skilled in the detection of style and brush-stroke to point out, if they can, the part of one and the other author in each book; to discover where Mr. Osborne's performance dovetails into Mr. Stevenson's, or whether Mr. Kipling did really, as has been somewhat obviously surmised, reserve for himself the Indian scenes of *The Naulahka*, and leave the Western ones to his talented American collaborator, whose early death cut short so much promise. We will only remark that *The Wrecker* hangs somewhat loosely together, while in form and tone *The Naulahka* is as compact and individual as if written by one person at a single sitting; and further, that while in the latter volume some of the traits which we have been wont to consider most characteristic of Mr. Kipling's writing are conspicuously absent, yet the book is fairly up to the level of his performance, whereas *The Wrecker* would by no means rank with Mr. Stevenson's happiest pages, although it is full of things which, if not the direct product of his pen, are evidently there by the inspiration of his spirit. Mr. Kipling has repelled a certain number of readers, and attracted many more, by a cynicism which, for all its youth, is far from being ignorant or ineffective; but if there is any cynicism in *The Naulahka*, it is of the most benign and good-humored description, while the Bohemianism and unconventionality of tone which have frightened a few of Mr. Stevenson's readers, and grappled others to his side, have become in *The Wrecker* bitter and morbid in tone, — likable still, but to be regretted.

A collaboration, however, is a thing apart, bearing so little relation to the individual work of one or another of its makers that it is hardly apropos of the two books before us to discuss the talents and respective achievement of Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Kipling. But the mem-

ory of pleasant hours beguiles us to a backward glance at that heterogeneous little set of volumes in which Mr. Stevenson has carried us hither and yon, as his fancy pleased, — books which have now been long enough with us to show how well they stand the test of reperusal, — and at that compact yet varied collection of short stories with which Mr. Kipling astonished literature a short time ago. In both cases we find talent and youth, activity of invention, excellent powers of narration, and above all the gift of style, a certain originality and force in the use of words, a readiness in hitting the verbal nail precisely on the head. But what a difference, after all, between that youth of delays and dreams, that growing, searching, romancing youth, which we find in Mr. Stevenson's books and that precocity which enabled Mr. Kipling, on emerging from his cradle, to give points to the French in literary form and the successful treatment of decadent phases! And how different, with all their half-similarity in effectiveness, the styles of the two authors: Mr. Kipling's, brief, clean, polished, and hard as a nut, with a certain stamp of mannerism on it from the first; Mr. Stevenson's, equally telling, but plastic and free throughout, and never more than an individuality. Mr. Kipling handles the short story to perfection; holds it, if anything, with too firm a grip. He is a thorough *nouvelliste*, with the world and society to draw from; with all the literary material at hand to be found in a society new to many of its readers, yet ancient and gone to decay, — a society presenting all the complexity and interest afforded by an intermingling of civilizations. It is an excellent field, and Mr. Kipling knows well how to work it to literary uses. It is astonishing what a variety of scenes he has depicted, all sketched from the same life, presenting various phases which supplement and in a sense emphasize each other. Mr. Stevenson is a

poet and buccaneer of letters, doing many things well, but no one thing long. He has now and then forced his invention a little, in revolt against realism on the one hand, and fine writing on the other ; but behind his invention lie a deep hill spring of imagination and a charm not easily forgotten.

This charm and imagination have placed *Treasure Island* and *Kidnapped* apart as rare and delightful books of adventure. They are not lacking in *The Wrecker*, but it would require a larger amount of them than is to be found in its pages to leaven so inchoate a mass, or to sweeten a scene so irredeemably unpleasant as that of the massacre of the ship's crew. How the book came to be written we learn from the prologue : it was the upshot of a voyage in the South Seas, of watching storms and listening to sailors' yarns, joined to a thread of homesickness and recollection of a different life, and to the deliberate purpose of making a new sort of detective story. Its superiority to the ancient detective story is not in morality. It would not do for a Sunday-school prize. Never in a dime novel, seldom in any line of fiction, has evil been so unblushingly rewarded. Speculation and humbug have their hard times, but they weather them successfully ; the murderer is made heir to a property, and the receiver of his secret the captain of a ship. And none of these circumstances are left to act themselves out in an inscrutable manner ; they are all abetted and cheered with a cynical joy by the authors. Perhaps one reason for this distribution of rewards and diplomas, unusual, as we have said, in fiction, particularly in tales for the young, is that there are no virtues to speak of in competition ; only courage and friendship, which take their chance with the vices and come in for a share in their honors.

In fact, it is such a willfully naughty book that it ought to be very jolly, instead of which it is a trifle depressing

in tone. But it is extremely readable and full of good things, among them a very fine description of a storm at sea. The joining of piratical romance to the prose of every-day business life in America is effected happily enough by means of that curious versatility or aimlessness of the American character by which one man, in the course of an ordinary lifetime, goes through seven or more professional ages, being in turn broker, preacher, editor of a paper, inventor of a machine, and head of a college. No aspect of our life is more diverting than this to Europeans. It is hardly stretching a point to throw in, as the authors of *The Wrecker* have done, a little piracy and adventure ; and if a home-truth should be carefully looked for amid all this immorality, it might be found in the similarity of the commercial scenes to the smuggling and wrecking ones.

The two heroes are amusingly conceived and contrasted. They meet in the Paris studios, where Dodd has assimilated intellectually all the technique without apparently producing any great works, while Pinkerton is as unaffected by the whole atmosphere as if he had carried a supply of Sierra air with him. It is Pinkerton who takes the lead in a business partnership in San Francisco, who becomes an embodied advertisement, embarks upon the shadiest schemes with impetuous honesty of purpose, and tramples unwittingly upon the artistic sense and intellectual conscience of his friend. Pinkerton marries a little teacher, herself an American type, hit off in a few words as "a well-enough-looking mouse, with a large limpid eye, very good manners, and a flow of the most correct expressions I have ever heard upon the human lip." As a record of the *impressions de voyage* of Messrs. Stevenson and Osborne, the San Francisco scenes are very diverting, particularly the account of the business, which was a real-estate and advertising agency, and a dozen things besides. Pinkerton slept

in the office "stretched on a patent sofa which sometimes collapsed, his slumbers still further menaced by an imminent clock with an alarm." There was a tremendous correspondence and accumulation of work, "but the far greater proportion of our time was consumed by visitors," who blankly turned the crank of the agricultural machine for five minutes at a time, "simulating (to nobody's deception) business interest." Among these bits of traveler's observation we have enjoyed coming across an account of a meeting with Charles Warren Stoddard, mentioned not by name, but by description which is unmistakable, and of which we cannot forbear quoting a few lines: "Doubtless you have read his book. You know already how he tramped and starved, and had so fine a profit of living, in his days among the islands; and meeting him, as I did, one artist with another, after months of offices and picnics, you can imagine with what charm he would speak, and with what pleasure I would hear. It was in such talks, which we were both eager to repeat, that I first heard the name and first fell under the spell of the islands."

It takes a number of books to fasten one book securely in the memory of the general public, so "doubtless" many readers have forgotten *A Prodigal in Tahiti*, which made its first appearance in the pages of *The Atlantic*, and the unique charm of that delicious volume of *South Sea Idyls*, which contained a sort of foretaste of the flavor which we get in Mr. Stevenson's books. There is too little of this flavor in *The Wrecker*, but more than in *The Wrong Box*, and for the sake of it we are willing to be wrought to a pitch of curiosity to which the climax is a poor satisfaction, and to be harrowed by scenes more physically unpleasant than those of *Treasure Island*, but lacking their weirdness and terrors of imagination.

The Naulahka is not a great imaginative work, but is one of the happiest and

finest jests we have had for a long time, a superb bit of gasconading. The question of the relation of a jest to actual life is a very nice one. Much of the food for laughter supplied to us on the Anglo-Saxon stage, for instance, contains so little reference to the facts of existence that it is pointless and inane, and calculated only to divert the infant mind, or one able to divest itself wholly of experience. On the other hand, if the jest runs too close to life, it is apt to be a little bitter, as on the French stage, where point is seldom lacking, and the extravagance is seldom without an appeal to observation. *The Naulahka* sails triumphantly between these rocks. Its wildest romance has a sound of probability; its allusions are all local, and its extravagances delightful accretions upon a nucleus of fact. The town history of *Topaz*, and its aspect on the plane of reality and in the mirror of Tarvin's imagination, is one of the prettiest bits of humorous idealism. The angle of incidence is equal to that of reflection, but the whole scale of the reflection is somehow vaster, and the gain in truth looks immense. And Tarvin himself is a creation, an American *Don Quixote*, at once a mock hero and a real one. His love for Kate, his love for *Topaz*, and his eye for business are all blended in the most delightful way. The *Topaz* affection compels our sympathy so strongly that we almost lose sight of the proportions, and feel it to be the one important *dénoûment* that *Topaz* should come out all right, and that the Three C's should make a great railway centre of that modest town. If anything could reconcile us to disappointment on this score, it would be the aptness and strength of the actual climax in which Kate's conscience, apparently defeated in its high purposes and overcome in its scruples by the long fidelity of love, remains in the end the sole victor, and the innocent cause of the defeat of *Topaz*.

It is by no means common to find a book so purely entertaining as *The Naulahka*, or one in which the humor is at once so obvious and so fine. We could pardon it many literary sins for the amusement extracted from it, but as a matter of fact there are none to forgive; while it is not a book with a literary atmosphere, it is extremely well done, deft in construction, light yet firm of touch, and abounding in felicities of phrase. Tarvin in the East is as roundly diverting as Tartarin; he carries his West with him in speech and habit of thought, and it adjusts itself so perfectly to the new medium that we are left with an

undefined impression that Indian guile and romance and Western enterprise and exaggeration are somehow akin, and that the true missionary is a speculator who is a member of a state legislature and can tell a good story. Not that Tarvin would for a moment usurp Kate's prerogative, for he is one of those described by the author's remark that "men to whom life is a joke find comfort in women to whom it is a prayer." He has many points of resemblance with Major Kirkland's admirable national type, Zury; but Zury is real, while Tarvin remains from choice on the other side of the fence, in the land of romance.

CURZON'S PERSIA.

MR. CURZON, who has written a great book¹ of some thirteen hundred pages on Persia, cannot be accused of approaching the subject without reasonable preparation. He had already visited central Asia before conceiving the idea of the present work, and had issued a volume on the Russian question. Subsequently he devoted six months to steady travel over eastern, central, and southern Persia. The Caspian and north-western provinces he appears not to have visited. He has supplemented his personal observations by a study of the various works, from two hundred to three hundred in number, written by Europeans on Persia, and has aimed to give correctness to his observation and study by correspondence with residents in that country. Three solid years have been given to collecting and throwing the material thus obtained into the two volumes now before us.

The result is complex, and for that reason it is not altogether satisfactory.

¹ *Persia and the Persian Question*. By the Hon. GEORGE N. CURZON, M. P., late Fellow

Books of travel and observation may be classified under several heads, from the trait which most predominates; although perhaps few are absolutely distinct from the others. One traveler cares not for statistics or politics; it is the personal element that gives value to his book, and it is impressions rather than facts that we find in his pages, which are therefore sometimes very fascinating. Such works are Eothen, *Monasteries in the Levant*, written by Mr. Curzon's father, Brydone's *Italy*, and Beckford's *Portugal*. We are not sure that for one who wishes to gain a clear *ensemble* of the character of a country this class of books of travel is not the most valuable, as it is also the only one that can be included with works of literature.

Another traveler, while giving us a thread of narrative on which to string his facts, is really concerned with facts alone, and aims at a detailed description of races, customs, topography, or politics, one or all. Such works are Chardin's of All Souls College, Oxford. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1892.

Persia, Young's France, and Wallace's East Indian Archipelago. Of a different order, although the result of travel, are works like Madame de Staël's Germany, or those of Tocqueville and Brice on America, from which the personal element is entirely eliminated, while at the same time they are directly due to personal observation and travel.

Now, Mr. Curzon's book is complex because it undertakes to combine the features of the last two of the above classes. He tells us that "although the primary object of this work may be described as political, there will yet be found a good deal of history in its pages. . . . Similarly, in the domain of archæology, I have not forgotten that while Persia is primarily the battleground of diplomatists and the market of tradesmen, it also contains antiquarian remains in great number that have employed the pens, and still engage the intellects, of famous scholars. . . . To the professor, therefore, as well as to the politician and the student, I make my appeal."

This is a sufficiently comprehensive plan. But the importance of the subject is such that, if for no other reason than for the pivotal character of Persia in the intrigues of European powers for the control of central Asia, it would have been better if the author had cast the work into a purely impersonal survey of the country, as he has done regarding those parts of Persia which he did not visit. But he has confused his plan by a narrative of travel over certain provinces, which adds little or nothing of importance to what other competent tourists have already said, and presents no stirring compensating adventures. Aware of this incongruity, the writer suggests in a note that certain specified chapters be read by the "amateur," while the others are commended to the "trained acumen" of the student. The first list might have been judiciously omitted, or relegated to a distinct volume. In this way a more dignified

and symmetrical form would have been gained, and the "trained acumen" of the "student" would have been saved labor in hunting for his subject, as well as in handling a work that even then would have been sufficiently bulky.

It is also to be regretted that when undertaking such a comprehensive plan the author should have omitted a chapter on the religious question or the variety of sects in Persia. One cannot thoroughly understand the Persian character, nor the trend of its history for thousands of years, without investigating the serious side of a people who have been treated as volatile and insincere by so many who have failed to recognize this phase of the subject. Whether there ever was such a man as Zerdusht, or whether, as some now claim, he never existed, the fact remains that one of the world's great religions originated in Persia; and from the remote period of its origin until now the Persian mind has always shown a distinct bias in the direction of religious and philosophical speculation, blending in some cases with aspirations in the direction of social and political reform such as no other Asiatic people have exhibited to the same degree. There is something wonderfully impressive in the spiritual creed of the worshipers of fire in those vague, weird ages before Alexander the Great, — ages of which we know so little, and which appeal so keenly to the imaginative mind. The revolt organized by the house of Sassan was a religious as well as political movement; and one of the great events of the reign of Ardeshir Babegan was the reduction of the Zendavesta to writing, and the revival of the influence of the Magian hierarchy. The intellectual restlessness or activity of Persia under the Sassanidæ was shown by the numerous sects which arose at that period, of which one was the famous eclectic sect called Manichean after its founder, Manee. Another politico-religious sect was established by Mazdâk, which ac-

quired such influence that kings were among its converts. It aimed at a communistic attack on existing institutions, and became so dangerous that Auourshirvan was obliged to subvert it by strata-gem, and over one hundred thousand of its followers were slain in one day. The doctrines of Mazdâk spread beyond Persia; and, as St. Martin shows, that prophet was enrolled with the teachers of true gnostic wisdom. Mohammedanism did not check this tendency to speculative religion, which continues in full activity until now in Persia. Under the guise of Islamism it finds vent in many directions. It is not the tombs of Hafiz or Omar Khayyâm which are therefore of chief interest to us, but their doctrines and speculations, which are still rife in Persia, the land of their birth.

Babism, or the sect of the Bab, about which Mr. Curzon has something to say, perhaps because of its political aspects, is one of the latest of these religious phenomena. But in many respects it reminds us of the sect of Mazdâk. The author places the number of Babees at about a million. Although they are doubtless increasing rapidly, and form a positive menace to the established *régime*, it is probable that he has considerably exaggerated their importance and numbers. He also denies the alleged communistic doctrines of the Bab. In this regard we think he is mistaken. Some of the more prominent members of the sect undoubtedly disclaim and perhaps condemn such views. But the opinions regarding the theoretic communism of the Babs come from too many distinct sources to be without some foundation in fact.

What Mr. Curzon has to say about the scope, results, and possibilities of Christian missions in Persia is less flip-pant and superficial than the hasty observations of so many travelers. Although perhaps not strictly in accordance with the opinions of the home churches or of the missionaries them-

selves, his views appear to us to be, on the whole, kind in spirit and sound in theory. His remarks on the friendly toleration of the Shah's government are also eminently just. The fact is that missions in Persia and Turkey offer a practical illustration of Christ's statement, "I came not to send peace, but a sword." The missionary is generally an agitator, in countries where the rulers already have very great difficulty in preserving order among numerous races eying each other with jealousy and hatred, and perpetually intriguing for national independence, or for liberties for whose adoption the conditions are not yet ripe. The missionary is so full of zeal, and of belief in the absolute correctness of his own creed and the absolute falsity of all other creeds, that he can hardly move or speak without arousing sentiments qualified to disturb the *status quo*. We do not intend by this to inveigh against missions, but rather to suggest, in view of these facts, that missionaries in Asiatic countries do not always sufficiently realize the embarrassing position of the governments whose hospitality they enjoy, and are not sufficiently grateful for the measure of toleration permitted to their residence and labors. There are so-called Christian countries where no such liberties would be allowed. Russia, notwithstanding her treaty of comity with the United States, only reluctantly allows our missionaries to cross her territory to reach Persia. Is there any one so fatuous as to suppose for a moment that, if the Muscovite ruled either on the Bosphorus or at Teherân, an American missionary would be permitted to remain in either country a month?

The author's observations regarding the temporary marriages of Meschêd appear to us to be unjust towards that place, of which he says, "There is probably not a more immoral city in Asia." Whatever we may think of the system of the *sighêh*, or temporary wife, it is allowed in most Mohammedan countries;

it is not more peculiar to Meschêd than to other parts of the East; it is considered strictly lawful, and is as much regulated by the written code of Persia as any other part of the social system.

At the outset Mr. Curzon gives a list of all the writers of travel in Persia for the last six centuries whose works have been either written in or translated into a European tongue. He gives the date of residence or travels of each author; and one's respect for that ancient empire cannot but be increased by such a formidable bibliography and the noted names it presents. It is a rather curious exhibition of human nature that the author severely criticises many of these books, all of which he professes to have read, and is particularly savage against any sentiment of sympathy with the romantic phases of Persian life, scenery, and history, — a sympathy he rarely allows himself to express. And yet certain of his most important statements of facts are confessedly gathered from some of the works he most severely condemns. The fact is that the author is everywhere in good humor with himself, and takes occasion to pat himself on the back more than once, and sometimes at the expense of others.

But, as already suggested, this work is as much a compilation as the result of new exploration. The author has gathered his materials with patience and apparent conscientiousness; but for much that appears in these pages he is indebted to the labors of his predecessors in this field. Practically the larger part of Mr. Curzon's book is in the nature of a gazetteer; the work has somewhat the character of a handbook. As such it cannot but prove highly valuable, the statistics being in the main about as correct as is possible when treating of Oriental countries. Absolute precision cannot be expected, but simply approximations. Apropos of this, Mr. Curzon takes occasion to differ from General Schindler and Zolotareff, the latter of

whom, as a Russian, had a motive for estimating the population of Persia as low as six million. Mr. Curzon is entirely justified in concluding from the data that the population is at least nine million, which is sufficiently small for a country twice the size of Germany.

There is no reason to believe that the population of Persia proper was ever very much larger than it is now, though perhaps differently distributed. Some parts, such as Seistân, were probably more densely peopled than to-day. There are evidences that it was so aside from such inferential evidence as the descriptions of Firdôusee, who locates the great house of the hero Rustêm in that province, and indicates that he ruled a powerful satrapy. But it is more reasonable to suppose that the population in early times was of a shifting character, just as it has been since the Mohammedan era, and that the ruined cities have simply been replaced by others founded elsewhere. The Persians, who are Aryans, and who are still the ruling, the commercial, and the intellectual race of Persia, won their place in history, and still maintain themselves, by brains rather than by numbers. The vast armies which they sent against Greece and Egypt were recruited chiefly from tributaries whom the Aryas or Persians understood how to rule by an executive ability which has not wholly abandoned them to this day. The fact that the present dynasty is of Turkish origin does not vitiate the general correctness of this statement. The details about the imports and exports of such a country must naturally be more or less difficult to ascertain with precision, besides varying from year to year. Under the circumstances, the author appears to have reached a fair approximation of the average values. But he omits to call attention to the fact that a very considerable proportion of the imports from England, as well as some from the Continent, are American fabrics, which, owing to the lack of enterprise of our ex-

porters, reach Persia in that roundabout way.

In estimating values and the depreciation of the purchasing power of Persian money, the author forgets that this is not a feature peculiar to Persia or to Turkey, as too many assume with him. It is in accordance with a financial law common even in countries having a sound currency; one reason for which may be the vastly increasing supply of the precious metals. Since the reign of Henry VII., the English unit of value has depreciated to about one thirty-sixth of its then purchasing power. In other words, a man with an income of £1000 at that time was relatively as rich as he who now has £36,000. The fall in Persian coin is, therefore, not wholly due to the corrupt practices of her officials.

Mr. Curzon does not appreciate the peculiar scenery of Persia. To the true lover of nature there is no landscape so bare or so lonely as not to be full of suggestion and inspiration to the imagination. Wordsworth well says, "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her." Vast plains are sublime, like the sea, and there is no coloring so rich yet tender as the bare scarred side of a lofty mountain, full of character as the rugged face of a veteran who has been through the wars. The poet Gray said, "Not a precipice, not a torrent, not a cliff, but is pregnant with religion and poetry." But Mr. Curzon only sees beauty in grass and green trees, and seems to have very little sense of color. He makes an exception in favor of that noble mountain Demavend. When writing about that stupendous cone, he gives the rein to an enthusiasm of which a little more would have added greatly to the attraction of his chapters. Accepting the estimates of Schindler, he fixes the height of Demavend at 19,600 feet. But some have made it 21,000 feet. It would be interesting to know if Schindler based his calculations on the aneroid barometer. After a very extensive

experience in the Andes of Ecuador, Whymper, the veteran mountain climber, emphatically declared that the aneroid barometer is absolutely unreliable above the sea level.

One of the most important portions of Mr. Curzon's work is that relating to the antiquities of Persia, especially those in and around Persepolis. Like most of his book, it is to a certain degree a compilation, for he gives extracts from the observations of the numerous travelers and archæologists who have devoted so much attention to those very remarkable ruins, or he refers to them in the course of the running fire of criticism with which he treats the subject. But he imparts fresh interest to it by a careful personal study made on the spot, and his conclusions, if not always to be accepted, are suggestive and command careful consideration. What he has to say in regard to the names of Pasargadæ and Persepolis, in discussing the identification of those places with the ruins now bearing their names, leads us to inquire why it has never occurred to any one that one name may be the Persian and the other the Greek for one and the same place. The distance between the ruins of Persepolis and those supposed to be Pasargadæ is very moderate, although they lie in two separate valleys; and the name may have been applied to a royal district containing the abodes of successive sovereigns, the vast paradises or hunting-parks of the king; the palaces of the nobles, also surrounded in Oriental style by very extensive grounds; and, filling up the space between them, the adobe dwellings of the people, which would also have invariably each its own garden. The vast extent of Babylon was due to such a plan. Persepolis is of course not a Persian name, but is clearly a Greek compound, meaning, apparently, the city of the Persian, which may also have been the meaning of Pasargadæ. *Pars* or *Fars*, *p* and *f* being interchangeable in the Zend language, was the ver-

nacular for *Persia*, whence *Parsee* or *Pars-i*, — of *Persia*, — by which appellative the Persians of Bombay are known. *Gad* may have been like the terminative *bad*, which means place or city. The termination *æ* was simply the Greek feminine plural form, used in this case as in αἱ Ἀθήναι. All ancient Persian proper names came to us through the Greek, and secondarily through the Latin; and to this day the Greeks never use the name of a foreign city without giving the Greek inflected terminative, sometimes in the singular and sometimes in the plural. For example, London and Paris they pluralize; they also often do it with foreign surnames. Kur they made *Kuros*, *Daru*, *Dareios*; whence the Latin *Cyrus* and *Darius*. Following this analogy, *Parsagad* may therefore have been the place of which the Greek equivalent is *Persepolis*. We merely suggest this as a possible solution; it may be worth while for archæologists to give it a moment's consideration.

Mr. Curzon is in harmony with many students in deciding the art of the Achæmenian period to have been mimetic; that is, borrowed from adjoining countries, especially from Assyria. The domination of Assyria, indicated by Firdotisee in the legend of *Zohâk*, brought the Aryans into close relations with that country at a time when the race was preparing to assert itself as an intellectual as well as a political power. There is nothing exceptional in such an origin for Persian art. Few, if any great schools of art or literature have existed which have not in their genesis been indebted to suggestions from abroad. But the author is likewise undoubtedly right when he insists, against the assertions of Ragozin and others, that the art of *Persepolis* was not wholly mimetic, but exhibited remarkable native genius that differentiated it into a distinct type. We cannot agree with him, however, in assuming that the Achæmenian art became extinct with the dynasty that

encouraged the construction of the sublime colonnades of *Darius* and *Xerxes*. A comparative study of Persian art through subsequent ages to the present time proves that the types first adopted were racial, and hence in accord with the national spirit. With slight modifications they have reappeared with every revival of art in *Persia*. The slender pillars and the general form of the *Persepolitan* capital were followed by the *Sufavees*, and the mansions of *Persia* to-day continue to exhibit those types. Nor can there be the slightest question as to the character of the intervening walls and roofs at *Pasargadæ* and *Persepolis*. Mr. Curzon rightly surmises that the former were of adobe faced with tiles, such as those of various periods which were found by *Dieulafoy* at *Susa*, and that the latter were flat, composed of horizontal timbers covered with layers of packed earth. But we are rather surprised at his inconsistency in accepting the analogy in these respects, and failing to observe the continuance of the resemblance as regards other details. The slender pillar shaft, the elongated capital, the basal platform or terrace, the mud-brick walls faced with tiles, and the flat roofs have been continuous features of the architecture of *Persia*.

As the political aspects are of great and growing importance, and indeed form the chief cause for the preparation of this work, the author has naturally devoted many pages not only to the commercial resources of *Persia*, but also to the question of railways, of strategic lines, and of the designs of *Russia*. While speaking of railways he alludes to the concession which Mr. *Winston*, the United States minister, nearly obtained for that purpose; but he forgets to state that such a concession was offered to Mr. *Winston's* predecessor, and was declined because the watchful jealousy of *Russia* and the existence of the *Reuter* concession made such a scheme

impracticable for years to come. Contrary to his advice, an American company was eventually formed when Mr. Winston's successor was in office, backed by capital and influence. It was to lay railways, dig artesian wells, have electric plants, etc.; but it could accomplish nothing in the face of the above obstacles, and gave up its plan after sinking considerable capital. Improvements will doubtless gradually appear in Persia as fast as can be expected in an ancient empire whose efforts at progress are suspiciously watched by her northern neighbor. More than that cannot reasonably be looked for now.

The author is doubtless quite justified in his appreciation of the administrative ability and patriotism of Nasr-ed-Deen Shah, who, to be fully understood and respected, must be seen in his own capital and native environment, instead of as a wanderer among the capitals of Europe, the butt of the wittlings of the press, or of cunning diplomats who would belittle him in order to sap his influence and deprive him of the confidence of his allies.

The political situation in Persia is one of great interest to Europeans; but to Americans the careful study of the situation presented by Mr. Curzon, which it is well worth their while to read, although it might have been somewhat condensed, is also of some value. We think ourselves, distant as we are from the intrigues and ambitions of Europe, to be secure from any possibility of being drawn into those complications; but they who have studied the policy and purposes and character of the Russian government, and have been brought into contact with her bureaucracy, have no doubts as to the reasons for Russia's extreme friendliness for the United States. As one represents the most cruel despotism now existing, and the other the most free and intelligent liberalism, there can be no logical grounds for the friendly professions of Russia, nor are those professions sincere. They only form part

of a profound and long-determined policy. In the event of the inevitable conflict which is bound to come between England and Russia, the latter hopes, by flattering our people, who are unsuspecting because they have no designs of their own, and are ignorant of the character of European ambitions, to secure either their alliance against England, or such an elastic neutrality as to permit Russia to buy ships and stores and refit her fleets in American waters. The friendship of America for Russia is genuine and sincere; that of Russia for America is selfish and politic.

In view of these facts, the temperate, judicial, and on the whole correct statement presented by Mr. Curzon about the designs of Russia in central Asia may be read with profit by all intelligent Americans. He writes without heat and with a clear grasp of the situation. That he should have prepared so complete a work as this on Persia is pretty good evidence of the great possible importance of that country in the councils of Europe. To those who would fully understand the events now transpiring there, and their bearings in settling the map of Europe and determining the nature of the civilization in a large part of the Old World for ages to come, we heartily commend Mr. Curzon's book.

The illustrations which accompany these pages are generally excellent so far as photogravures from photographs can be satisfactory. The outlines of a subject are true, but we feel the absence of a certain force and quality which can be imparted only by a powerful woodcut from a photograph, or by a photogravure from a spirited drawing.

It is to be regretted that in a serious work like this the author should permit himself to use the word "fancy" in its merely local sense, as when he says, "But I fancy that its original author was Professor Grotefend." He does not "fancy" at all; he either *thinks* or *knows* it to be so. The word "nasty,"

which is one of his favorite epithets, and in its true sense means dirty, and in any sense is not a very nice word, is also, as Mr. Curzon often employs it, out of place in this work.

The maps are abundant, and so far as we have examined them are correct and carefully engraved. The index, however, leaves something to be desired, and should be entirely recast if the work passes into another edition. A work of reference, such as this is intended to

be, contains many names which are repeatedly mentioned. Simply to give the number of the pages often obliges the reader to turn to a dozen places, perhaps, before he finds the particular passage he seeks. A good index, therefore, contains with each individual reference a brief statement of the character of the passage indicated by a given number. This, however, is exactly what Mr. Curzon's index does not do; but, happily, it is a defect which can be easily remedied.

CAVOUR AS A JOURNALIST.

THE two volumes of Cavour's miscellaneous writings¹ with which the Zanichelli have inaugurated their proposed library of the works of Italian politicians have proved unexpectedly interesting. One hardly thought to receive any fresh light on the workings of that master mind, so much the greatest among the makers of new Italy. De la Rive and Castelli had given us speaking portraits of the man; Chiala and Bianchi, minute details of his life as deputy and minister. All four had insisted on the importance of that period of transition — or rather of magically rapid development — when Piedmont stepped boldly forth upon the way which was to lead to Italian union, and Cavour first came to the front as one of the founders of a liberal newspaper called the *Risorgimento*, of which he subsequently assumed the direction, and to which he became a constant contributor. The editorials of this stirring time have now been collected, and it is wonderful how they stand the test of reproduction after the lapse of nearly half a century. In them

the real Cavour reveals himself as never before nor afterward, either in those early days of repression and suspense, when no fit career seemed open to his great abilities, or in that later period of brilliant but too brief supremacy, when the good of his country appeared to him to demand a policy which his foes called tortuous, and which must be admitted by all to have been wary and discreet to the verge, at least, of the disingenuous.

For the same reason, the first of these two volumes is more interesting than the second, containing, as it does, such of his articles in the *Risorgimento* as were of a purely political character; while the second comprises those which treated of financial, industrial, and kindred topics.² Here, too, besides Cavour's newspaper contributions are four long and elaborate articles which, though displaying solid information and sound judgment, have nothing like the fire and force of his short editorials. They were in fact all written before the time of Cavour's connection with the *Risorgimento*, during the period of his *Anglomania*, when his

¹ *Bibliotheca di Scrittori Politici Italiani*. I. e II. Gli Scritti del CONTE DI CAVOUR. Nuovamente raccolti e pubblicati da Domenico Zanichelli. Bologna. 1892.

² A third volume, of more miscellaneous character, will shortly be published.

nickname at Turin was Milord Camillo. Two refer to the repeal of the Corn Laws, and the probable effect of this measure in England and on the Continent; they are written from the standpoint of an ardent admirer of Peel, and in a spirit of optimism which time has hardly justified. Another, published, with a prefatory note by the Duc de Broglie, in the *Revue Nouvelle*, treats of Railways in Italy. The very title had a certain audacity at a time when Italia was a party cry, but Cavour took occasion to conclude his article with a plea for the nationalization of Italy, — not through violent means, but by a close alliance of all the true friends of liberty “with those thrones which have deep roots in the national soil.” Two years later, in the *Risorgimento*, he spoke out more plainly, arguing in his most masterly style that Casa Sabauda was the only reigning house upon Italian soil that had any claims whatever to nationality. Meanwhile, the censorship of the press excluded the *Revue Nouvelle* from Piedmont; but in spite of the prohibition the number containing the article on Italian railways found its way not only to Turin, but to the hands of the king, Carlo Alberto himself, who read it, we are told, with a gratification not unminged with alarm at the temerity of the writer. Twenty years before, the then Prince of Carignan had taken a strong dislike to his refractory page, who objected to going “dressed like a lackey.” Now, in 1846, the two were rivals in disinterested patriotism, and the time was close at hand when Carlo Alberto was to become the protomartyr of Italian unity, and Cavour its guiding spirit.

Some time previously, Cavour had published, in the *Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève*,¹ an article on Ireland, which embodied the fruits not only of close study, but of observations made during his English tour of 1843. In all the tomes that have been written on

¹ Edited by Cavour's cousin, W. de la Rive.

this perpetually open question, there is hardly to be found a more lucid and sympathetic summing-up of Irish history than the abstract with which this article begins; and it is hard, as we follow the vigorous reasoning in favor of union with England, to realize that the *état actuel de l'Irlande* of which the author is treating refers to a period all but fifty years ago. Page after page might have come out of a campaign document of to-day; and it is instructive as well as interesting to see what seemed, in 1843, to the most clairvoyant of modern statesmen, the legitimate grievances of Ireland, and the remedies most likely to alleviate her chronic ills. After a careful review of O'Connell's platform, he reduces the grievances to two, — Protestant establishment and the oppressive land-tenure. The former he dismisses in a few words: “The reform of the Established Church, after one fashion or another, is sure to come. With a national parliament it would be swifter and more complete, but at the same time it is probable that it would be violent and unjust, and possible that it would be cruel. If the union is maintained, it will take place gradually, by regular and legal methods. I can understand preferring the former course; but, however strong one's taste for revolutions may be, one should not underestimate the cost to humanity of those disasters which are always the consequence of brusque and violent changes.”

Passing to the second great wrong of Ireland, Cavour pronounces in favor of slow and careful legislation, and declares the just requirements of the Irish peasant to be five, namely: first, public, unsectarian schools; second, development of manufacture and commerce; third, the construction of a system of railways, which would at first give work to the unemployed, and ultimately would enhance the commercial importance of the country by converting her harbors into international ports.

"Imagine," he says, with one of his prophetic flashes, "to what an extent the relations of America and Europe would soon develop, if only seven days' voyage separated the two hemispheres!"

As the next remedial measures come emigration and a poor-rate, and last a thorough reform of the laws relating to the holding and transmission of real property. Cavour admits freely that the presence of a Protestant aristocracy, whose right to the land they control "rests ultimately upon violence," is an immense evil. He would break up the great estates and bring them into the market by rendering it obligatory that a man should divide his Irish real estate among his heirs; he would make the passing of a deed a simple and expeditious matter instead of the wearisome business it then was; he would secure to the tenant farmer a longer lease and a betterment clause: and with these reforms he holds that Ireland would rehabilitate herself in that gradual fashion which alone insures stability. As for "the confiscation of the estates of the Protestants, their forced sale, and other measures of these kinds, . . . such abominable expedients revolt every honest mind."

So thought this keen-eyed and impartial observer in 1843, and thus he sums up his argument: "Would an Irish parliament be better adapted to carry out these reforms? Surely not. That they may not exceed the limits of reason and justice, that they may be beneficent without becoming revolutionary, they demand in the legislator a moderation, prudence, and impartiality which are not to be expected, at least for a considerable time, in such a House of Commons as would result from the repeal of the union. Such an assembly, subservient to the demands of the populace and animated by violent passions, would be a bad judge and a partial arbiter in the case of tenant versus proprietor. It is to be feared that any verdict it might deliver would be marked by a re-

actionary and revengeful spirit, which would prove as destructive to Ireland in the future as the spirit of oppression and intolerance has been to her in the past."

As for a union after the American or Swiss pattern between such unequal yoke-fellows as England and Ireland, similar to that on which the electors of Great Britain have recently given their voices, this he pronounces futile; sure to prove, in its practical working, needlessly complicated to the English majority, and unprofitable to the Irish minority. Whether he would have thought the same had he lived till to-day — as a junior of Gladstone might well have done — who shall venture to say? Here, at all events, comes clearly before the world the Cavour of what is already Italian history; the man who, while he was almost the first firmly to believe in a united Italy, always repudiated so earnestly all *mezzi rivoluzionarii* that the radical Valerio used to call Milord Camillo "the greatest reactionary in the kingdom," while at the same time it was impossible for him to obtain a passport to travel in the Roman States.

It would be difficult better to describe Cavour the politician than in these words of his own concerning the younger Pitt: "Of broad and powerful intellect, he loved power as a means, not an end. . . . He was not one of those ardent souls who become inflamed in the cause of humanity; who, when this is at stake, heed neither the obstacles in their path, nor the unfortunate consequences which may result from their zeal. He was not one of those men who want to reconstruct society from base to summit, by the aid of general ideas and humanitarian theories. At once profound, cool, and void of all prejudice, he found his inspiration only in his love of his country and the love of glory."

We come now, in their chronological order, to the editorials in the *Risorgimento*, where we find the same bold

and resolute, yet essentially moderate Cavour. The journal had been started immediately after the first reforms granted by Carlo Alberto in 1847. Among its founders was Castelli, to whom Cavour relinquished the direction of the paper when a chance vacancy gave him a seat in the first Piedmontese Chamber of Deputies. Of the sixty-four editorials now collected by Zanichelli, sixty-one fall between February 1 and September 29, 1848, the memorable spring and summer of the great revolutionary year, the year of the preliminary and unsuccessful revolt of Lombardy. It is well enough known that at the moment when they appeared these articles met with scant favor at the hands of any of the political parties whose passions were then running so high. That *juste milieu* which was Cavour's watchword was hurled at him from all sides as a term of reproach. He bears these gibes with imperturbable good temper. Valerio, for example, in the rival *Concordia* indulges in a piece of savage personal invective, accusing Cavour of getting up his subject from French textbooks, and so making a show of learning, and sneering at him for not having been returned at the first general election. Cavour replies demurely, at the close of the second of two articles on the Regulations of the Chamber of Deputies, wherein he has been urging the adoption of certain more simple, expeditious, and practical methods: "These doubts will perhaps be condemned as excessive by the editors of the *Concordia*, and will provoke fresh reproaches and yet more bitter accusations against ourselves. Not being obstinate by nature, we will own ourselves in the wrong just as soon as they or their friends, coming down from those heights of theatrical declamation where they disport themselves with so much majesty, will condescend, *with or without the aid of French treatises*, to enlighten Parliament and the public concerning certain of the special questions

which are perpetually brought up by the development of events."

We shall perhaps never know just what it was that gave the *coup de grâce* to Cavour's Anglomania. Possibly no more was needed than the shifty and most undignified course pursued at this time by England, who, after having abounded for many months in the sense of her sympathy for Italy and in profuse though vague promises of assistance in case of a revolt in the Austrian provinces, now, when war was really imminent, put the strongest possible pressure upon Piedmont to compel her to keep the peace. In the *Risorgimento*, at all events, as in the private correspondence of Cavour, we can mark almost the hour of revulsion, when the old admiring faith fell wholly away, never to be restored. We should like to give the whole of the truly extraordinary article, *L' Ora Suprema della Dinastia Sabauda*, which appeared on the 23d of March, two days before Carlo Alberto and his troops crossed the Ticino, and which sets the nerves thrilling even at this distance of time. "For us to-day," says Cavour, "boldness is true prudence, rashness wiser than restraint." Then, adopting his own maxim, the usually wary and collected statesman lets us see for once the heart that is in him, and speaks without reserve. And this is the reply of the whilom Milord Camillo to the fidgety warnings and futile threats of that England who had first encouraged the war with Austria, and then recoiled from its possible consequences to herself:—

"England will cease to be our ally, will abandon us to our fate? So be it! We have never shared the illusions of those of our fellow-citizens who have been hailing England for some months past as the deliverer of Italy. We have always thought that England's policy included the preservation of Austria's power. But will the cabinet of St. James, for the sake of preserving that power, break through its neutrality,

make war on Italy, and identify itself with a spirit of absolutism? We do not believe this. Not because we have any too much faith in the generosity and liberality of English statesmen. Though power is at present in the hands of the liberal party, should the political interests of England become compromised, it would not surprise us to see Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell clasping the hands of Metternich, reeking as they are with Polish and Italian blood. . . . But will a ministry which has repudiated the traditions of Pitt be able to induce England to join in the barbarous project of keeping Italy enslaved, and this not for her own profit, but merely to preserve an edifice crumbling in every part? Neither is this likely. Yet if, through evil chance, blinded by the worn-out maxims of an obsolete policy, the English ministers should range themselves against Italy; if the Russells and the Greys, belying themselves, their past acts, and those of their party, were to adopt the system of the Castlereaghs and the Liverpools, and all Italy be made the victim of such treachery as the Sicilians suffered in 1815; if England should openly pronounce against the people's cause, and become the defender of absolutism, then woe to her! Against her would be formed a tremendous coalition, — no longer of princes, as in the case of Napoleon, but of nations. There would be no more peace in the world while a vestige of power remained to a people who had betrayed the cause of humanity, not from fanaticism, not inadvertently, but by deliberate choice of the most perfidious of policies."

The gauntlet of Italian defiance rings on the same note in falling as that flung by Hancock and Adams in the last days of American subjection. Nothing, by the way, is more remarkable in these editorials than Cavour's estimate of the position and power of the United States, and of the mingled jealousy and dread with which England regards the same. Who

else would have said, in 1848, that England would "dread a war with the United States more than one with all the Continental powers combined"? Yet it became clear enough fifteen years later, when slavery had involved us in that civil conflict which also he had foreseen. Again, after the disastrous first campaign against Austria, when the brave generals of the defeated army were counseling peace, while the radicals, who had remained for the most part where that class of theorists usually remains, — that is to say, at home, — were howling for a prosecution of the war, Cavour, now a deputy, answers, in the *Risorgimento* of November 16, 1848, Brofferio's fiery plea for *mezzi rivoluzionarii*, exposing calmly, one by one, the fallacies of his incendiary appeal. In the course of the argument in question he bids the Italian radicals look at France, whose faith in revolutionary methods is so ardent, who "undertakes her 24th of June with so perfect an assurance of victory. French blood flows in torrents, and France pulls herself up on the brink of an abyss. . . . Wait a little longer and you will see the final result of these 'revolutionary methods,' — Louis Napoleon on the throne!"

Alone among the contemporaries of Camillo Cavour, Louis Napoleon was to boast, in after years, of having once outwitted the wily Italian. Meanwhile, the articles in the *Risorgimento* on the attempt of France, in the spring of 1848, to excite insurrection in Savoy throw a new and rather lurid light on that most dramatic scene in modern history, — the stormy interview between King Victor Emmanuel and his prime minister after the sudden peace of Villafranca, when the subject dared say to the sovereign, "I am king of Italy." He spoke prophetically when he wrote, "The aim of the war undertaken by Carlo Alberto" (against Austria) "is to reunite in one single family the scattered members of our nation. To sacrifice a single one of these would be a sacrilege which would

dishonor our most holy cause." The sacrifice was made, as we know, and the cause was so far dishonored. Savoy and Nice were an all but ruinous price to pay for the provinces ceded in 1859. The prestige of the most truly regal of all reigning houses was weakened, the record of the one great creative statesman of our time tarnished, by that bargain.

Fulfilled prophecies do indeed meet us on almost every page of Cavour's collected writings. Nay, it is almost impossible to find one which has been falsified by the events of forty years. One there is, however, whose limit of time has not quite expired, but which is worth giving as showing his opinion of that Russian power which it is sometimes thought clever to depreciate. "Woe to us if western Europe does not succeed, in no distant future, in reëstablishing, from the Vistula to the Niemen, a liberal Slav kingdom which may serve as a barrier to the absolute Slav empire! Woe to us if the Slavs of Poland, weary of fruitless grief for the loss of their fatherland, become fully reconciled to the Slavs of Russia, and enroll themselves under the banner of Panslavism! For then grave danger would indeed menace those countries which are the home of civilization. The first part of the terrible prophecy of the prisoner of St. Helena would be

on the eve of fulfillment, and Europe might 'become Cossack' before the end of the century!"

Yet the same comprehensive thinker offers, a few pages further on, these comments on the French project of sending armed assistance across an unfriendly country to the aid of Poland: "Should the French nation attempt to cross the Rhine against the manifest desire of the Germans, she would meet with unanimous and powerful opposition. She would have against her not only the governments and the regular armies, but the whole population. For it is well to insist on this point: . . . if France were to provoke Germany by unjust aggression, all parties would unite, all differences of opinion disappear. There would be but one opinion, one party, — that of national independence!"

When Napoleon III. brought this to pass, Cavour had been nearly ten years dead, — cut off, to the irreparable misfortune of Italy, at the age of fifty-one. It is sad work and idle to speculate upon the difference it might have made to the land he loved and liberated in part if he had lived till now. Indeed, his career as a minister lies beyond the limits of these volumes, but editorials like his are not to be found to-day in the dull columns of our morning journals.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Literature and Criticism. The sixth and final volume of the very attractive edition of Landor's Imaginary Conversations, edited by Charles G. Crump (J. M. Dent & Co., London; Macmillan, New York), completes the section of Miscellaneous Dialogues. There are two or three of these which have a special interest as recording Landor's views on the Italian movement of his time, when he was himself an Englishman in Italy. The frontispiece shows Landor's villa in Florence, and there is a care-

ful bibliography of the Conversations. The edition is most satisfactorily prepared. — Dante and Beatrice, an Essay in Interpretation, by Lewis F. Mott. (William R. Jenkins, New York.) A pamphlet of about fifty pages, in which the author attempts to show the dominant power of love, enshrined in Beatrice, in determining Dante's writings. — Social and Literary Papers, by Charles Chauncy Shackford. (Roberts.) Mr. Shackford has long been known as a thoughtful philosophical critic, and just

before his death, lately, he brought together a volume of his more permanent contributions to critical literature. The suggestions for these papers come from Greek tragedy and philosophy, from Browning, Voltaire, and Shakespeare, but his treatment is not archaeological; whatever the theme, his mind is on current problems in society and literature. — *The Golden Guess, Essays on Poetry and the Poets*, by John Vance Cheney. (Lee & Shepard.) Eight papers, on *The Old Notion of Poetry*, *Who are the Great Poets?* *Matthew Arnold*, *What about Browning?* *Tennyson and his Critics*, *Six Minutes with Swinburne*, *Music or the Tone Poetry*, and *Hawthorne*. Mr. Cheney uses literally the dicta of Coleridge; he quotes freely from Emerson, Arnold, Heine, and other writers of insight, and his sympathy is always with the spirit of revelation, for his apprehension of poetry is that of the finest expression of spiritual meaning rather than that of lyrical beauty or technic skill. It is pleasant to fall into the hands of so faithful a lover of sane and lofty poetry. — *Walt Whitman*, by William Clarke. (Macmillan.) A well-considered study, in which Whitman's personality, his message to America, his art, democracy, and spiritual creed are successively considered. We notice that Mr. Clarke dwells much on Whitman's close fellowship with the people, and in this likens him to Burns, and distinguishes him from Tennyson, Arnold, Swinburne, and Browning. But does he not confuse his life and opinions with his art? Is it possible that Whitman's verse will ever take hold of the people's heart as Burns's has? — *The Century Magazine* from November, 1891, to April, 1892 (The Century Co.), in a bound volume, enables one to see in a group the admirable pictures from the old Italian masters, the several articles which set forth the pioneer days in San Francisco, the series of pictures by American artists, together with the *Naulahka*, *Characteristics*, and a variety of pictures accompanied by text, and text accompanied by pictures.

Fiction. The new edition of Jane Austen's novels issued by Roberts Brothers is a worthy presentation of the lively lady's genius. *Pride and Prejudice*, *Sense and Sensibility*, *Mansfield Park*, and *Emma*, each in two trig volumes, with well-leaded, well-proportioned page, good paper, delicate vi-

gnettes, pretty half-binding, and red-ribbon markers to keep the place, — what more could be desired by the most fastidious admirer of this good-natured, witty, keen observer of the ways of men and women when English society was getting married in the early years of this century? Of the interior of these graceful books we shall speak later. — *Madeap Violet and Three Feathers* have been added to the neat edition of William Black's novels which is being issued on this side from English sheets. (Harpers.) — *Don Finimondone, Calabrian Sketches*, by Elisabeth Cavazza. (C. L. Webster & Co., New York.) A small volume of delightful sketches, the scenes laid mainly among the peasant folk of Italy. Mrs. Cavazza has a delicate touch, and though there is always a story, the charm lies largely in what may be called the accent. The sketches are translations from Italian life, not from the Italian language, and have about them the flavor of the original. Sympathy could hardly go further in its power to interpret the life of a simple people. — *The Man who Vanished*, by Fergus Hume. (The Waverly Co., New York.) Manufactured ghastliness of a cheap sort. — *Memoirs of a Mother-in-Law*, by George R. Sims. (The Waverly Co.) An ignoble book, in which a mother-in-law, scornfully protesting against the current silly judgments on her class, proceeds to display her nature as an arrant type of the class. — *The Squire*, by Mrs. Parr. (Cassell.) A tale of English life, in which a few chapters serve to tell the fortunes of one generation, and the rest of the book records the inheritance of stubbornness, folly, goodness, and patience. It is not ill told, but the interest which the writer creates is limited. — *Merry Tales*, by Mark Twain. (Webster.) A little volume in the Fiction, Fact, and Fancy Series. One of the attractions in reading Mark Twain is that one never knows when he may be coming upon something serious. Though laughter rules, for the most part, now and then the jester puts aside his bells, and the tragic passage comes upon one with striking force. There are seven stories in the book, and the fun is at times stupendous. We recommend that it be read at seven sittings. — *Before He Was Born*, by E. L. Macomb Bristoe. (The Author, 373 West End Avenue, New York.) A short story of heredity. Any-

thing can be proved in a story. — *Märchenstrauss aus dem Weissen Gebirge*. (Schoenhof, Boston.) The author of this little book has woven some fancies about famous spots in the White Hills, as the Pool, the Franconia Stone Face, Chocorua, Willey Notch, Red Hill, Asquam. — *Lights and Shadows of the Soul, Collected Sketches and Stories*, by Sylvan Drey. (Cushing & Co., Baltimore.) Fragmentary bits of romance, written by one who has apparently given his days and nights to Hawthorne. — *Looking Beyond*, by Ludwig A. Geissler; a Sequel to *Looking Backward*, by Edward Bellamy, with an Answer to *Looking Further Forward*, by Richard Michaelis. (L. Graham & Son, New Orleans.) "And so on," as the rhyme says, "*ad infinitum*." The discussion of probable futures under such conditions becomes rather attenuated, and we are not surprised at finding our old friend Mars brought into requisition. — Answered in the Negative, and Ariel, or the Author's World, by Mary Parmele (Parmele & Chaffee, New York), form a somewhat unpromising-looking paper-covered book; but, despite some crudeness of form in the first tale, the two are ingenious and suggestive stories. In the latter, the conceit of peopling a world with the creations of fiction is cleverly carried out, with a restraint, moreover, which speaks well for the author, who might naturally run away with her notion. — *Winona*, by Ella M. Powell. (A. Lovell & Co., New York.) The writer of this story, a Southerner, having heard many tales of the war, weaves some of them into the beginning of her novel, and then records the experiences of her heroine both at home and in the North. The occasional copies of actual scenes are not ill done, but the writer has too many questions of marriage, self-support, and the like to consider to give her undivided attention to her tale. — *Pratt Portraits*, sketched in a New England Suburb, by Anna Fuller. (Putnams.) A collection of a baker's dozen of sketches of New England life, the characters being members of the Pratt family. Each sketch is individual and independent, but the reader, as he goes on, recognizes with greater ease the several members of the group, since where one is brought forward prominently, others are reintroduced incidentally. There is genuine merit in the sketches.

The incidents are not extraordinary, nothing is forced, yet often much skill is shown in characterization, and it is a firm hand that has drawn the outlines of such figures as Aunt Betsy and Old Lady Pratt. — *Voegele's Marriage, and Other Tales*, by Louis Schnabel. (The Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia.) One may glean a good many little facts regarding Jewish manners and ways of thought from these tales. They are bright stories, and one is a little surprised at the somewhat free use which the story-teller makes of sacred things and names. — *The Story of Leah Lee*, by Lizzie G. Vickers. (Albert Krout, Philadelphia.) A foolish story by a writer who would persuade herself and her readers that honesty in love is a weak thing beside a sickly sentimental passion. — *His Bold Experiment*, by Henry Frank. (The Minerva Publishing Co., New York.) As the title-page declares this to be a thrilling realistic novel, we have a right to assume that the author thinks so. We can only say that if the delineation of low-down people is no more truthful in its vulgarity than that of decent folk is in its stilted commonplace, realism has scarcely found a new prophet; and the utter unreality of the whole melodrama in Methodist circles in Kansas, as set forth in this book, prevents its shrieking from quickening the pulse to the thrilling point. — A recent issue of Good Company Series (Lee & Shepard) is Epes Sargent's *Peculiar, a Hero of the Great Rebellion*.

Art and Archaeology. Recent numbers of *L'Art* (Macmillan) show some striking studies by Élie Delaunay; an etching of the Youth of Samson by A. Gilbert after Bonnat, a fine piece of color in the etching and a vigorous drawing; some interesting interiors; and at least one charming landscape, *Le Val Saint Jean in Brittany*, by Émile Michel, from the Salon of 1892. The illustrations of this Salon include also some interesting figures from an historical painting by Édouard Detaille. One is freshly impressed, in looking at each number, with the excellent taste which determines the selection of subjects from so vast a field as that open to the conductors of the journal. — *Handbook of Greek Archaeology*, Vases, Bronzes, Gems, Sculpture, Terracottas, Mural Paintings, Architecture, etc., by A. S. Murray. (Scribners.) Beginning

with an account of primitive art, and tracing it to the point where the individual arts may be said to have an independent position, Dr. Murray proceeds topically, taking the development of each art in turn. He depends mainly upon the great stores in the British Museum for his illustrations, and his book is profusely equipped with large and small engravings. In developing his subject Dr. Murray has done much more than trace the artistic expression; for the subjects treated enable him to throw light upon costume, upon manners, habits, and customs, so that his book becomes more than incidentally a handbook to ancient Greek life. Everywhere it bears the marks of caution and precision. — Miss Agnes Clerke, who puts forward *Familiar Studies in Homer* (Longmans), has heretofore been known as a specialist in astronomy, but the carefulness of these studies is a vindication of her right to take up a new theme, and their delightful tone makes Miss Clerke a positive exception to the negative rule that the most humane persons are not always those who know most about the humanities; for though she has availed herself of the best German authorities on Homeric *Realien*, the manner and accent of her use of them are by no means Germanic. Homeric Astronomy, Dogs, Horses, Zoölogy, Trees and Flowers, Meals, Magic Herbs, and Metallurgy by no means exhaust the catalogue of Homeric subjects to which Miss Clerke's method is applicable. We cherish the hope that she will appreciate the fact, and issue another volume. Perhaps in that she will answer the query whether in this she has not given undue prominence to the third horse of the Homeric team.

Theology, Ecclesiology, and Ethics. The Briggs literature continues to put forth leaves. Here is Dr. Briggs's Biblical Theology traced to its Organic Principle, by Robert Watts. (Whittet & Shepperson, Richmond, Va.) The conclusion reached is that this theology is "unbiblical, unscientific, uncritical, unethical, and untheological, and rests upon a Pelagian fundamental as its ultimate organic principle." — And here, growing out of the same general soil, is *Exegesis*, an Address delivered at the Opening of the Autumn Term of Union Theological Seminary, by Marvin R. Vincent. (Scribners.) But Dr. Vincent is

one of those theologians who justify theological seminaries. Where, if not in such places, should the spirit of courage and open-minded examination of the fundamental principles of Christian belief be found? If our ministers are to be honest, it will largely be because theological seminaries are not the mere echoes of the popular judgments of the churches they represent, but the fearless critics of those churches. — Wesley and Episcopacy, a Collection of Evidence showing that John Wesley neither originated nor approved of Episcopacy in American Methodism, by D. S. Stephens. (Methodist Protestant Publishing House, Pittsburg, Pa.) A pamphlet of ninety pages, in which the author aims to throw the responsibility of episcopacy upon Coke and Asbury. — Personal Experience of a Physician, with an Appeal to the Medical and Clerical Professions, by John Ellis. (Hahnemann Publishing House, Philadelphia.) Dr. Ellis began practice as an allopathic physician, but seems, from his account, to have dropped casually into homœopathic methods. He recounts also his theological changes by which he emerged into a belief in the Swedenborgian doctrines, and closes his rambling memorabilia with a discussion of the kind of wine which was used at the institution of the Lord's Supper. — The same writer has repeated and enforced these views in a pamphlet, *The Essential Points of the Wine Question carefully Examined*. (The Swedenborg Publishing Association, Philadelphia.) — Love and Forgiveness, Reflections suggested by The Greatest Thing in the World. Translated from the German. (Little, Brown & Co.) A pamphlet, in which the author, pondering over the enthusiastic, inspiring little work of Drummond, apprehends that the root of a consciousness of divine love is in the consciousness of forgiven sin. — The Authority of the Church, as set forth in the Book of Common Prayer, Articles and Canons, by Morgan Dix. (E. & J. B. Young & Co., New York.) Dr. Dix treats of the Church as described by herself, the Teaching Church the Christian Priesthood, Apostolic Succession, Christian Ethics, the Outlook for Christian Unity. If one has patience to stand his arrogance and the assumptions which he makes, especially in the opening sermon, one will find a very good state-

ment of the position taken by those who inclose themselves in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and do their best to make believe that truth is shut up with them. — Christianity and Infallibility — Both or Neither, by the Rev. Daniel Lyons. (Longmans.) The dogma of infallibility is cleared of the misapprehensions which have existed about it, and carefully defined. The writer then, by identifying Christianity with the Church of Rome, and by assuming that church to have been organized by Christ, finds no difficulty in establishing his point. An infallible church, an infallible council, an infallible pope. The pope is infallible because the council has so declared it. The council is infallible because it is the voice of the church. The church is infallible because it was ordained of God. The book is logic run mad. — The Crucifixion viewed from a Jewish Standpoint, by Dr. E. G. Hirsch. (Bloch Publishing & Printing Co., Chicago.) A lecture, in which the aim, after reducing the gospels to a minimum of historic fact, is to demonstrate that the Jews could have had nothing to do with the crucifixion, but that it must have been a Roman procedure. The pamphlet is interesting chiefly for its reflection of current radical Jewish opinion. — The Evolution of Love, by Emory Miller. (McClurg.) A philosophical study, in which, with the postulate of a dependent being, the author infers an independent self-determined being in which love is involved, and then proceeds to an explication of the process by which love finds expression in creation and is the law of all derived personalities, so that in the loss of conscious love there is a sinking of personality. — Makers of Modern Thought, or Four Hundred Years' Struggle between Science, Ignorance, and Superstition, by David Nasmyth. In two volumes. (Scribners, Importers.) Mr. Nasmyth sees that the great changes in modern life have come about by the activity of leading minds, and so he attempts to give a conspectus of this spiritual evolution by passing in review discoverers, reformers, and philosophers, from Roger Bacon to Sir Isaac Newton. Twenty-three names are recited in the first volume, and six in the second. Each subject is introduced by a brief biography, usually taken bodily from some existing memoir, and then follow extracts from writings.

There is no attempt at concentrating results. The reader is left to do all the hard work. Mr. Nasmyth's part was easy. — Ruth the Gleaner and Esther the Queen, by William M. Taylor. (Harpers.) Dr. Taylor's method in this book is to treat the characters in question in a sympathetic spirit, giving the historical setting, educing the personal characteristics, and making his studies both illustrate and be illustrated by current modern phases of life. He is natural in his speech, and his discourses have a thoroughly human character.

History and Biography. The Spanish Story of the Armada, and Other Essays, by James Anthony Froude. (Scribners.) Those who were so fortunate as to read when first published the three Spanish studies — The Story of the Armada, Antonio Perez, and Saint Teresa — which form the most important part of this volume will not need to be told that in none of the author's Short Studies on Great Subjects have his distinguishing qualities, his graphic style, power of vivid characterization, and extraordinary skill as a narrator, been more conspicuous. The paper on Antonio Perez is, as the result of original research, perhaps the most valuable of the three, especially as many of its conclusions have been confirmed by Don Gaspar Moro's still later and more extensive investigations. The legend of Philip II. and the Princess of Eboli must go the way of the Don Carlos myths. Mr. Froude can, we think, be trusted not to view Philip with too lenient eyes, and his lifelike presentment of the man is at once consistent and credible. Papers on the Templars, originally delivered as lectures before the Philosophical Institution at Edinburgh, and two pleasant Norwegian travel-sketches complete the volume. — The fourth series of the late E. A. Freeman's Historical Essays (Macmillan) contains a score or more of papers upon subjects as widely remote as Carthage and Archbishop Parker. The papers, contributed originally to The Saturday Review, Macmillan's, Longmans', The Contemporary, and other magazines and reviews, are reflections of the interest which Mr. Freeman took in politics, ancient and modern history, architecture, and ecclesiastical polity. Everywhere there is the mark of the exact scholar and the large, not petty partisan. The volume will confirm his re-

pute even if it does not greatly enrich his fame. — Julius Caesar and the Foundation of the Roman Imperial System, by W. Warde Fowler, M. A., *Heroes of the Nations Series*. (Putnams.) In his preface the author states that the object of his work is to explain "to those who are comparatively unfamiliar with classical antiquity the place which Cæsar occupies in the history of the world," and he has fulfilled this purpose with admirable clearness and precision, and in a manner which throughout is spirited and interesting. If he does not escape the biographer's besetting sin, and is inclined to minimize the faults of his hero and magnify those of his adversaries, he only occasionally becomes actually a special pleader. Like the preceding volumes of this uniformly excellent series, the book is exceedingly well illustrated. — "Monsieur Henri," a Foot-Note to French History, by Louise Imogen Guiney. (Harpers.) A foot-note not unneeded by American readers, who, however carefully they may follow the course of the bloody drama of the Terror, usually pay little heed to the brave struggle of La Vendée against the powers of evil then enthroned, — a struggle which we can now see was more than once almost successful. In this little volume is traced the history of the Vendean war from the hopeful beginning, when the young paladin, Henri de La Rochejaquelein, took command of his forces, till the bitter end, when the Convention had the desired report "of a landscape without a man, without a house, without a tree," and Westermann could boast "that he had crushed the children under the horses' hoofs and massacred the women; . . . that not a prisoner could be laid to his charge, for he had exterminated them." Miss Guiney does full justice to the pure heroism and devotion of Monsieur Henri and his fellow-soldiers, and writes with a fine enthusiasm which will be apt to communicate itself to her readers. — The Kansas Conflict, by Charles Robinson. (Harpers.) Governor Robinson was one of the conspicuous figures in Kansas history and politics. In that hurly-burly which brought to the front Lane and Brown, and made to the outside world a queer conflict within a conflict, Dr. Robinson presented himself in different colors according to the glass which one or another used. In this book he speaks for himself, and gathers a

good deal of documentary evidence to substantiate his position that the conservative antislavery element in the Kansas conflict, represented especially by Eli Thayer and himself, was constantly thwarted by the combination of hot-headed fanatics and irresponsible soldiers of fortune. — Slavery in the District of Columbia is a careful historical study by Mary Tremain, written as a seminary paper in the University of Nebraska, where she is an instructor in history. Thus does Poetic Justice assert herself. (Putnams.) — The Churches of Mattatuck, a Record of a Bi-Centennial Celebration at Waterbury, Connecticut, November 4th and 5th, 1891. Edited by Joseph Anderson. (The Price, Lee & Adkins Co., New Haven.) A group of churches, sprung from a mother church at Waterbury founded in 1691, celebrated the two hundredth anniversary in a series of services, at which discourses were pronounced, papers and poems read, and hymns sung. This volume contains these productions as well as other historical memoranda, and a more complete record or a better organized celebration it would be hard to find. — The Colonial Era, by G. P. Fisher. (Scribners.) This is the first of a short series designed to cover compactly the whole period of American history. It is admirably arranged, and shows a good sense of proportion. Of course it is of necessity very condensed, the book being a small one of a little over three hundred pages, but it is not a mere annals. Dr. Fisher, with his judicious temper and his large sense of principles, has kept in view the meaning of the colonial movement, while he has given much detail.

Education and Textbooks. The Proceedings of the First Annual Meeting of the National Conference on University Extension (Lippincott) are published in an octavo volume of three hundred pages. The addresses and papers on the occasion gave not only a survey of the field considered theoretically, but a report of the actual work done. The relation of University Extension to American education in general, to Chautauqua, the church, the Young Men's Christian Association, the college, the city, the state, certain problems of organization and administration, — all these were discussed with enthusiasm; and enthusiasm is a practical factor in the inception

of such an enterprise. The solution of difficulties, we suspect, will be not so much through any great comprehensive organization as through the patient labor of every one who builds over against his own house. The idea involved in the term University Extension is most praiseworthy. The application ought to be as varied as the centres of education. — In the series University Extension Manuals (Scribners) a recent number is *The Elements of Ethics* and an *Introduction to Moral Philosophy*, by J. H. Muirhead. It is interesting to observe how instinctively the social basis of ethics is in the writer's mind when he begins his inquiry into the nature of ethics by studying the successive phases of national character. Throughout, ethics is treated as an empirical science, and there is no doubt that even though some readers may not be satisfied with this as a final statement, they will find in it abundant reinforcement of an individualistic conception of ethics. — *A Short History of England for Young People*, by Miss E. S. Kirkland. (McClurg.) An abstract of English history, written for the most part with intelligence and good sense, and in a readable though over-colloquial style. The writer occasionally refers her pupils to classics illustrating incidents or epochs; and she might have advantageously extended her work in this direction, for the chief value of a book like this is simply that it should serve as an incentive to further study. — *Andersen's Bilderbuch ohne Bilder* has been edited by Wilhelm Bernhardt for school use. (Heath.) There is something a little droll in this German translation of a Danish fancy being used not merely as a reading-book for beginners, but as the staple from which to hang a whole chain of biographical, geographical, historical, and artistic facts. — Number 8 of the *Franklin Square Song Collection*, selected by J. P. McCaskey (Harpers), follows the plan of previous numbers in mingling religious, comic, sentimental, and patriotic songs and hymns, and interspersing anecdotes, biographical sketches, and comments of various sorts. — *The Complete Music Reader, for High and Normal Schools, Academies and Seminaries*, by Charles E. Whiting. (Heath.) After a number of exercises in musical notation, there are given two-part, three-part, and four-part songs, anthems and choruses,

hymn tunes and patriotic tunes. The compiler contributes a number of pieces, and the best sources have been drawn upon mainly. — In Heath's *Modern Language Series* is Racine's *Esther*, edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Appendices, by J. H. B. Spiers. The editor characterizes it as the easiest and shortest masterpiece in French literature, — a sentence which must bring great encouragement to the boy or girl who takes it up. — *Handbook of School Gymnastics of the Swedish System*, with 100 Consecutive Tables of Exercises, and an Appendix of Classified Lists of Movements, by Baron Nils Posse. (Lee & Shepard.) An accompaniment to the author's *The Swedish System of Educational Gymnastics*. — The excellent series of *Old South Leaflets* (Heath) has been enlarged by the addition of seven numbers: *The Petition of Right*, June 7, 1628; *The Grand Remonstrance of December 1, 1641*; *The Scottish National Covenant of 1638*; *The Agreement of the People*, January 15, 1648–9; *Wheelock's Narrative*, 1762; *The Instrument of Government*, 1653; *Cromwell's First Speech to the Little Parliament*. These inexpensive republications are of capital service for encouraging historical study through reference to original documents. The notes are brief and pertinent. — *Exercises in French Composition*, by A. C. Kimball. (Heath.) A pamphlet of twenty-four pages, intended for pupils in their third or fourth year's study of French, and based on Daudet's *La Belle-Nivernaise*. — *Contes de Fées for Beginners in French*, edited by Edward S. Joynes. (Heath.) Selections from Perrault, Countess d'Aulnoy, and Madame Leprince de Beaumont. The little book is accompanied by a vocabulary and table of irregular verbs. — In the series *The Great Educators* (Scribners), Loyola and the Educational System of the Jesuits is written by Rev. Thomas Hughes, S. J. The former half is devoted to a biographical and historical sketch of the order, the latter to an analysis of the system of studies formulated by the Jesuits. The success of the order is clearly traced to the compactness of the organization, the devotion of its members, and the exaltation of the profession of teaching. A system so far reaching is like a great institute of teaching, independent of state, and capable of

adjusting and readjusting its scheme of instruction, becoming thus closely knit and individually effective. Mr. Hughes refers more than once to the suppression of the order. Perhaps the plan of his book did not call for it, but we should have been glad if he had attempted to account for the hostility it has aroused.

Books of Reference. The ninth volume of Chambers's Encyclopædia (Lippincott) covers the articles from Round to Swausea. The maps, always a strong feature in this encyclopædia, are of Russia, Scotland, South Australia, South Carolina, Spain, and a Table of Spectra. There is the customary effort to introduce American subjects, but the proportion is, after all, not very great, and is largely confined to special articles. Thus, under Rowing there is scarcely any allusion to America. So also the article Safes is English exclusively. The English family of Seymours has a column, but Horatio Seymour has not a word. St. Paul's School, London, is set forth, but no reference is made to St. Paul's School, Concord. However, with these limitations, the encyclopædia remains one of the best adjusted, most comprehensive, and most to the point that we have. There is a capital article in this volume on Sir Walter Scott by Andrew Lang, and a valuable one on Shakespeare by Professor Dowden. As before, very recent facts are incorporated, so that one comes to regard the encyclopædia as up to date.

Poetry. One in the Infinite, by George Francis Savage-Armstrong. (Longmans.) In a series of two or three hundred poems, having no very close connection, one by one, but following a general sequence of thought, Mr. Armstrong expresses the growth of a soul in its struggles with questions of life, death, and immortality. Occasionally there are vivid lines and pungent phrases, frequently there is manifest a passionate fervor; but one is, on the whole, most likely to be impressed by the fluency with which the deep things of the spirit are set forth, and the use which the poet makes of the

commonplaces of religion and philosophy. — Bessie Gray and Our Stepmother, by Martha Perry Lowe. (Lothrop.) Two narratives in verse, accompanied by pictures. The verse has directness and a certain vigor of expression. The pictures are some of them to the point, some so general that we expect to have the pleasure of meeting them again. — Verses, by Helen T. Clark. (Lippincott.) A pamphlet collection of verses printed in various magazines and journals. They are somewhat stiff in movement, as though the writer tried to crowd her thought into her lines. — The Song of the Sword, and Other Verses, by W. E. Henley. (Scribners.) The other verse is further subdivided into London Voluntaries and Rhymes and Rhythms. Mr. Henley's Muse is a vigorous creature, and prefers the horn to the flute. Some of the best things in this little book are the impressions drawn from peering under the darkness of London; and in general it is human nature in its struggle which inspires Mr. Henley, and forces him into staccato utterance. — Songs of the White Mountains, and Other Poems, by Alvin L. Snow. (Gazette Publishing House, Creston, Iowa.) Most of the verses are suggested by mountains, lakes, sunsets, sunrises, flowers, and other aspects of nature, and the writer is evidently much moved by these suggestions, yet the effect of his poetry is like that of monochrome pictures. Everything is generalized. Not an epithet or a simile makes the least revelation of the beauty residing in the objects described. — Poems, by George Murray. (For sale by A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York.) These poems, too, are suggested by scenes in nature; but though the writer has not full command of metrical art, there are touches here and there which show a close observer and interpreter. In poetry, specialization atones for many sins. — As the Cardinal Flower, by Cora A. Matson. (Fred Bennett, Fulton, N. Y.) A volume of poems, chiefly domestic in character. Several of the songs have been set to music.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Musketaquid. A SWIFT river that flows with even, resistless current lacks charm, sympathy, responsiveness. It has lost the tinkling note, the irresponsible wandering, and to a certain extent the fascinating mystery of the brook, which frolics into view from parts unknown, and is off again without our asking whither it goes, while the river has a source and an outlet all upon the map. It has gained in force and volume, but detail and sweetness are sacrificed to this increase of sublimity; and it is only now and then, as in the mighty Mississippi, that the mass and rush of water becomes wholly sublime. A river that presses ever onward reminds us too often of the passing of our days, and does not pause to befriend them. Its identity changes forever, but its aspect is the same from day to day, the only variations being due to great events, — a long drought that takes away its spirit, an annual flood that puts a demon of wildness into its current. The twig tossed upon its bosom is out of sight in a moment; the secret confided to it is lost with the wave that listened. With such a river one can have no such perfect friendship as with a lake, that holds its identity through infinite variations, that mirrors every thought upon its exquisite face, can change in a flash, yet has its own depth and steadfastness, its days of repose, with now and then an hour of still, absolute expansion such as may not occur again for months, but has made the bond of friendship closer and sweetened its uses forever. And something of this fluid companionship one can enjoy with a river, provided it be a slow one, with no perceptible current and windings in which its ultimate end is lost sight of; a river that has leisure to uphold white water-lilies and spread the delicate feathers of its algæ; a stream that is shallow and oozy and of no account, but by sheer receptiveness and silent lingering has added the vast sky to its depths.

Floating at noon on that delightful river that winds through the Concord meadows and woods, I have found myself caught between two skies; the fleecy clouds below looked hardly nearer than those bending above, and the azure above hardly more

distant than the under blue. The line between bank and stream was obliterated in the perfect reproduction of every detail of verdure, from low water-plant and drooping flower to thick tangle of green, and to great sweeping curves of branch and massing of foliage bent forward to form, above and below, a frame for the glory of the firmament. Shelley speaks of the forest reflected in the water as being "more perfect both in shape and hue," which is the case; for the picture is synthesized, the details of foreground being exquisitely clear, as if washed over, while those of the background, with which they are confused as we see them, are left out or blurred. This is peculiarly striking at sunset, when the masses of hill and wood, as they grow dark, are strongly separated in the reflection from the clear sky-spaces, and, looking into the river, we see an anticipation of the deepening contrast between earth and sky. Reflections in water give us a new horizon. Not only are the angles of incidence and reflection equal, but the reflected life seems to have its own energy; the trees do not go downward into the blue, but spring up with liveness and aspiration: for "up" and "down" are relative terms, with all their seeming contradictions, and here on the river is one of those favored spots where their difference may be forgotten.

Is it mere prejudice in favor of slow, winding rivers, with my special reverence for this beautiful town, that inclines me to ascribe to the Musketaquid a peculiar influence in the moulding of that personality which makes Concord distinct from other New England towns? Everybody feels its charm, and knows it to be something a little different from the rest of New England. It is sometimes spoken of as like an English village, but it seems to me rather to be tranquilly and profoundly American, a bit of New England which is neither hurried nor neglected, but has had time to develop and to hold fast the best and most distinctive traits of New England life. If the river at Concord had been one of those swift, uneasy, ambitious streams, would the memories of the place have been kept as they are now, clear and alive as the reflec-

tions in the still current? A swift stream would have had to turn mills, and to take an active part in life; it would have carried away all traces of the early settlers, and left only the name of a Revolutionary battle. The men who gave their lives to the defense of the country, and who helped to build up its integrity and learning, would have been forgotten, or remembered only as a history lesson; their deeds would have become mere isolated facts, and the meaning of their lives have been lost in the different tenor and achievements of subsequent generations. But the Musketaquid, lying in the lap of its meadows, remembers the day when the Indians lived on its banks, the struggles of the early settlers, the queerness of enthusiasts with an intellectual virgin soil to till, the upright lives of learned and thoughtful villagers. It looks up reverently at the little hill graveyards where the Concord men and women are buried, and where their portraits, all *prima* in stock or neckerchief, with appendage of cherub-wings, the work of a primitive but truly symbolic art, are carved upon the violet slate of the old gravestones, with record of their names and quiet performance. Wings of childlike holiness might well be added to lives of dignity and worth. New England has had many such lives, but in Concord their spirit and traditions have kept a little longer, their influence has been felt a little further, than elsewhere. And here on the Musketaquid we have had what is of infinitely more value than the preservation of tradition, namely, the growth and power of thought. A river that shared Emerson's solitude, that mirrored and aided his mind, has deserved more of our gratitude and affection than if it had flowed into the land over sands thick with gold-dust. It will always seem after that to reflect something more than the sky. Our country has great rivers and vast water power, but it is not too common to find in its streams that are content to flow even with the grass; villages where life is neither bustling nor lonely; minds which can linger to learn, to absorb, and to feel, to love study for its own sake, and to belong to thought.

A King's Portfolio. — "There are men who can be left unwatched in a bank safe," says Mr. T. W. Higginson in a recent essay, "but not in an autograph collection. All experienced librarians know that the really

dangerous visitor is the collector, the connoisseur, the student, the seeker after a rare pamphlet or an odd number."

No doubt Mr. Higginson could have cited many an interesting proof of his statement: of rare maps and illustrations pilfered from old books by those in whom he had trusted, by those he could not even accuse of the theft; the strange disappearance from well-guarded archives of scraps of paper the professional thief would have treated as rubbish. The fact that a valuable autograph letter is recorded as among the treasures of a society like the New York Historical is by no means an assurance that it will be found there when the custodian takes his key to produce it. So great has been the interest in the exile of the three Bourbon princes in this country (the Duke of Orleans, afterwards Louis Philippe, and his two brothers, the Duke of Montpensier and the Count of Beaujolais, 1796-99) that the two contributions to the Contributors' Club this year upon the subject, Louis Philippe in a Wigwam (February) and Royalty in the Genesee Country (May), have led to no little search among old records and the reminiscences of pioneers.

The contradictory versions regarding the route of the royal exiles, and the silence upon the subject by the first biographer who has been allowed access to the family papers of Louis Philippe, the Marquis de Flers, led me to exclaim with joy when, in delving among musty documents, in search of something else, I came upon a Report of the New York Historical Society for November, 1847, and read in the report of the foreign correspondence that J. Romeyn Brodhead had written from London under date October 4, 1847, inclosing a letter "from George Catlin, dated at Paris, September 20, 1847. . . . The letter of Mr. Catlin contained some interesting statements referring to the exile of the king of the French in America." The Report then gives the following extracts from the letter, omitting, however, as my reader will say when he strikes the aggravating row of . . . the very things we were all wanting to know, the detail of pleasing incidents "which happened in the western parts of the State of New York." This is the extract as given: —

"During the two years which I have

spent in Paris with my Indian collection, my works have been highly approved by the king, for whom I have painted and delivered twenty-five pictures of Indian costumes and scenes of the western country, which are to be placed in the Marine Gallery at Versailles. I have had, therefore, several interviews with his Majesty, in all of which he has spoken familiarly of his several years of rambles in exile in America in company with his two younger brothers, . . . and related to me many of the most extraordinary and pleasing incidents of his life, several of which happened while he was traversing the western parts of the State of New York, and are full of interest as matters of history. . . .

"These scenes transpired during their travels from Erie to Buffalo, to the villages of the Seneca Indians ; from thence to Canandaigua, paddling their own canoe through the whole length of the Seneca Lake to Ithaca ; from thence on foot, with their knapsacks on their backs, to the Tioga River, where, having purchased a canoe from the Indians, they descended the river to the Susquehanna, and the latter river to the valley of Wyoming (my native valley). Thence on foot they crossed the Wilkesbarre and the Pokono mountains to Easton, and thence to Philadelphia. They afterwards traversed the Alleghany Mountains to Pittsburg, and, having purchased a small boat, descended the Ohio and the Mississippi to New Orleans, having slept along the shores of those rivers when in their wildest and rudest condition, and existed upon the food they could purchase from the Indians and from the rivers and the forests."

The secretary further reports that Mr. Catlin also stated (showing how much of the letter was withheld) that the king's portfolio of sketches and notes made during these wanderings *was then in existence*.

Naturally, application was made at once to the New York Historical Society for a full copy of the letter. *The letter could not be found.*

The report has given much valuable information, and promises to lead to the discovery, and possibly the publication, of the king's portfolio. The foreign correspondent of an Historical Society of the Genesee Country, a well-known historian residing in Paris, is looking for that portfolio, and

for documents relating to the most interesting episode in the life of the Citizen King. But the missing letter of George Catlin, — who will bring it to light ?

A Visit to the — An interesting interpretation
"Laureate of Miss Nancy Luce's Works
Hens." in the July number of the Club

recalls a visit once made to the author of those original writings.

I see again the old gray-shingled front of her dwelling, startlingly set off by green door and window casings, and attracting further attention by this sign, close to its entrance : —

"I forbid all persons coming here on the Sabbath. NANCY LUCE."

On the right a high board fence is set thickly with three rows of nails that suggest a question which is answered by many tales afloat on the island. We were told that Miss Nancy underwent malicious teasing which sometimes amounted to torture ; not from her neighbors or any of the islanders, it is justice to say, but from strange visitors. "So few folk have feeling," she wrote ; and one day, upon the knocking of an old and most kind acquaintance, who answered, in response to her "Who's there ?" "A friend," she replied, "A friend ? That means an enemy."

Within that spiked inclosure, under green sod and dignified by neat marble headstones, whose original epitaphs have already been quoted in *The Atlantic*, rest Miss Nancy's dear dead hens. We "step into" Miss Nancy's "parlor," once "neat as a pin." In these her declining days it is close and dusty, with an atmosphere suggestive of nightmare. Its chairs crowd each other in straight lines, like boys at a country party. Irregularly and at eccentric angles highly colored pictures are pasted on the walls, near tacked-up mottoes in her own handwriting ; and her letters, formed as they are of minute leaves, or waving lines twined and linked together, or tiny dots and scrolls and hearts, are a study.

Down cellar, each in its own particular box, screened from the common gaze by a calico curtain, roosted her hens ; and we learned that well-disposed folk would buy eggs of her, but on the few occasions that she consented to sell them these wares were found to be dated, marked with the name of the hen that laid them, and kept so long that they were worse than useless.

She herself was said never to touch chicken, and to live entirely upon milk. Did I say that the hens roosted down cellar? All except the favorite, who had her quarters upon the hearth of Miss Nancy's chamber. There sits the occupant, not as represented in the frontispiece of her odd pamphlet, or as, in her best days, she was wont to receive her visitors, in an antique, short-waisted silk gown, with cape and apron of the same hue and fabric, a string of gold beads around her neck, and Beauty Sinna clasped to her heart. An old tester bedstead and a massive mahogany bureau seem to glower at us from behind her; a heavily beamed and smoke-darkened ceiling frowns from overhead; and a broad, paneled chimney-piece forms the prospect upon which her gaze is bent rather than upon us. Whenever her glance does turn upon us we meet it with a thrill,—a thrill at first of repulsion, then of eeriness; and next pity half blots out both sensations, but not wholly, for she is a grotesque figure.

From under a short woolen skirt protrude her feet clad in carpet slippers, and the loose blouse that covers her narrow and humped body is fastened with big brass buttons. Over her head, down on her forehead, and close under her chin, so that not one strand of hair is visible, is drawn a thick woolen hood. This accents the unusual length and pallor of her face, which reminds one of an unlighted dwelling. Her dark, heavy eyes, unshaded by lashes, are eloquent of pain and reproach. But it is her hands that bear chief witness to her sufferings, for they are gaunt and colorless,—so colorless, indeed, that they look as if no ruddy drop of blood had ever warmed them.

She talks most about her physical suffering, and scolds us shrilly for coming at such an unheard-of hour—it is four o'clock in the afternoon—expecting to see her pets, which have all been put to bed. The air about her is hot and bad, and, leaving behind us many good wishes and the sum of fifty cents, we take with us one of her books, and step with great and mighty relief into the invigorating purity of the October atmosphere without. But a depression clings to us, as does the memory of Miss Nancy's face and figure. We heard much speculation as to whether she was thoroughly demented, or had wit enough to

turn her condition into a source of revenue; and the story ran that her peculiarity developed after the death, in quick succession, of her nearest relatives. Then she shut herself up with a goat as companion; and when the creature died her wildly extravagant grief was something strange indeed to see. She turned for solace to her hens, never quitting their society; and when we made her acquaintance, in 1887, we were assured that for thirty years she had not set foot upon the ground.

Aspects of Nature in England and in America. — Nature has her parallels of longitude as well as latitude, her occidental and oriental as well as her tropical and temperate and hyperborean zones. The flora and fauna of nations differ as their men do. Accent, attitude, proportion, enter into all things. Life has the same basis everywhere, but the elements are differently mixed. If I may be permitted to formulate a generalization, I am disposed to say that with us Nature is more dædal and less human than in England; wilder, and with a touch more of mazziness in her charm. It is the difference between Shelley and Tennyson or Wordsworth, between Thoreau and Robert Burns. The elm of New England differs as much from that of old England as the Yankee from John Bull. There is a sturdiness as of one who has fought a lifelong battle in the aspect of the English tree which is absent from our own; its boughs are less adventurous and less resilient, and the trunk is gnarled and knotted as if through years of stress and hardship. Even the docks and thistles are coarser and thicker-stemmed in English than in American pastures; they bulk more than they aspire. Perhaps the propinquity of all parts of the island to the sea, and the salty breezes that sweep across it, may have something to do with this peculiarity. I notice a distinction between the trees and plants that fringe our Atlantic seaboard and those that grow farther inland. But perhaps, also, it may be explained in part by our clearer and more constant sunshine.

I find, however, that though such as I have indicated is the general tendency, it is one to which there are exceptions. The beech looks stouter and harder here than there, and has less resilient boughs; but the specimens I saw in England were on lawns or in cultivated closes, and their

grace was perhaps the product of the gardener's earlier care. With the pines the case is different. The distinction is not so much in balance and in delicacy of outline — for in these I think our trees have the advantage — as in the refinement and tinting of the surfaces. In England the bark is finer and more delicately shaded; it has tones of pink and gray. Take, for instance, the tall Scotch fir which inhabits the whole of northern Europe. How exquisite the warm, rich salmon-pink of its bark in sunshine, with its curling, peeling scales, and the silvery blueness of its long thin spines! And so similarly of other firs and spruces.

Of English wild flowers I remember few that compare in delicacy and lightness with our own. They surpass them in mass and numbers, in ubiquity and obtrusiveness; their presence and their scent, indeed, are all-pervading; but somehow they have a too familiar, almost a domesticated air. Except in very early spring they come to us, and are not sought; and they share a little the fate of all beautiful things that are too little reticent: we love them less because they are so easy to secure. The ragged-robin bends to us from every hedgerow, and beneath it the violet and the primrose and the wild hyacinth mingle, or else alternate, and behind it cowslips cover the entire surface of the field. One feels the sympathetic value of this close companionship, though one tires of it by and by, and wishes to be more a seeker, and to follow Nature into those recesses where she is more coy. I feel as if, in England, outdoor life were bent on appealing to a wider class of minds, and so thrusts her charms a little boldly forward. It is the antithesis to the English social attitude.

There are compensations, however, in this opulence and all-pervasiveness. Nature is often mellow in England where she is rather and harsh with us, and benignant where with us she is austere. The human quality in her is more pronounced. She is more loving, if less beautiful; more constant, if less entrancingly delightful. What she lacks in æsthetic interest she makes up to us in the enduringness of her charm. The lichens and mosses of England are thicker and less graceful than ours, but they are, I think, more deeply and richly tinted, and it would be difficult to decide to which to give the palm. When I close my eyes and look

back upon the panorama of her landscapes, it is chiefly with her fructuousness that I am impressed, and the confiding semi-domesticity of her floral and faunal life. Nature has taken on the tone of man through long intimacy with his presence, and reflects as in a mirror the procession of his thoughts and ways.

The length of England's spring and the mildness of her winters result in the slow growth of the foliage on her deciduous trees, and the young leaves lack that delicacy and diversity of tone which make the charm of the woods at the end of our New England May. But there is a regularity in the procession of her growths which to us is unfamiliar. In a normal spring, it is possible to tell almost to a day when any flower will be first in bloom, or the leaf-buds at a certain stage in their development. The constancy of her ocean temperature and the uncertainty that attends our nearness to the northern snowfields account for this diversity; the sea being, calorically, a more stable neighbor than the land.

Among the birds, the rule I have enunciated for the flora holds good, with few exceptions. Not so, however, with the denizens of the streams. Our common fish are coarser and less idyllic. Our pumpkin-seeds and shiners do not equal their roach and dace, nor has our minnow the ruby gullet that is turned up at us in the purling English stream. Our fish seem to be of a lower and less developed type æsthetically as well as biologically; they are more the product of the weeds and of the mud than of the flowers and of the shimmering upper waters. It is as if Nature had not begun to put the finishing touches to this portion of her economy until she had brought them into contact with the Caucasian mind, and as if, therefore, we were behindhand by reason of the lateness of America's discovery.

But the distinction changes as we mount upwards in the biological scale. It is true that the song of our robin is less beautiful in tone — more common and less flutelike — than that of his close congener, the English blackbird, —

"With that gold dagger of his bill
To fret the summer jenneting;"

but our thrushes make up for this declension, and more than expiate this plebeian trait. While far less copious, their song is

rarer and more ethereal, and their shy woodland habits are in well-bred contrast with the boldness of the English species, which sing openly on the tall trees of the lawn. I am obliged, however, to admit that our hawks seem to me less proudly graceful and less exquisitely mottled; and our kingfisher is a churl beside his glancing English cousin, lacking both in the daintiness of his body and in the brilliancy of his blues and reds and greens. Ours is a rough utilitarian fellow, while the function of the English species is chiefly to be beautiful. It is of him that sportsmen aver that the brightness of his dye makes it almost impossible to see his small dead body on the snow in the winter sunshine; and it is of his pellucid coat that Tennyson is thinking when he tells us how

"Underneath the barren bush
Flits by the sea-blue bird of March."

I know of no other bird to whose plumage the word "translucent" may be so appropriately applied, nor any whose hues approach so nearly the blue-green color of the sun-kissed wave.

But, in spite of this brilliant rarity, England has little to place beside our summer redbird and scarlet tanager, our oriole and bluebird; nor is there anything among British *sylviæ* to compare with our orange-throated and cerulean warblers. In delicacy and brilliancy of coloring our woodbirds take the lead. One hears the adjective "beautiful" applied in England to birds which would not here excite remark. Even the goldfinch and the chaffinch — notwithstanding the exquisite rose-pink breast of the male of the last-named species — pale beside many of our lesser songsters; and our yellow summer warbler is far prettier and more dainty than the yellow-hammer. The bullfinch, however, holds his own, and may be correlated with our cardinal and rose-breasted grosbeaks, which he patterns on a smaller scale.

The markings of many even of the most beautiful English birds look too pronounced, as if done by the hand of Nature ere she had become initiated into the modes of blending and shading off. The bars upon the wings of the chaffinch and the red throat-patch of the goldfinch seem too definitely bounded. One would like them better if their edges had been toned a little, and merged in the colors that come next.

The linnet, however, is a rarely beautiful symphony in green and brown, and well deserves his encomiums at the hands of Wordsworth: —

"There! where the flutter of his wings
Upon his back and body flings
Shadows and sunny glimmerings
That cover him all over."

Of English game-birds I saw only the partridge and the pheasant, and these seemed to me to have suffered that degeneration which in nature is almost always the attendant upon an easy way of life. Despite his richer plumage, the former is grosser and less wilding than the partridge of our woods; gamekeepers and continued cosseting have reduced him almost to the level of the fowl, and both he and the lordly pheasant smack to me a little of the barnyard. For my own part, I have little sympathy with the drive and the *battue*. I should rather shoot one ptarmigan among the Scottish boulders, or one woodcock beside an English stream, than bag a score of pheasants in a preserve, or half a hundred brace of partridges. I care little for the bulking of my game-bag, — it is a consideration altogether gross and plebeian; but I care for the training of hand and ear and eye, and for the quality of my marksmanship. I have a feeling that the exquisite sensibilities of Frederick Robertson found more and deeper pleasure in his long and lonely watching in the Sussex reeds for a coy and solitary wild duck than enters into the consciousness of the employer of a score of beaters.

There is one charming phase of Nature in England to which I have not adverted, closely connected with the half-domesticity of her fauna. I am inclined to consider it the outcome of in-breeding and of the contact of the brutes with man. It is the deeper culture and more tender and receptive aspect of the ferine eye. Notice the contrast there is between the eye of the well-bred, well-trained hunter and that of the unbroken mustang, between that of the St. Bernard and that of the wolf or fox. The one lets us look below the surface; it is all softness and receptiveness, even though it may be fringed with lightning; but the other is hard and impenetrable, — a ball of smouldering and unconquerable fire. In the eye of the animal brought into subjection to man, and not yet yielding willingly to his

dominion, there is a suggestion, if not an element, of insanity. It was into the eye of a captive European swallow which he held in his hand, under the eaves at Königsberg, that Kant was looking when he declared it was "as if he were gazing into heaven;" and one is led to wonder what might be the result to the eye of the woodcock if he could be induced to leave his sequestered haunts and mix more intimately and more confidently with mankind.

What 's in a Name? — A good name, even in the

limited sense of being euphonious, is so desirable that it is difficult to discover why it should be lightly cast aside for an uncouth and vulgar one. It is still more incomprehensible when the name is valuable for its significance and association. Yet one need not go far to find many ancient and modern instances of such unprofitable change. I have but to look to the east and to the west to be confronted and affronted by two notable examples.

A bold peak, among the loftiest of the Green Mountains, lies against the eastern sky in striking likeness of a crouching lion, — a resemblance at once recognized by the French explorers, who gave it the befitting title of *Lion Couchant*. The Waubanakees called it *Tah-wah-bede e Wadso*, the Saddle Mountain; but for us it bears the absurdly inappropriate name of *Camel's Hump*, or *Camel's Rump*, as some will have it, for whom the vulgarity of the first is not quite sufficient. Even such a name gives a mountain more individuality than the cognomen of a successful politician, and we take kindlier to it than to the unmeaning and wholly inappropriate name of *Mansfield*, given to its loftiest brother of the Green Mountain range, which might better bear its early Waubanakee title, *Moze-o-de-be Wadso*, the Moosehead Mountain. Of all these grand landmarks, only one retains its aboriginal name, *Aseutney*, probably a corruption of *Mahps-ead-na*, *Rocky Height*.

Piercing the clouds of the western horizon is lifted the highest peak of the Adirondacks. Eye and ear acknowledge the fitness of the sonorous name bestowed upon it by the Iroquois, *Tahawus*, the *Sky-Splitter*; but if by this name you inquire of the maps or of the people who dwell in its mighty shadow, you shall not find it. The

old appellation is almost as much forgotten as those of its brothers, *Oukarlah* and *Nodoneyo*. But ask for *Mt. Marcy* and the pathway opens to you. All these noble peaks have suffered a like misfortune except *Whiteface*, whose name fits well, and by which you may recognize it when you behold the slide-swept front. The mountains shrink under the weight of their ignoble nomenclature, a curse which fell upon them earlier than the blight of destruction that threatens the primeval wilderness wherein they stand. Their ancient names should endure like them, forever, when their forests are forgotten.

When I visit my favorite stream, I can never help thinking that its clear waters would be brighter and their song more joyous if it still bore its old name, *Sun-gah-ne-tuk*, the *River of Fish Weirs*, rather than *Lewis Creek*; and would not the name of *Onion River* have a sweeter fragrance untranslated from *Winooski*, the *Land of Leeks*?

We are only amused when, from some freak or fancy, men change their own names, and *Bull* becomes *Buel*, *Cox Cook*, and *Hogg*, naturally enough, is made *Bacon*; but we revolt against the change of commonplace but accustomed and perhaps historical names of towns to the no less commonplace patronymic of some successful pill-vender or politician.

It is rare to find transplanted descendants of the old Canadians who fought under the *fleur de lis* still bearing the names their ancestors proudly bore. For the most part, they renounce their euphonious historic names for English translations and fancied semblances in mere sound. *Jean Baptiste Sans Souci Le Veque* may be forgiven for abbreviating his name to *John Lavake*; but it is distressing to eye and ear when *Deignault* is spelled and pronounced *Danyaw*, *Ainse* becomes *Hanks*, *L'Auvergne Lovern*, *St. Cyr Sears*, *Monat Miner*, *Colombe*, by some unaccountable transformation, *Daniels*; and it is confusing when both *Dudelant* and *Gaudesse* become *Douglas*. All the *Ruisseaux* are dry *Brooks*, the *La Frênes* and *La Prunelles* withered *Ashes* and *Plum-trees*, and *Henri Livernois d'Oligney Henry Alden*. So the fine old names sink into a dreary level of commonplace.